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A CAREFUL INVESTIGATION OF "THE KEELEY
GOLD CURE" FOR DRUNKENNESS
AND THE OPIUM HABIT.

BY

ALFRED R. CALHOUN,

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CHAPTER I

WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

John B. Gough, the able temperance advocate and brilliant orator and story teller, I delighted to believe my friend, as I was his earnest admirer. Those acquainted with his life will recall that in his early manhood Mr. Gough was an inebriate, and that the story of his rescue from a drunkard's grave was more thrilling than anything in fiction. For nearly forty years Mr. Gough had not touched intoxicating drinks. Surely, this was long enough to have banished the desire and completely weaned him from what he and others regarded as a suicidal habit. Yet time had not obliterated the appetite of his earlier years. Shortly before his death I heard him say this as nearly as I can remember, to a party of friends:

"I am a temperance man in every fibre of my being. I have used my best efforts to further the cause and to save men from inebriety, and it comforts me to think I have done some good in that way, yet no one can realize the long and continued effort it has cost me to keep from lapsing back into the cursed habit. The smell and sight of liquor, even after all these years of abstinence, arouses the dormant passion that it still requires a powerful effort of will to keep me from drinking. The temperance man, who has not been tempted in this manner and who feels at times no yearning to break away from his associates and revel again in a debauch, deserves no great credit for the sobriety that remains with him without an effort."

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studies and experience induce me to believe that the good done by temperance societies, and it is certainly very great, is preventive rather than remedial. Or, if a confirmed inebriate is led by moral agencies and restraining associates to abstain, he must forever stand guard against the appetite, and sobriety must be purchased with a suffering more than heroic and a torture only less in its sleepless agony than the destroying curse it is sought to avoid.

As restraining and educational agencies every good man and woman must sustain the churches and the temperance societies in their efforts to limit the field of alcohol and its seductive twin sister, opium. In this work they occupy a sphere similar to the medical boards which supervise sanitation and secure health by preventing disease, but once the disease is contracted and fixed the methods must be changed and remedial agencies must take the place of those employed for prevention.

All confirmed inebriety a vice to be crushed out by laws and preached down by pulpits, or is it a disease capable of exact diagnosis and amenable to treatment? This is the question which some years ago I set myself to consider. Twenty-five years' experience with drink and drinking gave me a thorough training in all the effects of alcoholic stimulants, from the cheery evening over the wine cup when wit and song and laughter held sway, and the deadly youth swore allegiance to Bacchus, to the mighty debauch, where bleary-eyed, gray-haired men forget poverty and disease, wrecked hopes and blasted lives in helpless libations to King Alcohol. To this long experience I think I may add, without laying myself open to the charge of vanity, that I never lost the student habit of study and keen observation.

While still a very young man the war made death in

its most ghastly forms familiar to me. I have seen comrades loyal and loved, stricken down by my side, and my heart has been wrung at my inability to help them in their last Egyptian plague. I have seen disease sweeping over a camp and prison pen where there was no warning blood on the line, to avert the ravages of the destroying angel, till, at length the familiarity bred indifference and inevitable. When blessed peace came again to the land, I comforted myself with the belief that the torture to which and heart was past, and that henceforth the white wings of the Death Angel would be, but seldom, seen shading me near my path, till they flashed before my own vision like a true signal to end the long battle of life. But this was not to be.

Although I am writing in narrative form, it is not my purpose, for I cannot do so with truth, to tell the story of a wrecked life and its support near the rear of the old brogue rocks, though the wreck without the shelter of the hills have been my fate, as it has been the fate of other men. My desire is to show why I was urged to make true investigations. I am about to present a whirling dervish, a Quaker, who, I examined, the moral methods of temperance societies, and carefully considered the cruel, retraining machinery of the law, to find them all unaided in their inefficiency and mocking at their promises of permanent relief. I propose to tell, as one under pain, where the happiness of civilization hangs on the evidence of my acquaintance with the Keeley treatment, and to give, without fear or favor, the result of my investigation in many of the institutes where this treatment is given, and my conversation with scores of men who had taken to themselves.

I enter on this work with an intense appreciation of the

by a great discovery that did not at first meet with doubting sneers or actual persecution. This has been particularly the case in that most conservative and imitative of the learned professions—medicine. The surgical branch of this profession, unhampered by traditions, uncursed by empirics, and, with the most exact of all sciences, mechanics, for an ally, has made wonderful progress, but in the field of "materia medica" guess work and luck have contributed largely to the greatest success.

Jenner, Haller, Hunter, and others, who dared to show originality in their investigations, were hunted down by their professional brethren during life, and revered by other of their professional brethren after death.

Of the 60,000 patients who have taken the Keeley treatment for diseases induced by alcohol and opium, 16 per cent. have been doctors, and many of the other patients, particularly those addicted to morphine, contracted the habit by a too faithful adherence to the prescriptions of their physicians. It is not my desire to underestimate the services of the studious and conscientious doctor, for, despite the fact that the profession is filled with ignorant and mercenary empirics, I fully realize the blessings its foremost men have conferred on humanity. For forty years the leading physicians of the world have regarded inebriety as a disease; these men, and those who agree with them, must, then, believe that it is either a curable or an incurable disease.

In the light of the present, no doctor worthy the name will dare to assert that any disease, particularly in its incipient stages, is incurable. In its incipient stages, however, drunkenness is a habit that can be checked by restraint, but it is only when prolonged habit has confirmed it into a disease that it can be brought under the influence of medical treatment, if at all.

"If Doctor Leslie E. Keeley has discovered a specific for drunkenness and the opium diseases, why does he not give it to the world?" shout the conservative doctors, and that part of the press that prefers a sensation that is baseless to information founded on truth. The same cry went up when Brown-Sequard, in his senility, claimed to have discovered the elixir of life, and Professor Koch announced his lymph as a cure for lupus, and a potential means for the diagnosis, if not the alleviation, of tuberculosis. When Koch did not announce his remedy at once to the world, one-half the doubting doctors jeered at him, and the other half set to work to make "lymph" of its own.

"We must know the formulas!" cry men, who daily prescribe drugs, of whose manufacture and constituents they are as ignorant as an unweaned babe is of logarithms. How many doctors who daily prescribe sulfoxal as a sedative know its constituents? Is there one? While many medical men thus antagonize by an owlish profession of superior wisdom, and a ready use of the word "charlatan," other doctors, covetous of gain and uncaring for the hopes they blast or the cruel robbery they perpetrate, unblushingly advertise "Gold Cures," "Keeley's Gold Cure," and even establish "sanitariums" for the purpose of conducting the fraud. Against the swarming hosts of the latter, there is no professional outcry. Is it because they are unworthy of notice in that they defraud the poor and fail to cure?

In the face of the evidence of 60,000 men and women "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled" from the enslaving yoke of alcohol and opium, the burden of proof must lie on those who deny the facts I am about to present.

of disease when history first records their doings; and, back of that, their own traditions are full of heroes distinguished for their capacity for drink, quite as much as for their valor in battle. In the land of cold winters drunkenness flourishes. This can be verified by contrasting Glasgow and Lisbon, Moscow and Rome, Dublin and Naples, Edinburgh and Athens. A southern Frenchman will treat his friend to sweetened water or lemonade, while the Englishman, looking on with contempt, regards him as an effeminate frog-eater.

It is a general belief that wine was the only intoxicating drink known to the Ancients, but this is a mistake. Tacitus tells us that ale and beer were the common drink of the Germans of his day. In Egypt, where the vine never flourished, even as early as the Ptolemies, wheat beer was in common use. It has been argued that because the negroes in the heart of Africa and along the head-waters of the Nile, have drunk palm wine or sour beer from time immemorial, that a love for intoxicants is not only innate but natural. At one time in the history of the race, the same argument might have been used to support cannibalism. Whether savage, barbaric, or civilized, the inebriety of people within the tropics was never very great. It remained for the Northern races to make intoxication a religious ceremony, and to idolize the man who could drink his fellows to the floor. It was the wassail-bowl heroes who inspired the Scandinavian scalds; whence the glories of Valhalla, the fancied happiness of whose inhabitants consisted in quaffing draughts of foaming ale from the skulls of their enemies slain in battle.

It is a mistake to suppose that distillation is a modern discovery. It is said to have been first made by the Arabians early in the Middle Ages, but investigation shows that it had an earlier origin. It was the "elixir vitae" of the

CHAPTER II.

THE CAUSES OF INEBRIETY.

I have in vain ransacked the libraries to find a work on inebriety that was not so scientific as to be inexplicable to the ordinary reader, and so broad as not to treat it as a body-destroying, soul-condemning vice. I am not surprised at my failure. It is only a few centuries since even doctors looked on every form of dementia as in some way the work of the Devil, and the theologians had no doubt of it. In the brighter light of these broader days, insanity is regarded as a disease, and a humane and scientific treatment has taken the place of incantations, exorcisms and tortures by fire.

Inebriety produces an acute insanity, that may become chronic by a frequent repetition of its exciting cause. The record of drunkenness is as old as the Flood, and from the days of Noah and Lot to the present, the heaviest curse of this continuous and all-pervading habit or disease, for it passes through both stages, has fallen on the family of the inebriate.

The bad consequences of fermented wine have been coeval with its discovery. In those ungenial lands where the vine did not grow, other products served as substitutes. The Northern races, in their barbaric days, began on heavy beers, and drank them till the still gave them a fierier potion. The pleasures of beer drinking became the inspiring theme of their poetry, as wine inspired the souls of the Southern Anacreon and Hafiz.

In the drowsy lands of the vine and olive, inebriety took the form of occasional habit among the North Europeans; the Teutons, Slavs and Celts, it had taken on the garb

alchemists in the twelfth century, and they sought to keep the process of manufacture a secret. From time immemorial, a spirituous liquor, called "arrack," has been made in Hindostan and some of the East Indian Islands, notably Java. Galen, the most eminent physician of antiquity, and who flourished in the second century after Christ, recommends brandy—according to the late Doctor Macnish of Scotland—for the cure of a voracious appetite.

Mahomet, seeing the baleful effects of wine on the Eastern Nations, forbade it to his followers, who, to compensate themselves for the imagined sacrifice, sought comfort in the seductive juices of the poppy, so that opium became the curse of the Mahometan, as alcohol, distilled or undistilled, is of the Christian world.

It is not my purpose to write from the standpoint of the temperance lecturer, who regards drunkenness wholly as a moral question, yet it is impossible, as one gathers up the scorching fragments of its history, not to be struck with the physical and moral degradation it has wrought in every age. Wherever the use of intoxicating liquors has become general, disease has increased, poverty has become prevalent, and morality has declined. Like the simoom of the desert, it brings misery where it does not destroy. Wealth and wine wrought the ruin of Rome. Hannibal's veterans fell less by the hand of Scipio than by the wines of Capua. The inebriated Conqueror of the Ancient World, after slaying his friend Clytus and burning the palace of Persepolis, expired at last in a fit of intoxication in his thirty-third year.

A volume might be written in illustration of the evil effects of inebriety, but this is unnecessary to those familiar with the history of mankind, or who look about them on the ruin it is working in the present. Although

drunkenness was not uncommon in antiquity, it is proper to state that those peoples whose records excite our admiration most, and whose great men grow greater down the ages, viewed the use of stimulants in a much more dishonorable light than does any modern nation.

Believing that the use of wine made them cowardly and effeminate, the Nervii refused to touch it. The Spartans held inebriety in such abhorrence that in order to inspire their youth with a horror of the habit, it was the custom to intoxicate slaves and exhibit them to public contempt in this condition. In the principal language of the Hindoos, the word "rangam," meaning a drunkard, signifies also a madman. The ancients, as well as the moderns, could make grim jokes on this subject. "There hangs a wine bottle!" was the derisive exclamation of the Roman soldiery, as they pointed to the body of the drunken Bonosus, who, in a fit of delirium, had hung himself to a tree. "If you wish to have the shoes of durable materials," says a Latin wit, "you should take the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker—for that never lets in water." But we hold an unenviable superiority over the ancients, not only in the number and seductiveness of our vinous and alcoholic beverages, but in the wide and ever increasing range of their use, and in the deadly art of their adulteration.

Wine is often impregnated with alum, logwood and sugar of lead. The same substances, with oil of vitriol, turpentine and narcotic additions, are used in the adulteration of whisky, rum and gin. Malt liquors are adulterated with other substances calculated to cheapen the product at the expense of the consumer's health. Each ingredient of these adulterations has in it the germs of a disease peculiar to itself, and which are known only to those physicians who have made a careful study of the physiology of drunkenness.

With the multiplication of varieties of wines, and malt and alcoholic liquors, not to mention the many drugs that produce a narcotic or stimulating effect—the opportunities and temptations to indulgence have also been increased. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, inebriety was confined, as a rule, to the wealthier classes. Since then fashion has ruled that it is “bad form” to get drunk with the regularity of dinner; but, like other habits, inebriety has been taken up by the toilers, upper classes, inebriety has been taken up by the toilers, who have thus voluntarily assumed the heaviest burden that civilization ever placed on the bowed backs of the masses.

I may be wrong, still I cannot agree with the doctors who have written on this subject. Drunkenness is not hereditary, though I will grant that there may be an hereditary tendency. The daughters of consumptive or scrofulous parents are quite as apt to show the inherited taint as are the sons, yet the daughters of drunken parents, and I have talked with many of them, not only do not have any craving for stimulants, but are apt to regard them with horror. If the tendency were hereditary, the English aristocracy would be extinct, for the lords of the last century prided themselves on their ability to drink, and regarded as a milk-sop the man who was in the habit of going to bed sober. But that the inebriety of parents has a marked effect on the constitution and mentality of their offspring, no man who knows anything on the subject will deny.

There are persons who will never be drunkards, for either prudence, economy, or unsociability will prevent their contracting the habit; while others, of a more sanguine temperament, become inebriated before they are men. The latter delight in convivial clubs and in

“lodges that adjourn for refreshments.” They love “social drinking,” which means that sooner or later they will love the drink for its own sake, and it will be the one thing to which they will cling after it has driven their friends away.

The appetite for drink is often induced in children at their father's table. But far above all other causes, particularly in the United States, is the all-pervading but pernicious habit of “treating.” The school boys, treating each other to soda water and root beer to-day, will be treating each other to wine when ready for college, and from that it is but a quick, short step to the “hard drinks,” as alcoholic liquors are called.

When friends meet after a parting, they celebrate the event by treating each other, and, if the habit is confirmed, they see each other home drunk. When workmen are paid off, they treat their fellow workmen, and are sure to be paid back in a like manner. Men treat each other before dinner to get up an appetite, and after dinner to settle the meal. They treat each other because the weather is cold,—and then again, if the thirst is on them, because it is hot. The American barroom is the high school of the drunkard; the postgraduate course is taken in the lockup and the gutter.

I have known two journalists, after a hard night's work, when the brain was weary and the body tired, to go into an “always open,” for the purpose of taking one, or at most two, drinks before going home for an early morning's sleep. One or two drinks, if they stopped there, might have been beneficial, but, while making ready to toss off the first glass, in came two more friends of the same profession, and equally weary and thirsty. The newcomers were invited up, one of them remarking, “Well, that is what we are here for.” The two anticipated drinks

became four, actually taken before each had done his "turn" at treating. With the four drinks, the fatigue of the body and mind was forgotten—and so was home and the waiting wife. The four men sat down; other friends came in; other "rounds" followed; drunkenness succeeded a witty hilarity; and, at daylight, the stronger took their weaker comrades to a neighboring hotel, the maudlin victims of the treating habit.

Of the hundreds of Keeley patients with whom I have talked, four-fifths attributed their disease and degradation to the all-pervading custom of "treating."

CHAPTER III.

THE GENESIS OF THE DRUNKARD.

Physicians who have given the subject careful thought, and psychologists who are now studying mind as the product of a tangible something called the brain, and not as a thing disembodied and apart, as did the old metaphysicians, are firmly of the opinion that many of the habits known as "vices," have their origin "in diseased functions or structure of the nervous system."

"The study of nervous pathology," says Doctor Keeley in his excellent essay on "Alcoholism or Drunkenness," "has now so far advanced that, in the minds of thinking men, alcoholism, like insanity, is believed and verified to depend on a diseased condition of the nervous system." Drunkenness, then, is not a cause, so far as it is associated with social evils in the community, but it is one of the results of physical disease. As this is conceded by all who have studied the subject, is it not an error to attribute poverty, moral degradation, and

physical incapacity, to drunkenness as an act? The proper antecedent of all these evils is a nerve disease, and "habitual drunkenness" is as much a result as are the evils with which it is associated.

While the disease of drunkenness has evils peculiar to itself, all disease, particularly among the world's toilers, incapacitates for work; this breeds poverty, and, in our modern civilization, poverty is the foster-mother, if not the actual mother, of the vices that are to-day sapping the foundation of society. Doctor Maudsley, in his clinical reports, shows that drunkenness is correlated with other diseases, as epilepsy, lunacy and idiocy. The children of parents affected with either of these diseases may have an innate tendency to drunkenness; and the children of drunkards may be lunatics, epileptics, or idiots, or have other manifestations of nervous disease.

Drunkenness has been called "the curse of civilization," and many able writers on the subject maintain that long centuries of use have increased its ravages, so that each succeeding century is less able to stand its never-ceasing attacks. This I take to be a mistake, for, if it were true, we should expect to find the savage races, like the North Americans, who were ignorant of the curse till the coming of the whites, better able to resist the effects of alcohol than the conquering race. As a matter of fact, the savage becomes a drunkard with a preliminary experience that would not affect the nerves of a healthy white man, and the speedy confirmation of the disease has resulted in the annihilation of populous and vigorous tribes.

But it is not of those who have inherited a tendency to drunkenness or other nervous diseases that I now wish to speak, but of that larger army of men and women, who, influenced by social custom, misled by incompetent physicians, or deceived by the thousand and one patent

"tonics" and "bitters," and "cures," whose base is crude alcohol or stupefying narcotics, are courting a destructive disease, as surely as if they persisted in dwelling among lepers.

I doubt if ever a great and wholesome work was written or a grand act done under the inspiring influence of alcohol or opium. De Quincey gave a morbid work to literature, a work full of dark clouds lit up by flashes of genius, a work that has made more opium victims than any other book ever published; but while "The Confessions," are said to be accurate by those who know whereof they speak, I have not yet met, and I have searched much, with any author who gives an exact and truthful description of the genesis of the drunkard, and I have not the space to do so.

No man ever "drank to drown sorrow," who was not already diseased by drink, and who would not have taken the same means to give expression to his joy. It is the first drink, taken in the heyday of youth and strength and hope, taken to show good fellowship, that makes the drunkard. Bacchus, the god of wine, was not represented as senile, tottering and diseased; but as lusty, stalwart, sensuous, and vine-crowned; holding up his sparkling cup to the sun, as if to make the nectar-drinking Olympians envious of the beverage he had provided for mortals.

No man ever got drunk on his first experience with alcohol; he may have been rendered unconscious, but that was due to narcotic poisoning, such as might have been induced by an overdose of opium or tobacco. Those who have run the "gamut," from the sense of exhilaration following the first glass of champagne taken at a dinner, to the debauch in a fetid dive, where crude alcohol is sold for "a nickel" a pint and drank in the place, all affirm that actual drunkenness produces no pleasure.

The physical and mental delight of drink are in its first stages, in the exaltation that comes to the novice after his second or third consecutive glass. Then ethereal emanations, like clouds many-colored, mist-obscuring, yet translucent, float about the brain. Then the novice feels as if the soul were expanding its wings, and he looks up to gorgeous visions as bright realities, and all the senses are ravished and soothed. If sleep follows this feeling, he may awake on the morrow not perceptibly harmed.

Such an experience is apt to be repeated the first chance. Had it been a fit of intoxication, or a sickness such as followed the smoking of the first cigar, the victim would be in no hurry to try it again. But there is a second stage more seductive than the first. A shudder and a feeling of coldness no longer follow the first drink. The habit is being formed, the taste cultivated, the nerve cells slowly changed. Drink becomes essential to sociability, and sociability becomes the one thing worth living for. In this state an unusual serenity follows the beginning of "a good time," and the soul of the votary is filled with placid satisfaction. By degrees, he is sensible of a soft and not unmusical humming in his ears at every pause in the conversation. His brain seems wonderfully clear, and the difficulties confronting his cooler reason vanish, or so he imagines, like mountain mists before the rising sun. Another drink or two—and a hazy, dreamy obscurity comes over sight and brain. Then the lights begin to sway gently to and fro, till at length they become double. The imagination now runs riot. It is a waking dream from which all impossibilities vanish. The fountains of language are tapped; and the man becomes copious in his diction, and inclined to be disputatious; or may be that the aberration takes the form of sentimentality or gross

sensuality. There is no more misery in life. Pain has vanished. Wealth waves her wand and Poverty disappears. This is the ecstasy of inebriety.

If more drinking follow this stage, the sensorium is thrown out of balance; the talk becomes incoherent; the pupils contract; and the expression is weak and imbecile. Since the days of antiquity, the maxim "in vino veritas" has been worn threadbare by use, but like many other maxims that come glibly from the tongue of the unthinking, there is little or no foundation for it. Wine does not reveal the true character, any more than insanity does. Indeed, and I speak from experience, it conceals it. Under its delirious influence, I have seen the coward eager for combat, and the brave man cringing before an imaginary danger. I have heard the profane advocating purity of speech, and the cleanly minded indulging in gross obscenity; the ignorant assume a scholastic manner, and the taciturn become loquacious. Far more truth is there in the homely saying: "When the wine is in the wit is out."

In the third stage to confirmed inebriety, the previous stages are passed over but hurriedly, for they no longer repeat their early pleasures, and then the craving for larger draughts and more intense indulgence is aroused. The "I-can-drink-or-let-it-alone" boast, so often on the lips of the novice, is now but seldom heard, or, if repeated, it is no longer believed by the man's friends—but, strangely enough, as his inability to resist increases, so does his faith in his own power to stop, a faith that it takes, mayhap, years of weakening will to sap.

In the earlier stages, while helplessness is yet far off, and the disease is still in process of formation, men rarely drink so as to be unable to recall the next morning everything that happened the night before. The memory may

be hazy, or one may have a dim notion that his conduct was not as it should have been. He imagines that he "must have been slightly under the influence," and he allays any twinges of conscience with the comforting belief that he did not behave so absurdly as his companions.

Such tipsy bouts as this may continue for months and even years, depending for their occurrence upon the proclivities and opportunities of the person. With the frequency of the occurrence comes the formation of the disease. Once this is established, the sipping gives way to drinking, and the lighter fluids to heavier ones. Curiously enough, and I have seen no exception to the rule, the actual taste for alcoholic drink does not increase; the mouth and throat revolt against it, and it becomes an ordeal to get the first few glasses into the stomach. Once there the alcohol speedily passes into the circulation, the brain becomes inflamed, and the liquor from that time till all the senses are stupefied is rather pleasant.

No man, after the first debauch, ever planned to go on another; indeed, he promised himself, if not his friends, that, "Oh, no, he would never get drunk any more." Henceforth, he would "drink only in moderation, and not often that way," but so long as he left a provision for his drinking at all, the danger not only remained, but it actually increased.

After weeks, or it may be months, the temptation is again met, and the resolve to drink but a few glasses is very strong—before the first glass is taken. By the time the few glasses are disposed of, the good resolution has gone to make pavements with other good resolutions; a joyous frenzy sets in, and drunkenness is inevitable. The man gulps down his liquor, and is ready for more. The change is rapid. The stage of hilarity is brief. The lights burn blue. The tongue becomes thick, and its

meaningless words sound to himself like foreign speech. He fails to recognize the faces of the friends about him. When he rises, he totters from side to side, or rather the surroundings totter. If he falls, it is the ground that has risen against him, for to himself he may seem as steady as a rock. At length the limbs become unable to sustain his weight. Instinctively he clutches at some upright for support. The buildings reel from side to side, as if they had lost their balance. It is impossible to keep the sight fixed on any one object for more than a few seconds at a time. Then comes total insensibility, indifference to pain, and after that oblivion. The man is "dead drunk."

He may sleep where he falls, till the alcohol has been partially eliminated through his lungs, pores or kidneys, or the same efforts of Nature to free herself from the poison will go on if the man is taken to bed. The chances are that before he is nearly sober, he will wake up. "Then comes the tug of war," then brooding misery takes the place of his short-lived raptures. His stomach is in revolt, his mouth parched, the veins at the temples throb hot and swollen, and the heart flutters and beats till he imagines it can be heard all over the room. Dim recollections of his carousal, like the ghosts of dreams, pass before the mind. He still hears, as an echo, the cries and laughter of his companions. He feels as if in a ship tossed on a stormy sea. A burning thirst seizes him, a thirst that whiskey cannot quench. He crawls from his bed to the nearest water, and drinks without allaying the awful fever. Then he staggers back to bed; falls asleep again; and torturing dreams run riot through his burning brain.

In the morning the man awakes in a high fever. The whole body is parched, for every pore has been burned by alcohol, and the palms of his hands are hot and stiff, like scorched leather. Often his head aches violently,

and the thought of food nauseates him, yet he has a wild yearning for some relief. He rises and drinks water again, but it does not satisfy. He looks at his face in the glass. The eyes are red-rimmed, dull and languid, and the light pains them. The hands tremble as they are held before the face; and the complexion is that of one who is recovering from a serious sickness.

But all these physical evidences of a recent debauch are trivial, indeed, compared with the agony of mind. He addresses his reflection in the mirror and calls himself "a cursed fool," if he does not apply stronger language in self-denunciation. He forms sudden and powerful, and, no doubt, well-meant mental resolves never to do it again. After an attempt at breakfast, he goes out to his business, conscious that he is unfit for work, and should have remained in bed. On the way, he recalls that more experienced friends, "brace themselves" after a carouse, by a few morning drinks. He tries it, and for the time feels better. "The hair of the dog that bit him" is effective; but little does he dream that disease has taken the place of habit, a disease as cruel and deadly as if the dog had bitten him in truth, and left the poison of hydrophobia in his veins.

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE HABIT CEASES AND DISEASE BEGINS.

A celebrated doctor maintains that, "In the person who inherits alcoholism the opportunity to drink at once develops him into a drunkard." This may be, but I am inclined to think that a tendency to drunkenness depends more on temperament than on heredity, though it may be argued that temperament itself is a result of heredity. But in the case of savages, who manifest an inordinate passion for intoxicants from the time of their first use, the laws of heredity will not apply, for no inherited tendency can be adduced.

Again, it is a fact, well known to the students of this subject, that, in addition to temperament, the character or type of drunkenness is powerfully influenced by the agent which produces it, and this agent is an important factor in modifying the time when the habit ceases and the disease begins. Thus inebriety from ardent spirits differs, in many particulars, from that brought on by malt liquors, wines, or opium.

However, I am neither qualified by training nor inclined by disposition to treat the subject from the standpoint of the scientist. My purpose is to describe the phenomena of inebriety, and in a common sense way, which all can understand, to examine the causes, and then to present historically the remedies used for the cure.

I have alluded to the beneficial effects of the churches and temperance societies in preventing drunkenness; and no man exceeds me in my admiration for the humanity and self-denial of the many good men and women who make this work the guiding star of their lives. But

the field for the churches and temperance societies in this direction has its limitations, and beyond these limits lie the increasing army of the wretched, within hearing of the voices of friends, whose means for help are inadequate and torturing.

While even the most abject drunkard realizes his degradation and utter helplessness more than those who attempt his rescue by moral agencies, he is stung to madness and opposition by advice which he knows he is powerless to follow. Even the prayers of the wife who implores him, as he leaves her in the morning, not to drink that day, are rejected with indignation. He knows she is right, but he also knows, what she can never appreciate, what no one can ever appreciate who has not passed through the same experience, that he too has promised himself a hundred times to abstain, only to fall a hundred times, and each time lower than before. He knows that he too has prayed, with beaded brow and agonized heart, for deliverance from the cursed servitude,—to have the prayer unanswered, while the chains of his enslavement grew longer and heavier. Hence the indignation produced by advice, for it is like adding another twist to the screws of torture, a reminder of a condition that has passed beyond the control of the will.

With but few exceptions, the strongest workers in the cause of temperance are men and women with whom drinking has never been even an occasional habit, and so they know nothing from experience of the condition of the victims in whom disease has succeeded habit. It is, however, a fact well known to temperance workers, that many of their most eloquent advocates are and have been men who at one time were confirmed drunkards.

In the case of some of these advocates the reformation had been complete. Strength of will, a mild form of the

disease, or a restraining environment, has kept them in the straight path, but such cases are not the rule.

I met during the past winter ('91, '92.) three men who had recently been professional temperance lecturers, and who for years had been addressing meetings with marked success, for much of their influence was due to the fact that they could speak "by the book." One of these men had distinguished himself in the war as a captain of cavalry, and afterward practiced law.

Just here it may be well to remind the reader that drunkards are divided, as to persistency, into two classes, "steady drinkers" and "periodicals," or dipsomaniacs. The former need no explanation; the latter are a peculiar class and are the most difficult to understand and treat. The periodical drunkard is one whose temperament is so constituted that he indulges to excess at times—that often come with surprising regularity, while in the intervals he remains not only perfectly sober, but with an actual abhorrence of liquor.

The lawyer to whom I have referred was "a periodic drinker," as were the other two, and he took up the advocacy of temperance in the hope that he might help others and save himself. He had a thrilling story of a ruined home and a blasted life to tell; and, without doubt, his eloquence and example did much to warn others from the rocks on which he had been wrecked. "But," to use his own language, "I could not help myself. When the awful desire for drink, which announced itself by mental and physical exhaustion, came on me, I was ready to sell my soul for whiskey. The temperance people, for whom I spoke, knew of these fits and pitied me, without casting me off. At such times I would cancel my engagements, and hurry to my own home, lay in a supply of whiskey, and drink for days, often for weeks, till the maddening thirst

was appeased, and a doctor was called in to strengthen my shattered nerves and build me up again."

The second man, aged thirty-five, is handsome, eloquent and earnest. He had contracted the liquor habit through the prescriptions of a doctor, who believed that quinine, as an antidote for malaria, would be much more effective if taken in whiskey. The malaria left, and the quinine was dropped, but the taste for the whiskey remained. This man was also a "periodic." He became a preacher, but he could not long conceal his disease from his congregation, nor retain his charge.

"There were times," he said to me, "when praying with my people, when the impulse to drink came on me with such fury that I had to hold myself to my knees, to keep myself from dashing out to the nearest place where liquor was to be had, and gorging myself with it as a starving man in the presence of food. Church, family, self, and God, were forgotten then. I was not sane. I was a helpless madman. In my desperation, I joined a temperance society, changed my surroundings, and as a lecturer travelled through the land, but, like a pursuing Nemesis, the disease followed and clung to me. Friends cast me off. I became a pariah, and at length I came to think that God had cursed me, and my soul, with all its burdens, rose up in revolt."

The third man is a journalist, well known throughout the country. He had been a sailor in his youth. He won distinction during the war of the Rebellion, his last military service being on the staff of General Stoneman. With a splendid record and a marked ability as a writer and speaker, this man had a brilliant career before him, and there was no reason why he might not aspire to any position in the gift of the Republic. But alas, for his prospects, the habit of drinking acquired in the army became a disease

in civil life. He, too, was a periodical drinker, and he, too, indulging the delusive hope that he might be able to follow the advice he was so able to give to others, became a temperance lecturer. His experience was identical with that of those before named. His lectures were given in the interims between wild debauches.

These three men, who had so much to live for, but on whom all religious and moral restraints had been exercised in vain, I met while visiting at Dwight, Illinois, last February. They were then, and had been for a longer time than since their first debauch, entirely sober. They were in good health, vigorous, hopeful and free; and certain as their hope of Heaven that they had tasted liquor for the last time. The desire was gone. It had vanished before remedial agencies applied by the two means best known to the medical profession.

But while the periodical drinker remains sober long enough to enable Nature to recuperate, and to give his family a temporary respite, the chronic or habitual drinker has no such relief. With him it is a constant and ever-increasing descent into hopelessness and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Once the disease is established, he is like Laocoon in the folds of the serpent, whose destroying clutch tightens with every effort to be free.

As the disease gains stronger hold, new physiological conditions manifest themselves. The appetite is destroyed, or it becomes ravenous. The form is attenuated and the face haggard and pale—depending again on the temperament and drink—or the one is bloated, and the other "blossomed" and ruddy. Doctors are applied to, and their diagnosis shows a disordered digestion, a congested liver and nerves unstrung. These are common, every-day cases. Such patients are the most familiar in the practice of the physician. He prescribes the

usual remedies, and they are taken with the usual result; and he advises abstinence, or milder potations, knowing full well that his advice will not be followed.

As the condition of the mind is entirely dependent on the condition of the body, and particularly of the nerve centers, the mental changes are even greater than those that manifest themselves physically. The spurring ambition of other days is dead or hopelessly jaded; the objects of life are changed; the memory is clouded and reason works in duress. Labor, mental or physical, is now impossible without a stimulant; nay, this stimulant becomes so essential to existence that the taking of it is the first act performed on rising. It becomes necessity as "an appetizer" before every meal, and in larger doses as a sedative before sleep will come. Drink so enters into every act and thought of the man's life, that he lives in it. To appease the craving, when whiskey cannot be had he will drink raw alcohol and biting essences, like Jamaica ginger; and men, in their insane thirst, have swallowed bottles of cologne, nor refrained from kerosene when no other more palatable irritant was at hand.

"This is rather bad whiskey, General," said a young staff officer in the Nashville campaign to the commander of the corps who was visiting his tent. "My dear fellow," was the veteran's response, as he filled a tin cup and made ready to toss it off, "after you have had my experience, you will come to my conclusion, and that is that there is no such thing as 'bad whiskey'; it is all good—though I am willing to concede that some brands are better than others." Clearly, the General had reached that stage when the irritating qualities of whiskey were more desirable than its power to exhilarate.

The swift, downward rush of the drunkard's course, as the end draws on, would be shockingly amazing, if it

were a less familiar thing. Although for years he may have kept his frailty from the world, and family pride concealed the skeleton in the closet when the world's eyes turned that way, there comes the inevitable time when the spectre will kick himself out, and the exposure must come. But the world, ever morbidly eager to guess at the contents of the closet, has long ago hit on the truth. It has seen the family growing poorer and more shabby; the head of the house more shrunken or more bloated, and it is not therefore taken by surprise when the end comes.

The inebriate loses his hold on trade, if working for himself, or loses his position if working for another; and so there comes a day when his money earning power is gone, and this is always when the awful thirst for liquor is most insatiable and inexorable.

As surely as morals indicate the condition of the mind, so does the mind depend on the health of the body, and in no disease is this more manifest than in inebriety. Abandoned by the wife, who has left him in self defense and for the sake of her children, cast off by friends and acquaintances, who were barnacles in the days of prosperity, indifference to self takes the place of shame, and defiance of the world the place of the previous self-consciousness; and so the helpless, hopeless victim gives up resistance, and is borne on by the current which he is powerless to resist.

Henceforth he is an outcast, and he consorts with the human slotsam and jetsam—the wreckage of that monsoon that leaves none with the power to reach shore without the proper help.

Up to this time the man, for the sake of others, has made a brave effort, but now he thinks only of himself, or if, in the moments of his torturing sobriety, he gives

a thought to those who have sent him adrift, it is to curse them with a fierce defiance, and to blame himself that he had not drank more when he had the money—and so lost a good chance.

To drink becomes now the one object of the man's wretched life. He hangs round the vilest of the bars begging for whiskey, or he solicits on the street for the same purpose. He becomes familiar with police courts; and serves his time in workhouses, only to return to a friendless world, more defiant, more shameless, and thirstier than before.

And so the inebriate goes down, down, down, till one night the light of his blasted life goes out in the gutter, and the machine charity of the county consigns him to the Potter's Field.

CHAPTER V.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DRUNKENNESS.

The true physician does not rest satisfied with the trite knowledge that spirits, wines and ales produce intoxication; he extends his researches beyond this point, and is naturally anxious to ascertain by what peculiar action of the system these agents give rise to so extraordinary an effect. They cause the heart to throb more vigorously and the blood to circulate freer, while, at the same time, they exert a distinct action on the nervous system, an action easily understood but difficult to explain. If mere stimulation was all that was wanted, drunkenness ought to be present in many cases where it is never met with. It, or, more properly speaking, its symptoms, ought to exist in inflammatory fever, and after violent exercise,

such as running or even rapid walking. But inebriating agents, with few exceptions, have a twofold action, the one immediately on the circulation and the other directly on the nerves.

It is a well-known physiological fact that when alcohol is taken into the stomach, it enters into the circulation at once, without undergoing digestion or any chemical change. In a short time it has reached every nerve, muscle and gland of the body. Even the veteran inebriate, tortured for the stimulant, feels its effects a few moments after it is swallowed.

Doctor Keeley says: "The fact that no vital force is expended to cause its digestion, renders alcohol, as a medicine, of inestimable value, for the reason that in the shock of injury or collapse of disease, the vital forces are paralyzed; and if alcohol had to be digested before it could act as a stimulant, it would lie in the stomach without absorption and would be utterly useless.

"After alcohol has entered the blood, it undergoes oxidation; it is burned up as literally as when burned in a lamp.

"From these facts we learn that alcohol is to be studied in its physiological effects: (1.) The effect it exerts when it is yet alcohol and before it is burned up or oxidized; and (2) the effects due to its oxidation.

"The mischief that is done by alcohol in the production of drunkenness, is done by alcohol before it is oxidized and while yet it remains unchanged in the circulation."

The same competent authority maintains that "the phenomenon of acute alcoholism, or a drunken fit, is caused by an isomeric change produced upon the nerve tissue itself. This change is very well understood, and may be illustrated or verified by anyone who pleases to make the following experiments:

The white of an egg, being pure albumen, may be beaten up and put into a glass. If enough alcohol is added a change is caused in the albumen similar to that produced by heat or cooking. It is coagulated or hardened. It is isomerically changed, and is now an allotropic condition of albumen. The effects of alcohol upon the system will be readily understood when it is known that a large part of nerve tissue is albuminous. Alcohol coagulates the albumen in the tissues more or less in every drunken fit. When taken habitually it causes a permanent isomeric change in all albuminous tissues as a preliminary step to the condition and effects known as chronic alcoholism. In this condition the nerves are so changed in their action and anatomy that the presence of alcohol is required to enable the nerves and other organs to perform their physiological duties.

This is the condition on the ego side of the drunkard. It is a great change, indeed, from the natural man; fully as great as are his social relations.

The human system will admit of the oxidation of about six ounces of alcohol in twenty-four hours, or its equivalent of brandy, whiskey, beer or wine. This is the estimate placed on man when he is considered as a spirit lamp.

Alcohol may be burned up in any tissue, organ or gland of the body where oxygen can reach it. When taken in excessive quantities by a person whose capacity for absorbing oxygen, from lung disease "or other disease," is not good, the alcohol may remain in the tissues of various organs for a long time, and has been found in the brain, liver and other parts on post-mortem examinations when the person so examined had not taken alcohol for several weeks prior to death.

The poisonous effects of alcohol are, therefore, due to the coagulation of albumen in all albuminous tissues. This process causes hardening of various tissues and organs as the primary lesion.

The effects of alcohol when consumed by union with oxygen in the various organs of the body are the same, primarily, as when alcohol is burned in a lamp; heat is the result.

It is known that all forces, whether physical or biological, are correlated originally from heat. The life on its surface, and the geological condition of this planet, are due to the sun's heat. When alcohol is burned in the liver, it produces heat, and this heat is correlation with force. When alcohol is burned in the nervous system, it produces heat, and this heat is changed into

nerve force, whatever that nerve force may be—whether brain force, sensation or volition.

In this sense alcohol is a food. It does not furnish the substance of tissue or build up the tissues of the body; it simply, (when oxydized) furnishes heat, which heat is correlated with, or changed into vital force. It is as useless to deny these facts as to deny the correlation of force. A man might as well deny that spring, and its germination of seeds in their season, is due to the sun's heat, as to deny that alcohol, when consumed in the body, is correlated with vital force.

This explanation of the physiological effects of alcohol accounts for all the consequences that alcohol produces, whether used or abused. In large quantities it is a poison, and I have shown how it acts as a poison. In small quantities it is a medicine, both as a food and as a stimulant, both in its effects as alcohol and when it is consumed.

In small quantities alcohol acts as a stimulant in this way: By a very slight impression upon the albuminous tissue it prevents the breaking down of the tissue molecules, and thus prevents waste of the body. Fatigue is a sensation of rapid breaking down of the tissue molecules of the body due to their functions in hard work. When a person has over-worked until fatigued, he has destroyed millions of the tissue molecules of his body; they are rapidly breaking down and passing out of the body.

Alcohol, taken in moderation, simply arrests this waste by a slight coagulation of the tissue molecules. Up to this point and in this light, it may be regarded as one of the giants of the pharmacopeia, as is opium; but unfortunately for humanity, the remedy, so potent in certain conditions, becomes destructive where those conditions do not exist, and it is indulged in for its own sake.

Among the physiological phenomena produced by alcohol, vertigo is the most prominent. This is partly due to ocular delusions caused by inflamed brain tissue, but it is principally owing to other causes. It is actually greater when the eyes are shut than when they are open—this effect being unaccountably increased by the exclusion of light. "Vertigo from intoxication," says Doctor

Macnish, "is far less liable to produce sickness and vomiting than from any other cause; but when it does produce them, it is to a very considerable degree."

In swinging, smoking—in its novitiate stage—sailing at sea, or on turning rapidly around for some time, nausea is apt to occur; and there seems no doubt that it is produced, in a great measure, from the vertigo brought on by these actions. The giddiness of drunkenness, therefore, as it very seldom sickens, must be presumed to have some characteristics peculiar to itself. In this, as well as in some other affections, it seems to be the consequence of a close sympathy between the brain and the nerves of the stomach; this and the fact that, in intoxication, both body and mind are temporarily impaired, and the sensorium is so disordered as to be unable to regulate the conduct.

While escaping from a military prison after I had been for a long time without food, I have felt this same vertigo immediately after I had appeased the pangs of hunger. Common food, in this instance, amounted to a stimulant, in consequence of the stomach, in which there was an unnatural want of excitement. This organ was in a state of torpor, and a stimulant which, in ordinary circumstances, would hardly have been felt, proved exciting, and for a short time affected the brain like an overdose of alcohol, with its consequent vertigo.

The double vision which occurs in inebriety, even a layman can readily account for by the influence of increased circulation in the brain, which increase affects the optic nerves unequally. In many fevers the same phenomenon occurs. The refraction of light in the moisture that gathers about the eyes, like tears, during intoxication, may assist in distorting, if it does not actually serve to multiply the objects.

The staggering and stammering that always accompany advanced intoxication, can also be accounted for by a disordered state of the brain and nervous system. Where an organ is affected, it must be that the nerve currents are broken and irregular, if, indeed, the nerves themselves are not partially paralyzed; the latter possibility would account for the insensibility to pain and other external impressions that distinguish the intoxicated man. The ringing in the ears, another phenomenon of inebriety, can be accounted for, I think, by the inflammation of the internal carotid artery, which, with increased beat, throbs in the immediate neighborhood of the ear drums.

The imaginary pleasures of intoxication can be explained on physiological principles. We feel a delight in being rocked gently, in swinging, or in being tickled. These actions undoubtedly act upon the nerves, but in what manner physiology does not explain, and psychology only conjectures. Intoxicating agents, no doubt, do much the same thing. The mental manifestations depend entirely on the nerves. The brain acts and is acted upon, but, in the main it is the source of all this excitement. The sensations conveyed by the nerves, it weaves into a thousand fantastic forms.

The brain is the citadel of thought, and, though material itself, acts with a wizard's power on the imagination. If the lungs be diseased, we have expectoration and cough; if the liver, jaundice and dropsy; if the stomach, indigestion; but when the brain is affected, as it invariably is by the persistent use of alcohol, we have not merely many of these bodily symptoms, but severe affection of the mind; nor are such affections ever produced by any organ but through the agency of the brain.

The brain, therefore, acts in a double capacity upon the frame, being both the source of the corporeal feelings

and of the mental manifestations. Admitting this as true, there can be but little difficulty in apprehending why intoxication produces so powerful a mental influence. This must proceed from a restless and restless impulse being given to the brain, by virtue of the peculiar action of intoxicating agents upon the nerves. The organ of the mind is suddenly endowed with increased energy. Not only does the blood circulate through it more rapidly, but an action peculiar to itself is given to its whole substance.

Mere increase of circulation, as has been said, is not sufficient to account for this. There must be some other principle at work on its texture, which is the main cause of drunkenness, and this principle Doctor Keeley has shown in his illustration of the effect of alcohol on nerve tissue.

It is this effect on the brain, the physiology of which I have attempted to indicate, that constitutes, particularly in the earlier stages of the disease, the peculiar fascination of the milder forms of inebriety. The thoughts that pour from their prolific tabernacle are more fervid, and seemingly more original, than ever—they rush out with augmented copiousness, and sparkle over the understanding like the flashings of the Northern Lights, or the gorgious scintillations of the declining sun on the clouds about his couch. As the excitement increases, the balance is broken, the mind becomes tumultuous and disordered, and the ideas inconsistent, wavering and absurd. Then come the torpor and exhaustion consequent on such excessive stimulants. The person falls into drowsiness or stupor, and his mind, as well as body, undergoes a languor corresponding to the previous excitement.

Such is a slight, and, I fear, not wholly satisfactory attempt to elucidate some of the most prominent phenomena

ena of drunkenness from the standpoint of the physiologist. Some are omitted as being too obvious to require explanation, and others have been hinted at in the preceding chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

AS TO THE PATHOLOGY OF INEBRIETY.

The evil consequences of drinking, both in a physical and moral point of view, seem to have been known from the most remote antiquity. They are expressly mentioned in Scripture; nor can there be a doubt that the Homeric fiction of the companions of Ulysses being turned into swine by the enchanted cup of Circe, plainly implies the bestial degradation into which men may bring themselves by coming under the dominion of such a habit.

Although I do not propose to lose sight of the moral side of this all-important question, I must, so far as this writing is concerned, leave its consideration to the divine, the temperance worker, and the legislator, and confine myself to the consideration of inebriety as a physical disease, with special reference to its manifestations and the methods that have been tried for its alleviation and cure.

I have no desire to instruct the doctors, but in my investigations I have learned much of the pathology of inebriety that may prove novel and useful to the professional reader, for whom this work is intended.

Apart from the direct effect of inebriety on the brain and nerves, it is the cause of disease in many of the other organs. The liver suffers greatly, acute inflammation be-

ing of frequent occurrence; this, with the stomach and brain, suffers most severely from alcoholism. These are all affected in precisely the same way as if their disorganization were produced by any other cause.

Intoxicating liquors, from the earliest recorded ages, have been known to affect the liver, and it may be that the story of Prometheus stealing the fire from heaven and animating clay, alluded to the effects of wine on the human body; and his punishment of having his liver devoured by a vulture, may be supposed to refer to the consequences which men draw on themselves by over-indulgence, this organ becoming thereby highly diseased.

Neither wines nor malt liquors have so rapid and decided an effect upon the liver as ardent spirits. People who drink pure wine, in the countries where it is made, claim that the liver is never so affected there. This, of course, will depend on the kind of wine and the amount they drink. But, while all fermented wines contain more or less alcohol, it is a notorious fact that those shipped to the American market are "fortified" or "loaded" with proof spirits or spirits of wine as a preservative, or, it may be, because Americans prefer what are known as "heavy wines."

But while the liver is the first organ to suffer from the effects of alcohol, and its disease increases to the end, it is amazing what it will endure without causing death. Sometimes, by a slow chronic engorgement, it is enlarged to double its natural size, and yet the person suffers but little pain. But the consequences that follow this condition of inflammation, are not only painful, but also disastrous. By refusing to secrete adequate bile, digestion is impaired, and the bowels, for the want of their usual stimulus, are apt to become torpid. The person becomes jaundiced, his skin grows yellow, dry and rough, and the

whites of his eyes discolored. As enlargement goes on, portal circulation becomes impeded, and dropsy, which so often accompanies the more advanced stages of incipient, ensues.

The acute inflammation which must necessarily follow the introduction of such an irritant as alcohol into the stomach, becomes chronic after the alcohol disease is established. The organ is thickened, and its different tunics so matted together that they cannot be separated. At this point there is a dull, heavy pain that is aggravated by pressure. Indigestion is a constant attendant, and at times it is difficult to retain food in the stomach; indeed, when this stage is reached the stomach particularly rejects that alcohol that has been the cause of all its trouble. There are times when confirmed inebriates, tortured for a drink, find it impossible to retain the fiery fluid until after many attempts have been made.

Among the toiling masses, bilious complaints were comparatively unknown at the beginning of the century, yet they are now common, and a physician, who has made the organs of digestion a specialty, assures me that the cause is directly attributable to alcohol. There is nothing more indicative of health than a good appetite for breakfast. I have met a few drinking men who enjoyed this meal, but they form only a small percentage of those with whom I have conversed on the subject. After a debauch the night before, they want whiskey instead of food.

At this stage the victim, forgetting or ignoring the reason for his loss of appetite, is apt to take to "tonics" and "bitters," the base of which is inferior alcohol, usually the cheapest and vilest whiskey, all tending to aggravate the very trouble it is sought to relieve.

Inflammation of the brain is often caused by intemper-

ance. Doctor Armstrong, in his lectures, speaks of a chronic inflammation of the brain and its membranes, arising, among other causes, from the free use of strong wines and liquors. According to him, it is much more common after than before forty years of age, although he has seen several instances occurring in much younger persons. The brain substance, in the case of habitual drinkers, is apt to lose its delicate elastic qualities and to become either unnaturally hard or of a morbid softness. Under these circumstances there is a strong risk of apoplexy. To the disease induced in this organ by alcohol is to be ascribed the mental debasement, the loss of memory, and the gradual extinction of the intellectual powers. My investigation has led me to believe that the brains of all confirmed drunkards have more or less of the appearances just hinted at.

Alcohol affects destructively the bladder and kidneys, causes a bad state of the blood, and a similar condition of the breath; and it extends with manifest force to the eyes, the skin, and the hair. But it is unnecessary to give a list of the diseases that are produced or aggravated by inebriety, or of the organs which it affects. It keeps back no secrets, but brands, as with a hot iron, the face and form of its victim, requiring no skill in diagnosis to get at the seat of the trouble. It curses the unborn child, blasts the life of the adult, and brings premature old age at a time when a healthy life is at its best. This fact has not escaped the keen observation of Shakespeare. He makes the Justice address the rotund Falstaff after this fashion:

"Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, white beard, a decreasing leg and an increasing belly?

Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and will you call yourself young? Fic, fie, fie, Sir John!"

That the increase of insanity is caused largely by the increase of the drinking habit is well known, not only to the medical profession, but to the general public. What else is to be expected when the structure of the organ of thought, the brain, is so radically changed?

Intoxication may affect the mind in two ways. A person, after excessive indulgence in liquor, may be seized with delirium and run into a state of violent rage and madness. In this case the disease comes on suddenly. The man is fierce and intractable. Some never get drunk without being insanely outrageous. They attack, without distinction, all who come in their way, foam at the mouth, and are insensible of danger. More generally, however, the madness of intoxication is of another character, partaking of the nature of idiocy, into which state the mind resolves itself after a long continued falling off in the intellectual powers.

One-half the lunatics in the Richmond Asylum, Dublin, though I think this an exceptional case, owe their condition to drinking. But few of us who have reached middle life cannot recall the wreck of one noble mind by this most destructive habit. Even if inebriety, as a disease, be not hereditary—and I think it is not—yet I know of many cases where it has entailed on the offspring, not only bodily disease, but the more horrible diseases of the mind.

There is one form of mental aberration arising from chronic inebriety that is familiar, by name at least, to every one who reads. I refer to delirium tremens. This form of violent insanity invariably originates in the ex-

cessive use of intoxicants. While whiskey drinkers are more subject to this disease, I find that it is by no means unusual among those who use wines, malt liquors, or even opium immoderately. The sudden cessation of drinking in a confirmed toper, or a course of violent or long protracted intemperance, may equally occasion the disease.

While alarming, because of its violent symptoms, delirium tremens is not often fatal, and never should be so of itself, if the physician understands the disease, and the attendance be sufficient to guard against the tendency to suicide which is so often present.

The disease generally comes on with lassitude, loss of appetite and frequent chills. The pulse is weak and quick, and the body covered with a cold moisture. The countenance is pale; there are usually tremors of the limbs, anxiety, and a total disrelish for the common amusements of life. The stomach is transformed into a pit of torture. The tongue is dry and furred, and the eyes take on an awed and hunted expression.

When the victim of the delirium sleeps, which is but seldom, his imagination is haunted with frightful dreams, and he is aroused by his own wild cries of alarm. Panting, trembling, and with cold beads of agony on his brow, he stares about him, for he is no longer able to distinguish between sleeping and waking, and so the imagined terrors of the one become the actual horrors of the other.

As the disease progresses, every object within the range of vision becomes distorted and hideous. No matter how brave when sane, the victim of delirium tremens becomes a whining, cringing coward. He lives in the realm of luminous, ghostly shadows, and such frightful combinations as even Dante never dreamed of, become to him

appalling realities. Snakes, spiders, and toads cover everything within sight. They swarm about him. He tries to avoid them, but they drop from the ceiling, and shoot up from the floor, to assail his person.

Every thought is centered in himself. He pays no heed to the danger that threatens others. He becomes the embodiment of hideous selfishness. He will fly to death through a window to be free from the creations of his own disordered fancy—to be out of the hell that rages within himself.

Imagine this condition lasting from four to ten days, before the storm has spent its fury in the brain, and nature, no longer able to respond to its urgings, yields to a sleep that seems like death. Indeed, death may be there, or, still worse, the brain may have been wrecked in the storm, so that confirmed insanity follows.

Such are a few of the physical diseases brought on by drunkenness. Its effect on the mind, I have only hinted at, for it is unnecessary to repeat what is so patent to all. Nor are the moral consequences less striking. Visit the criminals awaiting trial in jail, or "doing time" in the penitentiary, and if at all inclined to truth, or if you can win their confidence, they will tell you that the love of drink has been the cause of their ruin, and you will learn, what is well known to the officers of the law, that more than one-half the murders are committed by men under the influence of liquor.

"By due observation for twenty years," says Judge Hales, "I have found that if the murders and manslaughter, the burglaries and robberies, and the riots and tumors, the adulteries, fornications, rapes and other great enormities, that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them would be found to be the issues and product of excessive drinking—of bar room and tavern meetings."

Instead of a few chapters devoted to the records of inebriety, volumes might be written without exhausting the subject. Against its ravages, the power of the law and the moral agencies of temperance organizations have been exerted in vain. The pulpit has preached, and women have prayed, without arresting this monstrous plague of civilization.

If a remedy, simple and efficacious, can be found for this disease, should not the world rejoice? And should we not heed the man who will come before the Nations and say: "Lo, God has given to me a remedy that will in a few weeks cure the drunkard of years, and restore him again to health, to hope, to manhood and to family, and leave him with the wholesome appetite of one who has never been poisoned by alcohol?"

The man who will say this may be a dreamer or an imposter, but in view of the miraculous effects of his promise on civilization, we owe it to ourselves and to our fellow men to treat his message with respect, and to afford him every opportunity to demonstrate the truth of his claims and the potency of his cure. For if he chance to be right, then the blackest cloud is about to be dissipated from the sky of tortured humanity.

CHAPTER VII.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE.

Some writer has said that every hurtful passion draws us to it, as an abyss does, by a kind of vertigo. Feebleness of will brings about weakness of head, and the abyss, in spite of its horror, comes to fascinate, as though it were a place of refuge. Terrible danger! For this abyss is within us; this gulf, open like the vast jaws of an infernal serpent bent on devouring us, is in the depth of our being, and our liberty floats over the void, which is always seeking to swallow it up.

Granting that you are not yourself a slave to the morphine or opium habit, or the victim of the blighting disease it engenders, do you know of any person who is? If not, you are most fortunate, though it should be said that the cultivation of the appetite is as secret as it is deadly; it keeps aloof from the public gaze, but this only intensifies its ravages to the observation of those from whom the habit cannot be hidden.

The high pressure, under which the average American lives, tends to a nervous irritability that has made neurasthenia a national disease. To soothe the nerves and bring about the desired calm, physicians prescribe some form of opium, or it may be chloral or cocaine. The remedy is found temporarily efficacious and not unpleasant to take. Resort is had to it again and again, till the disease is lost sight of in the fascination of the prescription, and the destructive habit is formed before the victim is aware of his enslavement. He awakes to the horrors of the situation only when he is powerless to resist it.

In examining many of the recent methods of treating inebriety, one is astounded at the kindred evils that are striking deep and seemingly ineradicable roots into society. The appetite for narcotics is rapidly taking on new and more dangerous forms of indulgence. Opium, and its tinctures and salts, chloral, and hashish, and cocaine have entered the lists, for the ruin of the race, against alcohol, with all the chances of winning in their favor.

So rapid and widespread is the growth of the opium habit, that if the liquor problem were solved tomorrow, we should find ourselves face to face with an evil more deadly, if not so gigantic. The quacks appreciate this, if others do not, for one cannot look over the columns, of even country papers, without being struck with the many advertisements of charlatans who claim to have discovered "a cure for the opium and morphine habit."

That the use of this drug is growing in the United States can be inferred from the following: In 1880 we imported, principally from Hindostan, 553,451 pounds of opium. In 1890 this had risen to about 900,000, and in 1891, it was over 1,000,000 pounds, or about one pound for every sixty-three of the population—quite enough to have wiped out the whole if administered according to capacity.

It is absurd to attribute this increase in the consumption of opium to the advent of the Chinese. The number of Chinese immigrants has not increased much in the last ten years, and when the first Chinese came to this country, they found that the fatal drug had preceded them by many decades, and was firmly established among Americans. In his first chapter on "Opium, its Use, Abuse and Cure," Doctor Leslie E. Keeley, who has studied this question as no other living man, says:

He who, for the first time, calls upon the opium spirit, may see only a beautiful angel with shining face and hovering wings, but if he would only look behind the apparition he would see, cast upon a background of gloom, a grisly shadow rising vast and awful in the twilight—a terrible warning of judgment and of doom. His sorcery has been successful—his incantation has raised the spirit and compelled it to weave its spells around him, but during the short hour of glamour and of dream, he has bound himself to the service of a satanic master whose rule is pitiless and whose reward is death!

The seeming increased intellectual activity, the apparent enlargement of mental capacity and power which are felt by the morphine inebriate during the first stages of his experience, are real to him, beyond question. To his own consciousness there is no illusion in the visions which he beholds, no deceitfulness in the inspiration which he feels. As he lies steeped in a "tranced calm" the tides of thought seem to roll into his brain from some exhaustless ocean,—the horizon of his daily thinking seems to lift its curtains, revealing infinite reaches of sublime speculation. He believes himself to have passed into a new world. It is a real world to him. It is not a portion of his nature only which is under the mystic charm, but all of it. He himself is under the power of the spell. His faculties of perception and feeling, his will, every part and power of his nature, are wrought upon by the wonderful witchcraft. There is no central quality of will or judgment that is not influenced by the drug.

This is the Mirage of the Soul! Not only does the morphine neophyte, as he enters the desert of his weary pilgrimage, see an unreal earth and sky, but he also becomes a part of that world, unable to separate himself from it. He is no longer in the actual world, he is no longer a real man. It would not even be correct to say that he is a man plus opium—he is, rather, an opiumized man. He is not so much deceived as transformed. Every thought, every feeling, every act of judgment and will is opium-tinted. The luminous mist does not envelop the outside world alone—its shining folds enshroud his innermost nature and permeate his whole being. He is himself a part of the opium dream, and cannot separate himself from its unrealities. Whatever thirst it may have been which wrought upon him to begin his desert journey—the longing to do great deeds, the craving to search out all hidden things, the ambition to taste all that is strange and wondrous in human experience, the desire

to gain special strength for burdens heavy to bear, or to endure troubles which torment the spirit and mar the life—whatever thirst may have parched him—he is a portion of the visions which he beholds, the shining waters and the shading palms are in his own soul, they are a part of himself. The deception is absolute. In body, soul and spirit there remains not one sensation, not one power by which an actual, true perception of the real world can be obtained. Surely one in this condition cannot correctly judge of the value of his thoughts and the genuineness of his revelations!

The reader will bear in mind that it is of the beginning of the morphine habit that we are speaking. What has just been said of the influence of the drug upon the entire nature will apply with still greater force to the condition of those in whom the appetite has become confirmed. But, in view of the language used by writers in depicting the delightful sensations and effects produced by the first moderate doses of the drug, it is necessary to insist with great emphasis that, in the exhilarations, the enchantments of the first experiments in opium intoxication there is an element of deceit and falsehood. The narcotic ecstasies do not bring forth genuine fruit. The thinking which one does while lulled by morphine witchery is not nearly so original or brilliant as it appeared when it flashed through the dreamer's consciousness. It will not endure the test of true criticism, viewed in the light of the facts and principles of this real work-a-day world.

Again the same author writes: "It would contravene the eternal law—that law which has been and ever will be the only basis for attainment of great success and high reward—if merely swallowing a white powder or a dark gum can make it possible to achieve great things in any field of work." But while many have left the realities of life, tempted on by the imagined joys of the use of opium, a great majority of those suffering from it to-day, particularly in the United States, contracted the habit while they supposed they were taking medicine.

That the doctors are greatly to blame for this state of affairs, the doctors themselves acknowledge. But that they have faith in the remedy they prescribed is evidenced

by the fact that they are given to taking it themselves. In proportion to their numbers the medical profession is more addicted to the use of morphine and opium—and even of cocaine—than all the other professions together.

Of the thousands of people who have taken the "Keeley treatment for opium and morphine," at home or in institutes, it can be proven, as we have said, that about 16 per cent. are physicians. And why not? There is no profession that so taxes the nerves, and then broken rest is conducive to insomnia. Is it not natural that doctors, even those of high standing, should themselves take the quieting medicine they give to others? Has the doctor more force of will, more power to resist the seductive and ever-growing forces of the insidious habit, than the patient? Indeed, is not he who is thrown into daily, if not hourly, contact with the soothing drug more tempted than the patient who sees it only when he lays it in by the dose? And so the doctors yield till some of the brainiest and noblest, nay, men who have themselves made a speciality of nervous treatment, fall victims to the same disease, and end by being the slaves of opium.

If this were entirely a moral matter, we might be excused for stooping in the direction of a stone, but he would even then be entirely heartless who would pick that stone up and cast it. There may be cases where there is a moral responsibility, but it is in the early stages, where curiosity and not a maddening hunger has prompted to the dalliance. But the true physician, even in the presence of the most loathsome disease, evinces no personal curiosity as to the manner in which it was contracted; enough for him to know that the suffering is there, calling for the best he has of sympathy and skill. If fit to be a doctor, he will know quite as much of psychology as he does of physiology and anatomy, and

so he will see for himself the circumstances that have brought his patient to the gates of death and hold him there in torture. This is true of the alcohol inebriate, but it is equally true of the victim of opium, or of that new devil of the pharmacopœia, cocaine.

But while it is beyond the power of psychologist or physiologist to tell when indulgence becomes habit, it does not tax the skill of the specialist to say positively when the habit has changed into a disease. The brief joys of the past are dead; the rapture of the drug was as short lived as it was intense. The pains it lulled to sleep awake with an acuter agony. The tortures, smothered by the drug, revive, and assert themselves with increasing fury. And then comes the added agony, the indescribable agony of the drug itself. It came to take the place of pain, and it must be clung to with increasing tenacity and taken in larger doses, or leave horror for its want.

The spider-web ties by which it first held, and which it would have taken barely a conscious effort to sever, have become forged chains—cables that hang on the limbs with a crushing weight, till they drag the victim down to death.

Unlike alcohol, which gives a respite to its "periodic" victims, opium demands a constant, an increasing allegiance. From the appalling servitude there is no vacation, no respite, no temporary release. The horse leech cry is still "Givel givel" and, when more is given, the appetite is still unappeased. The demand is made with the first rising; it continues during the day; and it becomes more exacting and imperious during the awful, silent watches of the night.

Morphia, named from Morpheus, the god of slumber, belies her name. To her most faithful subjects she brings no refreshing repose; this is reserved for those who first

pay her court, to the others she sends a stupor, a stupor that is as like to sleep as sleep is like to death.

King Alcohol is an exacting tyrant, but he is a generous open-handed monarch, compared with Morphia. He builds palaces and adorns them with all the attractions of art. Painting and sculpture find a home in his reception halls. Cut glasses sparkle and brilliant chandeliers and electric lights flash from many-colored globes on his devotees. Momus presides at his banquets, and Wit and Eloquence are in the pay of his court. Music and Song are his servants, and he delights in the excitements of crowds and the good fellowship of boon companions.

He appeals to every sense, and takes captive the imaginations of his younger subjects. What if he does blast the older ones? Have they, too, not had their time of revel and laughter, and is there not the more room for others? He confines his serfs to no exacting cup, but he flashes before their eyes the distillations of every grain, the maltings of foreign climes, and the wines of every grape and of every land. Does the palate pall? Here are bracing "tonics," stimulating "bitters," and aromatic "liqueurs" to spur the lagging appetite. Go to! Alcohol is a right royal King! He works under the full light of the sun. He directs the social habits of the people; and, no matter who may pretend to rule as a rival, he has much to do in making the laws of every land, in declaring war, and in celebrating peace. And the while, he takes care to put his all-powerful veto on any law that attempts to curtail his own mighty prerogatives.

But Morphia, sullen, silent daughter of Sleep, who of all thy wretched slaves can say one good word in thy praise? Thy victims have no balls, but their own dull chambers, transformed into chambers of torture that exceed the wildest dreams of cruelty. No art lends charm

to thy rule. Eloquence and Wit lie dead in thy silent courts, into which neither Laughter nor Good-fellowship ever entered. Thy subjects slink apart, and quaff thy notorious libation away from sight and light—as men who do a murder. The sparkling glass is replaced by the graduated measure, or the rank opium pipe; and the foaming goblet, by the hypodermic syringe. Thou takest away manhood and truth, and replacest them with imbecility and falsehood. Thou destroyest courage, and brandest the "heart of hare" with the face of the assassin. Over the portals of thy palace alone is truth to be found, in the awful inscription: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

But is there no hope? Is that haggard, dull-eyed shame-souled man, who crawls in the shadows, to keep in the ever-thickening gloom till he drops into the night of the grave? Is there no hope for the agnized, yellow-faced woman, whose once white, rounded arms are now purple, and shrunken, and pitted by the proddings of the syringe? Is the grave the only thing to which she can also look forward to to stop the torture?

Each phase of life must have its positive and negative poles. Is there a remedy potent enough to negative the frightful effects of morphine, to cure the disease, and to restore to health? In good time we shall see.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INCREASE OF THE HABIT.

A celebrated author on this subject says, and he speaks with an experience second to none: "The business man achieves no great success after he becomes a slave to morphine. In most instances he simply plods on in the old way with ever-failing energy, making no new ventures, winning no great rewards. He sees his clear-headed active rivals, with their new and more intelligent methods, gradually pushing before him, successful, prosperous, —while he, weak in courage and energy, is unable to match them in the race for wealth, and he often grows envious and bitter. Or, with flickering, unreal energy he may attempt to mend his failing fortunes by hazardous ventures, and feeble in nerve and weak in judgment, add the calamity of financial ruin to the burden of misery which weighs upon his heart. The judgment of the opium user is impaired. Whether a business or a professional man he will more and more frequently make mistakes, and decide incorrectly. His counsel to others becomes unreliable, and his conclusions as to his own conduct grow more and more noticeably unwise."

The same competent authority maintains that the will of the victim of opium is no longer the will of a free man. He may dream of revolt in the moments when gratification has stifled the cravings for the drug, and there are no pangs to be soothed, but the instant the awful hunger demands its special food, he obeys it like a slave, nor gives thought to the good resolutions of the previous hour. To ask a man in this state to give up the ruinous habit, is much like advising the impossible, for beyond a

certain stage it becomes as impossible to him as to cause water to rise above its level by simply willing it. To preach the immorality of the practice is as futile as it is maddening; the victim is indifferent to all opposing ethics, when he is in the presence of the drug, and the horrible yearning to take it is on his brain.

The torpor that comes to the will, pervades body and mind. Physical exertion becomes an effort; the man walks as one who carries to his task an incubus which he cannot shake off. Consecutive thought, particularly where reason is required, becomes impossible; lethargy holds the intellect in chains, leaving only the fancy free. For present effort he is powerless. He realizes that there is work to be done, but, like the Mexican peon, he lives in the land of Manana—the land of to-morrow, when all his work will be done, but now he can only dream of its accomplishment.

With this neglect of duty, this paralysis of the will, there comes a steady decline in the powers of the memory; indeed there are times when he finds it impossible to separate the actual occurrences of his daily life from the vagaries of his diseased fancy, and so he confounds a duty to be done with a hope to be achieved. To him time has lost its sequence of hours and days; the taking of the drug marks an epoch, and its heaviest torpors are his Sabbaths of rest. He forgets the past, ignores the present, and heeds not the future, or, if he gives it an intelligent thought, it is to shudder at the consideration of its forbidding gloom, and mentally to resolve not to look that way again.

The solitary habit of opium using grows upon the victim. The dread of exposure, for he realizes his weakness and his helplessness, keeps him aloof from those friends and associates in which he once delighted. Even the

family circle is ignored for the solitude of his own chamber, in which he can indulge the habit unseen, and, as he imagines, unobserved. With the weakness grows the eager but futile efforts to conceal it. So sensitive does he become that he will not discuss the subject, and he regards as insulting the efforts of his friends, who do not realize that they are powerless to win him away.

The victim may feel that he is acting a part in seeming to be other than he is, but here, too, he is armed against the inevitable degradation by a moral paralysis quite as pronounced as that which has come to body and mind. I have said that his diseased fancy alone is left free, and this faculty, so God-like when controlled by the cultured reason, now stands him in lieu of truth. The soul of honor, he would have shuddered at the thought of uttering a deliberate lie in his better days, but now he prefers falsehood till "to lie like a morphine fiend" has come into common use as an illustration of reckless and unwarranted mendacity. His word, once as good as a banker's note, no longer finds credence among those who know him. The veracity, once as pure as his honor, is gone to the winds, and his stories become the laughing-stock of the thoughtless and heartless.

Unlike most phases of the liquor habit, the curse of opium in its various forms is not confined to the poor and socially degraded, nor is a majority of its victims men. The habit is as widespread as it is disastrous. It is the skeleton in the closet of many a palatial home. It is a cancer out of sight, preying on the vitals and beyond the reach of the surgeon's knife. It makes a slave of my nervous lady in her boudoir, and holds captive the pinched sewing girl in her garret. It comes to add a hurrying blight to the waste of age, and it flaunts its yellow banners where the health colors once glowed on

the cheek of youth. It bows the strong man, and holds him bowed, till the manhood is gone and he can no longer stand erect. It blends its cursed inspiration with the Holy Word, and seeks to become an ally of the workers for Redemption. It blasts whatever it breathes on, and it defiles whatever it touches.

Is this language too strong, think you? Then count yourself blessed in your ignorance of the night side of narcotics. Men who should know more about it than you, are not half aware of the spread of this destructive curse. To-day the doctors are waking up to the importance of a more careful and serious study of this subject; and the many able magazines and other periodicals devoted to the spread of professional information, know of the disease and are asking for a remedy to stay its spread, if not to cure it. I am amazed, in looking over the medical text books published during the last two decades, here and abroad, to find how little space is given to the consideration of this subject. Some actually ignore it, and mention opium only as a remedy of great potency when used with care, but seem wholly unaware of the fact that the unauthorized use of the drug is itself one of the most terrible diseases that has cursed civilization.

Dry figures are powerless to convey an idea of the rapid growth of the use of the drug in this country since the beginning of the Civil War. Yet a few illustrations of this kind may be of service. In 1860 our population was 32,000,000. In that year we imported 109,536 pounds of opium, which was used largely in the manufacture of laudanum, morphine, paragonic and in the compounding of medicines purporting to be a panacea for nervous disorders. In 1876, it was estimated that there were 225,000 opium users in the United States, "principally among the better class of people," says Doctor Keeley. "To-day,"

he continues, "there are not less than 1,500,000." Nor are these startling figures too large when we consider that while in thirty years our population has only doubled, the consumption of opium—crude and in its various forms—has increased nearly tenfold. The importation of opium in 1891, was over 1,000,000 pounds, as compared with 109,536 pounds thirty years before.

Stop and think of it, not less than one in every forty-five of our population, either using opium in decreasing moderation or bound slaves to the habit. And what a slavery it is! Even the confirmed inebriate is a free man in comparison. It is a slavery, without hope, to a soulless master. It is a servitude, without any compensation, to a tyrant who demands his dues, even to the last ray of hope and the last drop of blood. Nor are these serfs the world's ignorant outcasts, the pariahs of decent society. A majority are women. Not poor, degraded, outcast women, although this latter class helps to swell the list, but women who are brilliant stars in the social world. Zealous workers in every good cause, literary toilers, artists in every department in which genius delights, have yielded to the first witching advances of the drug, which was soon to be their master.

Although I place implicit reliance on every line that Doctor Keeley has so well written on this subject, and although my confidence in his ability is as strong as the intense gratitude I feel toward him, yet I have not taken his figures for granted, but have verified them in every instance. He says, in the book before alluded to, that in some parts of the United States, the use of opium is much more prevalent than in others. More is consumed in the South than in the North, and in the city than in the country.

It will surprise most people to learn that Texas, in

proportion to its population, uses more opium than any other State in the Union. In Albany, New York, there were consumed in 1889, 3,500 pounds of opium, 5,500 ounces of morphia, and about 500,000 morphia pills. In Chicago, Ill., there are about 25,000 persons addicted to the habit, and the leading druggists say their principal customers are ladies. St. Louis, Mo., has about 20,000, and there are many Southern cities that show even higher figures than these in proportion to the population. "I know," says Dr. Keeley, "small towns where the average is five in every hundred, and the habit is constantly increasing."

The amount annually paid out for this drug is about \$15,000,000, a small sum compared with that which goes for alcohol in its many forms, yet it is an enormous sum to be deflected from the channels of industry, to subvert the best interests of society and to curse, body and soul, the victims who spend it.

Three grains of morphine will kill a strong man who is not used to the drug. Imagine, then, the disastrous effects on the system of those who take enough every day to kill many men.

"A lady in central Illinois took sixty grains of morphine every twenty-four hours; another drank a gallon of laudanum every twenty-two days. A physician in Texas took sixty grains of morphine every twenty-four hours; a farmer in Missouri took forty grains; a physician in St. Louis took twenty-five grains hypodermically—equal to fifty grains by the mouth; a physician in New York took seventy-two grains every day, enough to kill twenty-four ordinary men."

These cases could be multiplied indefinitely. I met, under treatment, last winter, an ex-member of the Massachusetts Legislature, who told me he had frequently taken over eighty grains of morphine in a day, and when

this failed to satisfy him, he supplemented it with cocaine. This amazing growth of the habit began on about one-eighth of a grain a day. It is safe to infer that the tendency of the opium user to exaggeration does not apply to these figures, for it is a notorious fact that he is much given to underestimating the quantity he consumes.

These facts serve to illustrate the wonderful adaptability of nature, particularly in the human system. The mountaineers in parts of Austria accustom themselves to the use of arsenic, which they believe not only purifies the skin, but also enables them the better to climb high mountains and endure other fatigue. And so "seasoned" do the Styrians become to this deadly poison, that many of them eat enough of it at one time to kill twenty men not habituated to the drug. So it is with morphine, hashish, cocaine, chloral and other drugs. Small quantities can at first be taken into the system and assimilated without serious detriment. If continued, the dose must be increased to get the first effect. Gradually the system changes, the work of adaptation goes on in nerve and stomach and tissue till disease becomes the normal condition, and any change from this produces torture, because the constitution has come to demand what it was at first so strenuous to reject.

Thus it is that the descent from normal health to diseased habit is made by slow and scarcely perceptible degrees. From day to day, these changes are not evident, certainly not to the victim. He is rarely, after the habit becomes fixed, in a mental state to contrast his present condition with the past, when he made his first false step. But easy though the descent is, the impossibility of retracing the steps, unaided, is painfully evident to him. Like one who has fallen into a deep well, he looks helplessly up at the dim patch of blue above him, and piteously calls for a life-line to be lowered into the depths.

CHAPTER IX.

"NERVES" A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION.

A famous French author argues, with much ingenuity, that nature intended man, just as she intended all animals, to live in a savage state. The wild Indian, the Congo negro, and the aborigines of New Guinea are never troubled with indigestion, and they are so ignorant of nervous disease that they have no word to express it. Civilization, he maintains, is an imaginary blessing. It refines the mind and degrades the body; it introduces destructive forms of vice, and engenders habits that make a living death. While we can have no sympathy with this sophistry, it is undoubtedly true that the advance of civilization has wrought a marked change in the mental and physical characteristics of people who have been under its influence for generations.

Insurance statisticians, who have studied the matter carefully for many years, assure us that, owing to a better observance of the laws of health, and the improved sanitation insisted on by health boards, the average duration of life has been increased by one-third since the last century. To attribute this to improved general health, however, would not, I think, be a reasonable deduction. Careful nursing, the desuetude of the "heroic methods" in vogue with doctors sixty years ago, and the attention to health and comfort in the modern arrangement of houses, have had more to do with decreasing the death rate than any direct effect of civilization on the physique.

The mental, moral, and physical characteristics of a

people are modified by habit and environment, quite as much as by heredity. As between the present day and a century ago, the changed conditions in living are striking, and this change is going on so rapidly and distinctly before our eyes, that the most unobservant, if at all given to thinking, must notice it. The mountaineers of our Southern States are so peculiar in appearance, mentality and morals, as to seem like a marked variety of the Aryan race, yet in descent they are identical with their ancestors, the North Irish, from whom they now differ so radically. This difference has been brought about entirely by a change of habit and environment. The present North Irish are intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding; but, although separated from the parent stock for only one hundred and fifty years, our Southern mountaineers, instead of obeying the general law of advance and evolution, have actually bred back, till to-day we find among them the barbarous living and fierce clan spirit that distinguished the Celts of five hundred years ago.

If it were not for the overflowing immigration to our shores from the mother lands, and the intermarriages between it and our colonial descendants, the American would have developed into a more pronounced type than he is at present. That this divergence means degeneracy, I do not believe, for the food supply that tells on morals and physique is yet so abundant in this country that a larger type of manhood is to be expected than in those lands where the struggle for existence is sharper and fiercer. Yet the American, particularly of our cities, is fast developing a tendency to differentiate perceptibly from the parent stock. That this change would have been strongly in the direction of an advance there can be but little doubt, had not other forces tended to offset the advantages of environment.

The struggle for existence, which is a fundamental law of nature, has been so modified in the United States as to become a mad race for wealth, even after industry and forethought have guarded against the non-productive days of old age. The frenzied pursuit of the dollar has become a national mania. Thirty years ago, a man worth one hundred thousand dollars was considered rich; to-day the millionaire is so common as to excite no curiosity. To be billionaires is now the ambition of our money kings, and to be wealthy is the fierce ambition of aspiring youth. There are, of course, exceptions, but it is the rule that the author at his desk, the inventor at his bench, the artist in his studio, and the merchant in his office, view all their efforts in the light of money returns. And so it has come that we ask: "What is he worth?" when we wish to learn about a man's character. The girl is taught that a rich husband must be the one object of her life, and the boy that the getting of money was the Divine purpose of his creation.

The sleepless struggle for wealth for wealth's sake has led to gigantic enterprises, compared with which the human endeavor of preceding ages seems puerile. Here Plutus has taken into his service the earth, the air and the sea, and he calls genius to direct them for his enrichment. He makes the lightnings his messengers, and the forces of fire his slaves. At his bidding industry stretches the iron muscled of the rail over the land and seams it with electric nerves. All the people are in his service, and their eager faces bear the stamp of their allegiance.

This tremendous impetus, with the debasing motive behind it, has sent the world ringing down the grooves of change with a force that would be startling if the age of surprises had not passed. Had these changes been made slowly, Nature, with her wonderful adaptability,

would have prepared the human frame for harmonious co-operation with them. But the fierce pace has been unnatural; the nerves of the eager workers have become unstrung; and, to offset material prosperity, a new disease, neurasthenia, or nerve exhaustion, has come upon the people.

Nor is this disease confined to the men who need artificial stimulants to continue the fierce battle; the changed conditions of our lives have brought it into the family circle. The wife, sharing the mental excitement and the eager ambition of the husband, even sooner than he comes to feel the effects of nerve exhaustion. Again heredity asserts itself. The children of such an union are puny, precocious and irritable. The boys hunger for excitement as a nerve stimulus; and the girls take after their mother in their tendency to headaches.

Added to this inherited inclination to nervousness, we have the forcing system of our public and private schools, working like an ally for the completion of the ruin. Then there is the food, that is sweet and dainty rather than simple and nutritious; the fashionable garments, that adorn without protecting; and the late hours, that are so disastrous to the health of growing children. And so it comes about that we are cursed with "nerves."

If the dollar hunter or the devotee of fashion could be induced to rest the mind and recuperate the nerves, there would be no need of calling in the doctor; but as neither the man nor the woman has time for this, they summon the family physician. Some, less wise, are struck with the advertisement of a "nerve cure," and buy it, and drink it; and buy more, and drink that too, ignorant of the fact that the potent element in the preparation of it is opium or some compound of it.

No matter what the physician may prescribe for the

man, he will probably supplement it with an alcoholic liquor. The woman may have small doses of morphine prescribed, but, if not, she is sure to have a friend who will suggest it. Some people have more faith in the remedy suggested by a friend than in that advised by the doctor, perhaps because it is cheaper, and it may be because it has an added fascination if it be a substance supposed to be prohibited.

Once the seductive drug is taken, and its soothing effects on the tortured experienced, the second experiment is easy; and it is sure to be followed by a third and a fourth, and so on, till indulgence becomes habit, and the habit hurries into disease. Such, in brief, is the genesis of the opium curse. More speedily destructive than alcohol—and doubly potent when their forces are linked—it at length becomes a necessity, not to quiet the nerves, but to allay, to deaden all the senses to the agony it has itself produced.

As liquor affects differently different constitutions, so does morphine. In some it distributes itself evenly throughout the system, and the result is what Doctor Keeley calls "a somnolent consciousness," a waking dream, in which the reason is dormant and the fancy hovers over the senses on leaden wings. In other cases it stirs into unusual activity certain faculties of the brain. Coleridge was affected in the latter way, and the consequence is that his *Kubla Khan* and other poems are drowsy with the opium airs of the Orient. In the same manner the drug affected Poe, though in his case a chamber of horrors, and not a parterre of poppies, was disclosed to the imagination. But no matter how differently opium may manifest itself in the operations of the brain, its effect on the nerves is in every case exactly the same. Mental disease, like a natural sequence, follows the

continued use of the drug. This condition is known as "opiumania"; it is the stage where the volition is powerless and the victim's slavery to the drug complete. To go without the drug now is out of the question. To be free from its influence is impossible. Even before the dose has exhausted its power, the demand is made for more. To deny this demand is to produce a torture to every nerve and fibre of the victim that no pen can describe, for there are cases where language has its limitations, and this is one.

At this period in the progress of the disease, the emotions suffer from the general lethargy; and the affections are dulled or distorted. The poor wretch becomes morose and irritable. Rest is out of the question. He lies down, but it is not to sleep. He gets up again, but it is not to work. Mind and body are unsettled. He is a helpless human fragment, tossed about in the black whirlpool, whose maddened roar is in his ears, and whose vortex yearns to swallow and devour him.

Nor is it the brain alone, nor the network of nerves that centre there, like wrecked telegraph lines, that is affected. The destructive force of the drug continues to every part and tissue of the body, seizing and permanently retaining every conquest it has made. It signals no truce, for it needs no respite. Unconsciousness may come to its victim at times, but its devastating march keeps on forever.

Post-mortem examinations made on the bodies of those who have died from the persistent use of morphine or opium, show that congestion of the brain existed. The liver is congested, and the lungs, stomach and intestines are seriously affected. These complications are well calculated to baffle all the remedies of science, and to drive the ordinary practitioner to despair.

But in my experience I have seen cases quite as bad as any I have tried to depict—not relieved, but cured. Like "A Modern Miracle," I have seen a morphine diseased man carried on a stretcher to a "Keeley Institute," as a last desperate resort, and within five weeks I have seen the same man standing erect, clothed in his right mind, with the black hunger for the opium gone forever, and joy and hope in the heart that had been given over to despair.

CHAPTER X.

THE "HEAL THYSELF" PLAN.

The man whose constitution has been injured by alcohol cannot drink as much as one who retains strength in the midst of his drinking career; but with the opium taker the consumption is increased to the end. Recalling the case of De Quincey, who at the acme of the habit took 8,000 drops of laudanum, equivalent to 320 grains of opium, a day, and who subsequently reduced the dose gradually till he had cured himself, many in whom some will power yet remains hope to free themselves in the same way.

When De Quincey had reduced the daily consumption to one thousand drops of laudanum, or about forty grains of opium, a day he says: "Then, and as if by magic, the cloud of profound melancholy which rested on my brain, like some black vapors which I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day—passed off with its murky banners, as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded and is floated off by the spring tide."

An ingenious physician, with whom I have recently talked on this subject, believes that the proper way to cure the liquor or alcohol habit is to retrace the same path, dropping a part of the load at each step of the backward movement.

"Let us suppose, for the sake of illustration," he said, "that it will take two months to effect a cure of the opium habit, and that in that time the victim will take, if not interfered with, two gallons of laudanum, or its equivalent of opium or morphine. I would put the two gallons into one vessel; then, every time I took out a hundred drops to be administered to the patient, I would replace that amount in the vessel with a like amount of water. As the dilution continued the appetite would decrease, till at length there would be practically pure water in the vessel, and by that time the appetite would, or should, be gone."

In the same way he would add some harmless foreign substance so as to make up the bulk of morphine or opium; but while this plan promises very well—on paper—thousands of cases in which something like it has been tried have failed disastrously. When the opium or morphine user discovers that his case has reached a crisis, with the sensitiveness peculiar to the disease, he shrinks from consulting a doctor and makes a desperate resolution to cure himself. He reasons as did De Quincey or my medical friend, and at once begins the work of "gradual reduction."

This is heroic, but never does the battlefield require such courage and devotion as the conquest which the weakened man begins against his disease. His hours of labor are tortured by the crying demand. Like the knocking at the chamber of King Duncan, the opium spirit raps on the sleepless chamber door of the tortured

victim. Black figures from the land of shadows haunt the brain, and every pore of the skin becomes a mouth crying for its accustomed food. Every nerve vibrates with agony and seems to shriek like an electric wire in a storm.

Can human nature long endure this agony? Will human nature endure it, when in that box or vial, or at the neighboring drug store, alleviation is to be had? The wretched victim becomes blinded or indifferent to the promise of health held out by abstinence, and in the fearful frenzy of mind and torture of body induced by the effort, he resorts to the drug again, and in larger doses, as if to compensate to the appetite for the temporary denial.

De Quincey failed again and again before he succeeded; and, after the relapse, the imitator of the author of "The Confessions" tries it once more, but he is quickly forced again from that path paved with hot plowshares. Says Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in writing on this subject: "The grasp with which liquor holds a man when it turns on him, even after he has abused it for a lifetime, compared with the ascendancy possessed by opium over the unfortunate habituated to it but for a single year, is as the clutch of an angry woman to the embrace of Victor Hugo's 'Pieuvre.' A patient whom, after habitual use of opium for ten years, I met when he had spent eight years more in reducing his daily dose to half a grain of morphia, with a view to its eventual complete abandonment, once spoke to me in these words: 'God seems to help a man in getting out of every difficulty but opium. There you have to claw your way out, over red-hot coals, on your hands and knees, and drag yourself, by main strength, through the burning dungeon bars.'"

Temperance reformers can now and then, by some hyp-

notice, or moral changes, restrain or reform the inebriate. But pulpits are powerless and eloquence impotent to affect the user of opium. The record of those who have freed themselves from the opium habit, by the gradual reduction process, shows that the ordeal of redemption has left them so weakened that they are but wrecks of what they were before they began to take the drug. This condition is vividly described in the narrative of a man who, in about forty days, reduced his consumption from eighty grains of opium a day to nothing:

During the time I was leaving off opium I had labored under the impression that the habit once mastered, a speedy restoration to health would follow. I was by no means prepared, therefore, for the almost inappreciable gain in the weeks which succeeded. * * * So exceedingly slow has been the process toward the restoration of a natural condition of the system, that writing now, at the expiration of more than a year since opium was finally abandoned, it seems to me very uncertain when, if ever, this result will be reached. Between four and five months elapsed before I was at all capable of commanding my attention or controlling the nervous impatience of mind and body. * * * The business I had undertaken required a clear head and average health, and I had neither. The sleep was short and imperfect, rarely exceeding two or three hours. The chest was in constant heat and very sore, while the previous billous difficulties seemed in no way overcome. The mouth was parched, the tongue swollen, and a low fever seemed to have taken entire possession of the system, with special and peculiar exasperations in the muscles of the arms and legs. * * * I would sit for hours looking listlessly upon a sheet of paper, helpless of originating an idea upon the commonest of subjects, and with a prevailing sensation of owning a large emptiness in the brain, which seemed chiefly filled with a stupid wonder when all this would end.

More than an entire year has now passed, in which I have done little else than to put the preceding details into shape from brief memoranda made at the time of the experiment. While the physical agony ceased almost immediately after the opium was abandoned, the irritation of the system still continues. * * * Had some virus been transfused into the blood, which carried

with it to every nerve of sensation a sense of painful, exasperating, unhealthiness, the feeling would not, I imagine, be unlike what I am endeavoring to indicate.

In a postscript to this touching story the gentleman adds this:

At the time of writing the preceding narrative I had supposed that the entire story was told, and that the intelligent reader should this record ever see the light, would naturally infer, as I myself imagined would be the case, that the unnatural condition of the body would soon become changed into a state of average health. In this I was mistaken. So tenacious and obstinate in its hold upon the victim is the opium disease, that even after the lapse of ten years its poisonous agency is still felt. * * *

In my case, the most marked among the later consequences of the disease of opium, some of which remain to the present time and seem to be permanently engrafted upon the constitution, have been these:

1. Pressure upon the muscles of the limbs and in the extremities, sometimes as of electricity apparently accumulated there under a strong mechanical force.
2. A disordered condition of the liver, exhibiting itself in the variety of uncomfortable modes in which that organ, when acting irregularly, is accustomed to assert its grievances.
3. A sensitive condition of the stomach, rejecting many kinds of food which are regarded by medical men as simple and easy of digestion.
4. Acute shooting pains, confined to no one part of the body.
5. An unnatural sensitiveness to cold.
6. Frequent cold perspiration in parts of the body.
7. A tendency to impatience and irritability of temper, with paroxysms of excitement wholly foreign to the natural disposition.
8. Deficiency and irregularity of sleep.
9. Occasional prostration of strength.
10. Inaptitude for steady exertion.

This is indeed sad; it shows that the victim, by a giant effort had freed himself from the actual appetite for the drug, but the diseases it had bred remained behind. There are certain hydropathic, or "water cure," estab-

ishments where an attempt has been made to cure the opium habit by cutting off the drug at once, a remedy that may be likened in its tortures to the amputation, in succession, of every limb without the use of an anæsthetic. In Germany, where this water cure was first tried, it had to be abandoned by order of the civil authorities, for the patients either died in great agony or went stark mad.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in the article before referred to, tells of a patient who had been taken to a water-cure establishment and at once deprived of opium. It was not till the poor wretch had been without proper sleep for ninety days that this inhuman experiment was abandoned. Here is what the author says:

I have said that during the first month of trial he had not a moment of even partial unconsciousness. Since that time there has been, perhaps, ten occasions a day when, for a period of one minute in length to five, his poor, pain-wrinkled forehead sunk on his crutch, his eyes fell shut, and, to outsiders, he seemed asleep. But that which appeared sleep was internal, to him, only one stupendous succession of horrors, which confusedly succeeded each other for apparent eternities of being, and ended with some nameless catastrophe of woe or wickedness, in a waking more fearful than the state violently ruptured by it.

In this case the treatment was abandoned and the use of opium resumed; but too late, for, unable to recover from the shock the patient died soon afterward.

The curse of many of the advertised cures for the diseases induced by opium is that they "cure," as the Arkansas man advised to cure a mosquito bite—by letting a hornet sting the same spot.

I recently spoke with a man who six years ago was in his thirty-eighth year. He stood at that time six feet two inches high, was straight as an Indian, well proportioned and the best athlete in Western Massachusetts.

Mr. C.—I regret that I am not at liberty to give his full name—had been, as he and his neighbors thought, a temperate if not a temperance man up to this time. "Foolishly," as he now thinks, he ran for the Legislature and was elected. Fairly well off, generous to a fault, and fond of sociability, he went in due time to Boston. There he soon fell in with the customs of most of his brother legislators, and his drinking began. He continued it at home, till, to use his own language, "I could drink a quart of whiskey a day and not feel it—at first."

The liquor habit grew, till at length he became careless of his health. He imagined that no abuse could tell on his superb physique, but in this he was mistaken, as have been even stronger men. After he had been drinking for two years, he was prostrated with sciatica and inflammatory rheumatism. "A little yellow-faced doctor who lived over the way," and who had gained some local reputation by his cures of neuralgia, was called in. Without making any secret of the remedy, he injected morphia into Mr. C.'s arm, and, joy of joys, he soon became indifferent to the pain and slept soundly.

The morphia was repeated again and again, till at length Mr. C. forgot his physical pains and looked eagerly for the coming of the doctor—with the remedy. When he could move about, he visited the doctor; found that he was himself an habitual user of morphia; secured from him a needle and a supply of the drug, and then the two became "chummy."

As soon as Mr. C. came to regard morphia as a necessity, he gave up the use of whiskey, or, rather, to quote himself again: "I had no hankering for it, but could take a drink in a crowd." He was not long in discovering that he had jumped out of the frying pan of sciatica into the fires of opium. He had voluntarily left

a purgatory, in which there was an occasional respite from suffering, for a hell in which there was none. Then the torture of his nerves began again. His arms were purpled and ulcered where the needle had been used.

In his increasing agony, he again sent for that little yellow-faced Mephistophiles. He came promptly, bringing with him this time a still more potent drug—it was cocaine. The doctor administered the medicine. "It will ease the pain and destroy the desire for morphine," said the doctor. He spoke from a personal experience, and so did not err in this promise.

The cocaine worked a transformation, as if the patient had been touched by the wand of a wizard. The rack-ing pains were subdued, and a week's use of the new drug deadened the hunger for morphine, as morphine had deadened the hunger for whiskey. The hornet sting had been applied with amazing effect to the spot where the mosquito had bitten.

Mr. C. began the use of cocaine in October, 1891. He continued it till the middle of December of the same year. Within seven weeks he had changed from a helpless, some man in the prime of life to a shriveled, helpless, and almost imbecile invalid.

I have sat by his bedside for hours, while, regardless of the iteration, he went over again and again all the phases of his fall and torture.

I have seen that man, as have numbers of my friends, who, I hope, may be induced to read this book, gradually retracing the steep of his descent, climbing back slowly, to be sure, at first but none the less certainly, from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to life and to hope and to manhood. I can recall the day when, under the treatment I am about to explain, the cocaine habit fell away and the heaviest links of the chain were broken.

Then the morphine desire asserted itself and was overcome. That gone, the man was treated for the whiskey habit and freed from that also.

All this I saw; part of this I was. I observed from the first with the keen, unkindly eyes of the skeptic, but there came a day when the skepticism was gone. A day when I felt that I had seen performed before my own eyes "A Modern Miracle," indeed, not through scientific influences or mystic incantations, but through the agency of science, and in a way that adds another to the marvels of our nineteenth century progress. I saw that man so near to death a few days before, take up his bed and walk, not literally, to be sure, as in the days of the miracles wrought by the Master, yet as surely called back from the grave as was the widow's son.

CHAPTER XI.

REMEDIAL AND PREVENTIVE AGENCIES.

There are three agencies employed by civilized nations for the suppression, eradication or prevention of inebriety. First in efficacy, particularly as a preventive agency, I would place the churches and temperance societies; second, the law, which, regarding drunkenness as a crime, aims at its suppression by a system of penalties, that every thinking man must regard as unjust so long as the same law places temptation in the way of the inebriate by licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors. The third agency is remedial, and is furnished by the medical profession through sanitariums, or in private practice.

These agencies I now propose to discuss, as an essential introduction to that newer agency which up to this

time is the only means that has demonstrated its potency to eradicate the disease of inebriety, and to place the patient after treatment in the position of one whose lips have never been moistened by an intoxicating fluid.

Societies or volunteer associations, organized to war against the total or excessive use of stimulating beverages, are probably much older than any surviving records of their existence. Such are known to have existed in Europe more than four hundred years ago, while Mahomet's resolute effort to prohibit entirely the use of wine by his followers, antedates these by eight centuries. But, even earlier than this, the fact that "wine is a mocker" had been recognized among the Hebrews. The brief Scriptural narrations concerning Noah, Lot, Samson, Daniel, and others, attest that the evils inseparable from the use of the most inviting and, perhaps, the least noxious of all intoxicating drinks, and the good secured by entire abstinence therefrom, were well known to remote antiquity.

It was reserved, however, for the United States to furnish conspicuous examples both of very general excess in the use of stimulants, and very earnest popular reaction against the destructive abuse. The severity and fickleness of our climate, the northern indifference to wines, even after we began to excel in grape culture, the bounteous reward of labor, the abundance of cereals, and the consequent plenty enjoyed by the laboring class, conspired, early in the present century, to deluge the country with whiskey; and our proximity to the West Indies placed within easy reach the molasses from which New England rum was made in immense quantities.

Eighty years ago—and the custom is far from being obsolete—seasons of festivity and of sorrow, of labor and of relaxation, of gay dissipation and even of religious sol-

emity, were alike signalized by the free use of whiskey and rum. Under such conditions drinking was barely less than universal, and drunkenness became the fruitful cause of physical disease, moral depravity and pecuniary ruin. When the United States had about 20,000,000 people, in 1840, it was estimated that 30,000 deaths per annum were caused therein by intemperance, while nearly or quite one-fourth of the families in the Republic were sufferers from the immoderate drinking of their respective heads.

Such a condition of affairs could not continue without attracting the attention of the thoughtful. Doctor Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, and other able and philanthropic men used their pens and voices to stem the devastating torrent. The first regular temperance organization was formed at Moreau, in Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1808. It started with forty-three members, composed mainly of substantial farmers, for which that part of the State has always been noted. Total abstainers will be apt to smile at that feature of its constitution which stipulated that "no member shall drink rum, gin, whiskey, wine, or any distilled spirits or compositions of the same, or any of them, except by the advice of a physician, or in case of actual disease—also excepting when at public dinner—under penalty of twenty-five cents. Provided that this article shall not infringe on any religious ordinance. And, further, no member shall get drunk under penalty of fifty cents. And no member shall offer any of said liquors to another member, or urge any other person to drink thereof, under a penalty of twenty-five cents for each offence."

This was a beginning; but, as may be supposed, not a very successful one. The obligation was unusually elastic, "Cases of actual disease" became numerous. Phy-

sicilians then, as now, could be found who were not unwilling to prescribe for the thirsty; and the more conscientious were not averse to paying the fines when they violated their obligation. Indeed, "Let us qualify for a fine," came to be an invitation to drink in Central New York.

In 1826, an "American Temperance Union" was formed in Boston. But neither this Union nor its auxiliaries interdited the use of wines, cider, or malt liquors. Total abstinence from distilled spirits, except when prescribed as a medicine, was the general requirement. At a meeting held by this Society in Philadelphia in 1833, "Total abstinence from all that may intoxicate" was first propounded at a national gathering of the friends of temperance, and its reception was by no means cheering. It was not till August, 1836, at the annual meeting held in Saratoga, that total abstinence was adopted by the Temperance Union.

In 1840, "seven hard drinkers" met in a tavern in Baltimore, resolved that they would drink no more, and then and there inaugurated that greater temperance movement, which, under the name "Washingtonian" soon spread over the land. Like many other movements that start from an impulse and are continued through methods that appeal largely to the emotions, the Washingtonian movement spent its force in a few years, but not before it had done much by way of prevention, if not of redemption.

Then in quick succession came other organizations, some of which survive and continue to do good. The "Sons of Temperance," "Rechabites," "Cadets of Temperance," and "Good Templars," soon became generous rivals in a work where all had more than they could do. Nor has this effort to stay the march of inebriety been confined to the United States, any more than have the

evils of intemperance. In August, 1829, the Rev. George Whitmore Carr started a temperance society at New Ross, in the County Wexford, Ireland, on much the same lines as The American Temperance Union, prior to the adoption of its prohibitory clause in 1836. At the same time, and as early as 1830, Glasgow had a paper, "The Temperance Record," devoted to the work of propaganda.

In 1833 the "Teetotalers" started in England. This is said to be the origin of the new name: A certain "Dicky" Turner, a hod carrier, who was an ardent temperance man, and much given to holding forth in the Lancashire dialect at the meetings, happened in the course of a philippic to say:

"I'll hev nowt to do wi' this moderation-botheration pledge; I'll be reet down tee-tee-total forever and ever."

"Well done, Dicky," said the chairman of the meeting, 'Teetotal'; that shall be the name of our new pledge."

But the Peter the Hermit of the temperance crusade was the Rev. Theobald Mathew, better known as "Father" Mathew, a Catholic clergyman. This man's eloquence, the purity of his life, and the nobility of his purpose, won to his side men of all creeds and of every land. He began his work at Cork in 1838, and continued it up to the year of his death in 1856, during which time, it is estimated, over 8,000,000 people took the pledge of total abstinence.

While clergymen of all denominations sustained Father Mathew or followed in his footsteps, the Christian churches, as organized bodies, have been slow to give their united efforts to the movement. This has been largely due to a difference in the interpretation of certain passages of Scripture, and a different way of regarding the Master's miracle in changing water into wine at the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee, as well as Paul's advice to Timothy, to take a little wine for his stomach's sake.

This splitting of hairs over Scriptural interpretations did the world no good, though it undoubtedly served to brush up the Hebrew and Greek of the divines who were so long engaged in this unprofitable controversy.

At the present time one of the most effective, and by all odds the best organized temperance society, so far established, is doing good work in the United States, to which its efforts are by no means confined. I refer to "The Women's Christian Temperance Union." It is not meant to detract from the work these noble women are doing when I say, of my own knowledge, that this field of reclamation is necessarily limited to those drinkers in whom habit has not been confirmed into disease. So long as the drinker is amenable to advice, and his nerves are not so seriously affected by the poison as to be entirely unstrung by abstinence—so long, indeed, as he is yet his own master, he can be saved from further excess by following the counsel of these good women.

But the work they are doing will not be so evident in this generation as in the next, for they are educating the mothers, and so the children of the land, to a keener realization of the danger of touching, tasting or handling alcohol, as a beverage. As prevention is undoubtedly better than cure, though its work is not so manifest, any right-thinking man must wish God speed to the efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

There was a time, and that not very far distant, when it was considered the proper thing to set out the bottle before the visiting dominie, but now it is the exception to find a clergyman who drinks—openly. I say "openly" advisedly, for while the clergy are fortunately united in helping the temperance cause, they are quite as human, and quite as subject to those ills that foster temptation, as are laymen. Clergymen have been among the most

earnest and grateful patients I have met at the Keeley Institutes.

But it is not only the Churches and Sunday schools that are laboring in this noble work of prevention; the trustees and teachers of our public schools are awake to its necessities. With a view to prevention, the study of the effects of alcoholic drink on the human system is in many States an essential, and by no means the least important subject studied by boys and girls at school.

The growth of temperance is encouraging, but, unfortunately for those who dream we are nearing an era of entire abstinence on the part of a vast majority of the people, the growth of the liquor trade keeps pace with the efforts to suppress it; nor can it be otherwise so long as the trade is fostered by National and State laws. The following table, compiled from late Government reports, will serve to show at a glance the increase in the liquor trade in the past seven years—this, it will be remembered, is outside the liquor imported. The grains used are wheat, rye, corn, barley and oats, about seventy-five per cent. of the whole being Indian corn. The liquor will retail for more than a dollar a gallon, or about \$1,000,000,000 for the year 1890:

Liquors Consumed,	Gallons.	Grain used for Liquor, Bushels.
1886.....	740,796,554	1886.....
1887.....	821,038,048	1887.....
1888.....	879,767,476	1888.....
1889.....	894,655,061	1889.....
1890.....	972,578,378	1890.....
		19,195,332
		17,959,565
		16,122,509
		20,980,824
		25,202,901

An idea of this tremendous drain on the pockets of the people can be inferred, approximately, from this other little table:

Value of liquor consumed in one year.....	\$1,000,000,000
Total exports for 1890.....	845,203,828
Total income on all American railroads (1889).....	964,816,129
Total value of corn crop (1890).....	754,433,451
Total value of wheat crop (1890).....	394,778,678
Total value of all cereals (1890).....	1,320,255,398
Total income for telegraph service.....	22,899,029

I introduce these figures to show that all the combined efforts of temperance reformers do not perceptibly affect the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, nor will they do so long as the trade is found to be profitable. The only way is to kill the business by making it unprofitable. But how can this be done, you ask? My answer is: By curing the disease engendered by the use of alcohol, and the existence of which makes alcohol a necessity to the hundreds of thousands of inebriates and half inebriates in the land. That this can be done, I am sure; that it will be done, I most fervently hope.

CHAPTER XII.

LEGAL METHODS OF RESTRICTION.

The barroom is the high school of the inebriate. Considered simply as places for the sale of merchandise, the establishments where intoxicating liquors may be bought exceed in number, in the United States to-day, all the shops in which provisions are sold. It is estimated that in the great city of New York there are thirty-two bar-rooms for every place of worship. That bar cannot be doing a very profitable business that does not make two confirmed drunkards every year—which means, in addition, the ruin of two homes. Sixty-four additional in-

ebriates to be saved and reformed every year by each church! Does any one of them accomplish this work? Not one, for the power of the church is not only limited by the capacity and earnestness of its workers, but at the very outset it is confronted by National and State laws, which, in consideration of a certain annual fee, give to the barkeeper the right to sell to his fellow citizens what some one has called "liquid damnation."

The future historian, in writing the history of this day, will turn from the story of its amazing material progress to consider, with inexplicable wonder, the criminal inconsistency of our laws for the suppression of vice. He will see that the manufacturer and the retailer of intoxicants were not only protected in their nefarious calling by the aegis of legislation, but that the barkeeper and liquor manufacturer controlled our assemblies, and were the city fathers of our greatest municipalities. He will note that all the machinery of the law was arranged and operated to make drunkards; and from a consideration of the cause, he will naturally examine the effect.

Among other things, this is what he will learn: That while drunkenness led to insanity—was itself, indeed, insanity—that a crime committed by a drunken man was regarded by the law as an aggravated crime—the intoxication, which the law encouraged, being an additional reason for the strictest enforcement of all penalties attaching to the transgression.

With more consistency, the Roman law, which permitted without licensing wine shops, regarded leniently the misdeeds of the inebriate. One of their legal maxims was "Vinum de lapsis capitalis poena remittitur"; for offence committed under the influence of wine the penalty was not enforced. But neither the laws of the United States nor of England, from which much of our laws are de-

rived, regard with any leniency the culprit whose misdeeds are committed in his cups.

The law that holds the cup to the man's lips, that places temptation at every turn, stands over him with a whip to punish, if he drinks too much of the one, or yields to the seductions of the other.

The attempt to restrain the use of liquor, by limiting its sale to six days in the week and prohibiting the sale after midnight, is a hollow mockery and a disgusting sham. Through the "family entrances," attached to every barroom in most of our cities, a trade is done on Sunday that exceeds that of any other day in the week; and the man on a carouse after midnight need not go thirsty if he "knows the ropes." If he is ignorant of them, he will not go amiss if he consults a policeman, for too often the guardian of the peace is also quietly the guardian of the man who violates the law by selling liquor after hours.

Every man found drunk in New York—and this applies to all our cities and even country towns—can be taken to a lock-up, and when he is humiliated, nervous and "sobered" in the morning, he not only can be but usually is brought before a police justice—rarely a model of temperance himself—and fined from one to ten dollars. This fine is always made heavier for those least able to pay it.

If it is not paid, a day must be served in jail for each dollar. In the case of confirmed inebriates, men and women who are suffering from the disease of alcoholism, the penalties are much more severe, and the wretched culprit, with a view to intimidating him into good habits—which in this case means good health—is sent to the work-house for from one to six months.

That this cruel treatment aggravates rather than cures, every one who knows anything of the subject will agree; but then the tendency of the law is to punish rather than

to prevent. Of course, the rich man and the politician are permitted to drink when and where they please. Should they appear in the streets drunk, they are cared for by the guardians of the peace, and sent to hotels or to their own homes to sober up. Punishment is dealt out only to the poor and powerless. The law is a great discriminator and respecter of persons.

The treatment of the habitual inebriate is much the same in one city or place as in another; but in New York, where the crowds and the conditions favor the disease, the punishment has become particularly brutal in its mechanical heartlessness.

The Tombs, or city prison, in New York City harbors more drunkards than any other jail in this country. How could it be otherwise when the Tombs is right in the heart of the lowest barroom area in the world. If a visitor is permitted to climb to the roof of this prison, and will cast his eyes to the north and east, he will see the tops of one square mile of houses, in which dwell 340,000 human beings, the most densely inhabited square mile of surface on all the earth's broad breast. In this area of tenements, the swarming bars—wretched though the best of them is—are the only inviting places in sight. This is not a pleasant spot to look at under the light of the sun, even though only the dingy roofs are visible, but it is as a glimpse of Paradise compared with what one sees who visits the streets in search of information at night. Then the air is sickening with gutter stenches and the foul odors that pour out from the black doors and dirty windows of the reeking tenements. Then the lamps reveal swarms of ragged children of both sexes, looking as if they had been crowded out of the parent hives, without the bee's instinct to seek another, or to make another home.

Then the bars do a rushing trade. They are filled with drinking men, who between the glasses curse their hard fate. Then the women, with their tin cans concealed under their dirty aprons and their frayed shawls pulled over their faces, as if ashamed of the transaction, go to spend their hard-earned dimes for liquor, and hurry out to drink it with thin-faced companions of their own sex in their own wretched rooms. Aye, and children, too, can be seen hurrying in and out of the bars, with cans and jugs; but the little ones make no effort to hide their faces. In such a place, childish innocence is as unblushing as senile vice.

There are many policemen in this district, big strong fellows, who have come to believe, so great is their authority and the awe they inspire, that they are the owners, the masters of the ragged crowd. They say in effect: "Waste for whiskey the money that should go for bread; starve your family; make thieves of your boys and harlots of your girls, for the law licenses the saloon to do that kind of business; but, if you get fighting drunk, or your legs give out on the street, 'I'll arrest you in a hurry.'"

As it is notorious that alcohol affects more quickly and powerfully the man or woman whose stomach is empty, or whose lungs have been poisoned by vicious air; there is an immense amount of "running in" done from this district; and the prisoners appear before "his Honor" at the Tombs the next morning, to go to Blackwell's Island, if they cannot pay their fines—which a majority cannot do—and to afford subjects to the police reporters, many of whom are detailed for this work because of their ability to see and describe the humorous aspect of degraded inebriety.

In this, as in other districts, the law prohibiting the

sale of liquor to minors is known, but, as in other districts, it is entirely ignored, and the officers of the law know it. Is not the result destruction to the child's respect for all law? Does not the inevitable logic of the slums compel him to the belief that the world owes him a living, and make him indifferent to the means whereby he secures his share, provided he can secure it without detection?

But it is not my purpose to discuss the legal or moral aspect of this question, except so far as to call attention to the penal methods for prevention adopted by the law, so as to contrast them with the methods of science, which I believe, in a time not far distant, will lead our legislators to regard the disease of inebriety exactly as they do that of fever or insanity, and to make the same wise provision for its cure.

If I were a pessimist, I should not now be writing this book. It is the hope for and the belief in the coming day of better things that urges me on. Yet I do know, and as a newspaper man and a student of sociology I have made it my business to find out, that the penal provisions of the law not only never checked the downfall of a man or woman who had taken to drink, but that it actually facilitated the descent, and induced a tendency to crimes that had before incarceration been regarded with a shudder. If the sole purpose of the law were to breed outlaws and to make confirmed drunkards, it is doubtful if the machinery now being used could be improved on.

No man was ever made better by spending a week or a month on Blackwell's Island; no matter the offense that sent him there. The institutions are in the hands of a lot of ignorant, brutal politicians, whose treatment would crush the last vestige of respect out of any man or woman

who was not irreclaimably degraded before coming into contact with them.

I have before me a newspaper account of "Ten Days on Blackwell's Island," written by Mr. J. Hall Richardson, a young journalist who pretended to be drunk in order to familiarize himself with the methods of the law in such cases. Only a want of space prevents my giving this graphically written report in full. The first feeling caused by the reading of the story is that of revolt against such conditions, and, if I must say it, an added feeling of contempt for the sources of all criminal law.

There is not in the United States, nor in any land at this time, a doctor worthy the confidence of the most ignorant and degraded patient, who does not know that chronic inebriety is as much a disease as diphtheria, scarlet fever, or typhus. If these doctors were to unite, could they not have the law amended in accordance with the facts? There is not the slightest doubt of it; but with a professional conservatism, rather than a lack of interest or of ability to see what is necessary in the premises, they draw their skirts around them and hold aloof.

Familiarity with the law's methods of curing the inebriate by penalties, has blinded us to the monstrous cruelty of the thing. The inebriate, broken in health, tortured in mind, and hopeless in heart, is locked in a dungeon, convicted without a chance for defence, on the word of an officer, which may or may not be true, and sent to consort with criminals at Blackwell's or Hart's Island. For these places of confinement others can be substituted in all our cities.

What would be thought of the Legislature that would enact a law to-morrow, making chronic consumption a criminal offence? To be sure, the consumptives would be entirely powerless to resist such a law; but the public

would not stand it for an instant, even if the proper courts did not rule it to be unconstitutional; yet as great a wrong is done so long as the existing laws for the punishment of inebriety remain on the statute books.

Inebriety being a disease, it follows that it is either curable or incurable. We know that the prison method intensifies it as oil intensifies fire; but thousands have come to believe that there is a remedy that will cure it thoroughly and permanently, just as they know that water will extinguish fire. Of course, it cannot be expected that the official doctors and the men who make and enforce the laws can be brought to my way of thinking without a thorough examination of the fact that inebriety is even more amenable to medical remedies than many other diseases. But in the face of the evidence already available, I hold that it is an outrage against humanity to imprison an inebriate as if he were a criminal and that the law makers who do not investigate this matter are guilty of a constant crime.

As we restrain people infected by certain diseases till they are cured and all danger of infection is past, so the chronic inebriate should be restrained and subjected to a treatment that, in ninety-five cases out of every hundred, will effect a radical and permanent cure. With a wisdom that does him credit, the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, heart-sick at the failure to make old soldiers sober by confining them to the guardhouse, has introduced Doctor Leslie E. Keeley's remedies for inebriety into our Soldiers' Homes.

CHAPTER XIII.

VARIOUS OTHER REMEDIES.

While personally entertaining much respect for the many earnest people who aim to reform the world through legislation, and who have founded a political party with Prohibition as the corner stone, I am forced to believe that their efforts are chimerical, not because laws cannot be enacted, but because they cannot be enforced.

I am familiar with the four States in which there are prohibitory liquor laws, Maine, Vermont, Iowa, and Kansas, and during the last fifteen years I have visited counties and townships in other States where "local option" prevailed, and in every case I found that men who wanted liquor could get it, and that the law was being violated and inebriates made right and left. Kansas has turned her drug stores into barrooms, and the doctors of those States derive no small part of their income from the writing of prescriptions for thirsty patients.

Institutes for the treatment of inebriates with Doctor Keeley's medicines are now established in these Prohibition States, and I have heard patients declare that they first contracted the disease in the drug stores of those States. Some years ago, while attending an Army reunion at Portland, Maine, a resident of the place invited a number of friends and myself to his room at a leading hotel. "I can promise you a little excellent whiskey," he said with a wink, "but, for your lives, don't report me to General Neal Dow." In this gentleman's room we saw glasses and water, and while we were wondering where the rest of the entertainment was to come from, he took a jug, went over to what looked like a gas jet, held the

vessel under it and turned it on—not the gas, but a very superior brand of old rye whiskey.

There was not a man who drank of that whiskey who did not feel that it was taken in violation of the law of the State, and it was the more palatable for that fact. There was not one who did not regard himself as a law-abiding citizen, yet here each found delight in violating a law that seemed to infringe on his rights as a man, and which aimed to make him temperate by main force, by saying what he should not drink. The feeling was that the law would have been quite as just and wise if it had prohibited lobster salad on the ground that it induces dyspepsia, or green fruit because it tends to cholera morbus.

The lamentable feature of all these prohibitory laws is, not that they do not prohibit, for if they did that there would be an excuse for their existence, but because they are broken by good men, and so a contempt for all law is begun. It is said that the very best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it strictly, but this is impossible with laws that are passed simply to please a lot of earnest but fanatical constituents, and which the men who pass them are usually the first to break. A majority of the laws, whose aim is to restrict the liquor traffic, are passed to be broken. So long as the sale of liquor is found to be profitable, it can be bought, though every power of the Government were invoked to prevent its sale. And I will add, liquor will be bought so long as men are influenced by a thirst that no other fluid can satisfy.

From the ethical efforts of the churches and temperance societies and the cruel and ineffective remedies of the law, it may be well to turn to the attempts made heretofore, by the medical profession to alleviate or cure what it has come to regard as a disease.

Fifty years ago an English physician got good temporary results by administering small doses of acetate of ammonia; and another found pure vinegar an excellent remedy to satisfy the craving for stimulants after a debauch. Another prescribed tartar emetic in the liquor, so as to induce nausea, but it need hardly be said that none of these remedies had any permanent effect.

A Swedish physician, I regret that I have not his name, hit upon a plan that is certainly original, and in some cases effective. He might have adopted the motto of the followers of Hahnemann, that like cures like, for he has certainly carried this doctrine to its extreme limit, in what has come to be known as "The Swedish Treatment" for inebriety. This is the method, where this treatment is enforced:

The patient pledges himself in advance that he will obey the rules of the institute, and he does this the more readily when he is assured that he can have all the liquor he wants to drink, and this promise is not only kept to the letter, but it is insisted on in a way that subsequently excites the astonishment as well as the stomach of the patient. The man has not only all the whiskey he can drink, but he is permitted to drink nothing that is not flavored with it. He finds whiskey in his coffee, whiskey in his tea, and whiskey in his milk. When he gets up in the morning the water in which he washes is flavored with whiskey. His bedclothing and wearing apparel reek with the odor of whiskey. He sits down to breakfast to find that every article of food has been cooked with his favorite beverage. At dinner it is the same, and supper brings no variation; then, in desperation, the man fills himself up with whiskey and goes to bed drunk. He wakes in the morning to go through the same ordeal, to spend another day in an atmosphere of whiskey; and

this treatment is continued till the man begs a glass of pure water and some food that has not been cooked with, if not in, whiskey. Gradually the treatment is relaxed, and some men after this heroic course, are, for a time at least, abstemious, if not cured.

Many sanitariums or "Homes" for inebriates have been established throughout the country. They are supported by the public, and what are known as "private patients." Of these "Homes" I think the one near Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, is the most noted. It claims to be run on the scientific principles enunciated by Dr. Willard Parker of New York, before the American Association for the Study and Cure of Inebriety. "This is not a temperance but a scientific gathering, made up of men having charge of the asylums and homes already established in the United States for the cure of the unfortunate victims of alcoholism. In the beginning of the present century, insanity was regarded as a visitation of God's displeasure, and not as a disease, the subject of scientific investigation and amenable to treatment. The important subject of inebriety is regarded now as was insanity some seventy years ago; the disease being considered irremediable and its victims as forever doomed."

At this meeting, held just twenty years ago, the members of the Association, many of them the foremost doctors in the country, adopted as their declaration of principles, the following:

Intemperance is a disease.

It is curable in the same sense that other diseases are.

Its primary cause is a constitutional susceptibility to the alcoholic impression.

This constitutional tendency may be inherited or acquired.

Alcohol has its true place in the arts and sciences. It is valuable as a remedy, and, like other remedies, may be abused. In excessive quantity it is a poison and always acts as such when it produces inebriety.

All methods hitherto employed having proved insufficient for the cure of inebriates, the establishment of asylums for such a purpose is the great demand of the age.

Every large city should have its local or temporary home for inebriates, and every State one or more asylums for the treatment and cure of such persons.

The law should recognize intemperance as a disease and provide other means for its management than fines, station houses, and jails.

To carry out these principles the "Home" at Fort Hamilton was established, though, if many of the unfortunate men who have taken treatment there are to be believed, the establishment has long been run in the interest of a lot of Brooklyn politicians, and incidentally as a place where self-committed inebriates can tone up for another bout with rum, and paying patients can drink without danger of public disgrace.

I will not assert that no man who has been addicted to drink ever passed through the Fort Hamilton Home and remained sober afterward, but I am ready to maintain that such a man never had contracted the disease of alcoholism. I have met scores of men who have been under treatment at Fort Hamilton, not one of whom received more than such temporary benefit as he would have had had he abstained for the same period while at home. I have honestly searched, but have failed to find even one man who remained sober after leaving the care of Doctor Blanchard.

Every patient received at Fort Hamilton must pledge himself to remain for three months; if he is poor the county supports him, and he gets "county fare"; if he has money and is a pay patient, he can live like a prince. I recall a well-known Brooklyn journalist, recently deceased, who told me he had been a patient at Fort Hamilton at least once a year for twelve years, but the treatment had on him no permanent effect. "It is a good place to brace

up," poor Tom B.— would say, "but as to the cure well, my opinion is the only cure for men in my state is the grave."

Another resident of Brooklyn and the son of an Admiral in the United States Navy, said to me after he had been cured by another treatment: "In the fall of '91 I spent three months at Fort Hamilton. My wife and boy were there with me, and we had fine quarters and good food, for which I paid just seventy dollars a week. During the whole three months I managed to have all the whiskey I could drink, and the consequence was that I left the Home a drunker man and with far less control of myself than when I went in."

Mr. Fred Curtis, a talented young literary man and at present a resident of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, spent one-third of his time for nearly twenty years in different Inebriate Homes, Institutions for dipsomaniacs and Asylums, among them Fort Hamilton, where he "served" more than one sentence of banishment because of his misfortune. Said he:

"There is a horrible sameness in the inefficiency of these institutes, and I have tested every one of them, from the prayer meeting methods of Brother Bunting, to the scientific treatment of Doctor Blanchard. No man with money need go thirsty at Fort Hamilton. The attendants were bribed to get liquor for the patients, though as the patients themselves had nothing to do but to plan how they could violate the rules and regulations by securing whiskey, we managed to keep quite as full as if we had been out. I met on my first visit men who had been there again and again, and so knew the ropes, and they were only too willing to initiate newcomers. Frequently I have been out on parole, and got drunk within an hour at a little place near the entrance of the grounds,

where a profitable business was done in attending to cases just like mine."

Said Mr. Joseph V. Torrey of Newton, Massachusetts: "I have tried them all, and there is no hope in them," referring to the Homes; "Why, the first and only time I ever had delirium tremens was in the Washingtonian Home in Boston, and the attack was induced by liquor smuggled into the building."

Far be it from me to attempt to cast ridicule on these institutions. The motive that established them was humane, and a majority of those who manage them are, without doubt, earnest and honorable. But the most earnest advocate of these methods—and I mean those who are not in them for what they can make—must confess that the best of them has not come near to the anticipations of its organizers. Many of them, like that at Binghamton, N. Y., have been abandoned in despair.

There is an institution managed on different principles in New York City. This is known as the "New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men." Among its patrons are some of the best citizens in the Metropolis, and its manager is Mr. Charles A. Bunting. The officers of this Home seek to cure the inebriate by saving his soul, and it would seem that they have but little faith in any remedy that does not first appeal to the patient's spiritual nature.

The men who apply for admission are invariably poor, and often homeless outcasts. The first question put to an applicant is: "Do you earnestly desire to become a Christian?" As the poor wretch often needs a roof, food, and clothes, and may be urged to seek admission by the desperate hope that he may be cured of his awful disease, the chances are that he will answer: "I do," nor feel any pricks of conscience for the deceit.

As all Roman Catholics consider themselves already pretty good Christians, no matter what Mr. Bunting may believe to the contrary, and as no inebriate Jew is burning with an "earnest desire" to give up the faith of his fathers, the field of supply, though amply large for the purpose, is closed round with orthodox bars. Some sixteen years ago, Mr. Bunting, now the controlling power of this peculiar home, was a hard drinker. At a Moody revival meeting he was converted, and in answer to his own and others' prayers, the drink appetite left him. Mr. Bunting is, no doubt, honest in this belief, as he is in the additional belief that all the cures at his institution are due to prayer, and so the remedy is applied early and late, during the waking hours of the patient. Every day three or four services of prayer are held in the chapel, and in the intervals the patient is expected to practice the remedy on his own account.

I would not be understood as ridiculing this system, though I have heard many do so who passed for converted men at the Home. Yet the world has laughed, and will continue to laugh, at Mr. Bunting, just as many of his wicked ex-patients are doing, when he declares, "We can do nothing for those who do not accept Christ and his promises."

Mr. Thomas Hill is at this date, '92, a man of thirty-five. He is fine looking, well bred, and far above the average in intellect and business ability. A North Carolinian by birth, and of excellent family, he was brought up amid the best Christian influences, and has always retained an intense faith in the religion of his family. This young man was in the employ of Wm. H. Lyott & Co., dry goods merchants of New York City, where he earned a large salary. He married in the midst of his prosperity, and all would have gone well with him if he had not contracted the liquor habit.

When he fell there was no midway stop in his descent. Lower and lower, with accelerated speed, he dropped, till, crushed in body and hopeless at heart, he brought up at the bottom—wife, child, position, family, friends—everything but a blasted life, gone. In the lowest depths, he met the lowest associates. The fierce appetite overleaped the frail barriers of his good resolutions till he gave up erecting them, and drifted on with the sewer current of outcast humanity.

I saw this young man when, through the great kindness of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, he was restored to health and strength at a Keeley Institute, and he said to me, recently, for despite what Mr. Bunting may say to the contrary, Thomas Hill was at heart a Christian and a gentleman, even when his withering disease was at the worst:

"I went to the 'Bunting Home,' as it is called, and I honestly answered that I desired to become a Christian. I felt that I was acting the hypocrite, not because of my profession of faith, but because my motive in going there, like the motive of most of the poor wretches, was to secure a home. I took part in the regular prayers, and prayed alone, God only knows how earnestly and with what tears; but it was all of no avail. The burning, gnawing appetite for whiskey remained with me. I planned to get out, and I would have stolen the money to secure freedom and whiskey, if within my reach. I left that Home in revolt against Heaven and with curses on my lips, and a keener sense of degradation, as I realized my own hypocrisy. Such places may benefit the man in the first stages, but they are worse than a mockery to him with whom the awful disease has become chronic. Henceforth I shall pray to Heaven to keep me sober, now that science has made me so."

CHAPTER XV

SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

What I have said so far about the diseases induced by the excessive use of alcohol liquors or narcotics—principally opium or its products—does not exhaust the subject. Indeed, I am aware that I have passed over the field in a way that the scientist might think superficial, yet I believe with enough deliberation to give a fair idea of the forbidding topography. The excuse for my use of the pronoun "I," will be more manifest from this time forward.

I have no story of ruined health, blasted hopes, or degradation to tell. Up to my twenty-sixth year, which was in 1869, I was never under the influence of liquor, nor did I use tobacco in any form, though I have since become a smoker and still enjoy my pipe or a good cigar. When at school I have tasted wine and beer, but never liked them. During the war, I may have sipped on a hundred occasions, all told, a pint of whiskey, and then not because I liked it, for I did not, but because I did not want to seem ungracious in the presence of men who regarded whiskey as essential to military hospitality.

I always had a dislike for bars, but a great fondness for good fellowship. While never a gourmand, I delighted in dinners that brought friends together, not for the eating, but for the speeches, songs, and the good time that followed. I belonged to a number of societies, noted for the jollity that always succeeded an adjournment. At a dinner in Washington I was so inexperienced as to mix my wines. I had no recollection of how I got to bed that night. The next morning my

friends laughingly assured me that I had been only "a little bit off," nearly every one present had gone home in the same condition, and, for the headache and nausea, they brought me up some brandy and soda. I drank it, and felt "a little bit off" all day, and it seemed to me, although I drank no more, that the "off" effect lasted for a week.

My friends, who were more seasoned, laughed at my feeling of humiliation and assured me that I should get over all that in time—and I did, although it took more than twenty years to do it. Months passed before I drank again, and then I took care not to mix my wines.

Like all young men, I felt proud of my physical and mental strength. I saw older men drinking, heard them say they had been drinking all their lives and never felt the worse for it, and I was sure that I could do the same—and I tried it. I visited friends and drank in a quiet way at their houses. I had friends visit me and we drank in the same way over a neighborly game of whist, till at length the game would not have been at all complete without the hot punch or other liquor.

This went on for fifteen years. Now and then I would feel the effects of the liquor the next day, and in such cases I would abstain for a month or two. Even when I had been drinking for fifteen years "in a quiet, gentlemanly way," this abstinence caused me no great effort of will, and was followed by no craving. I had contracted the habit of drinking in a mild sort of fashion—as have millions of men who are regarded with respect—and without any idea that this would grow into a disease, that would surely have meant ruin had it not been arrested in time.

I was troubled with neuralgia, due to a severe wound, and this annoyed me more and more as I got older. I

consulted an old army surgeon about it, and he advised good bourbon whiskey as an excellent remedy; and, as we were in his quarters at the time, he filled out his own prescription, and, to prove that he had faith in it, he then and there took a drink with me.

I must confess that I liked good bourbon whiskey, but up to this time I had never drank a glass of it without a qualm of conscience; but now that I was advised to take it as a medicine, my conscience was easy, and I made up my mind not to suffer from neuralgia in future.

It was the same experience over again, where whiskey, or a "tonic" that has alcohol for a base, or a narcotic is prescribed. I forgot the inciting pain in my desire for the remedy. Even after this, when I began to feel the weight of the chain, I tried to delude myself with the belief, when drinking socially, that good whiskey was not only a cure for but a preventive of neuralgia.

For twenty years I have been a journalist. I do not think the men who work on newspapers are more addicted to drink than those of any other profession, though there was a time in the old Bohemian days when fellows who wore long hair and soiled linen at all times, and wrote occasionally, called themselves newspaper men, and impressed the public with the belief that inebriety and writing for the press went together. But if a newspaper man drinks at all, and in this day very many do not, the temptation is often present, as is the mental and physical fatigue which drink is supposed to allay. If a man drinks, I do not know of any calling from which temptation is absent, unless it might be that of lighthouse keeper at some inaccessible point.

After working very hard at writing, frequently twelve or fourteen hours a day for weeks at a time, there would come a prostration, nervous and physical, which whiskey

and whiskey only could help, or rather the drink would change the current of my thoughts, and I would take it at the expense of my general health.

As I look back now at the gradual approach to that stage when I was forced to confess to myself that all the strength of will, in which I once felt pride, was seriously impaired, I am surprised to see that there is no one point or date to which I can refer as an epoch in my mental and physical condition. From first to last I retained a feeling of pride that kept me out of low barrooms, but I knew that better men had descended to lower depths, and that I would fathom the same if I did not stop.

As I came to realize the danger more keenly, my inability to halt became more evident, and with it an intense sensitiveness, that became anger if in my own family my evident infirmity were alluded to. There is one event I can recall vividly. It was this: One morning when I had no distinct recollection of the events of the preceding evening, certainly not of my reaching home and going to bed, I said to myself—mentally, and with all the resolution I had at command: "I am through with drink from this day on." I meant it. During the day, I attended to my duties, but all this time that resolution was running through my mind, and, as never before, the intense craving for a drink made me nervous to the verge of insanity. The trouble was quite as much mental as physical. If I could have banished that torturing resolution, I should have been all right, but it colored every thought and asserted itself the stronger for my effort to be rid of it.

Exhausted in body and fagged out in mind, I went to the New York Press Club to get a late luncheon. Some one asked me to join him in a drink. I could have hugged him for the invitation. My resolution fled on the

instant, and I drank. I at once went to the Astor House, ordered a room, and with that friend and a bottle spent the night. The resolution was broken, but it was many weeks afterward before I had any desire for liquor. Yet I shall never forget the shock that first drink that day gave to my self-confidence, but, above all, to my self-respect.

A man may hide his infirmities from the world, indeed thousands who pass for models of all the proprieties do, but no skill can hide them from one's family, and that is where the pain is the keenest. Before wife and children the feeling of humiliation is the most profound, for, so long as one obeys the laws and meets one's obligations, a man's private habits are none of the world's business.

I now began to study my own infirmity; I did not at any time think it a vice, any more than I did the neuralgia, which I must still believe was its exciting cause. I talked with doctors, and the temperance ones advised me to "drop it," and those who enjoyed a glass themselves, to "take it at regular times and in moderation." I already knew that one man's moderation might be another man's excess.

Moderation lies between a glass and a gallon. If three glasses make me as tipsy as three pints make another man, and I drink my three glasses as regularly as he does his three pints, we are in the same stage, for the disease induced is the same in both cases. The man who kills a baby is a murderer as much as the man who kills a giant. With ninety-nine men out of every hundred, moderation is sure to end in excess.

I read every medical book on inebriety I could find, but the clearest of them was vague and unsatisfactory. I attended temperance meetings, and heard the lectures of long-haired ascetics, who were proof against temptation, and of "reformed drunkards," who appeared to be making

their conversion profitable. I listened to their harangues, and heard them denouncing better men as criminals, and I came away disgusted and in revolt against what I believed to be—mistakenly no doubt—a combination of long-faced hypocrisy, and vulgar mendacity.

Now and then I came across an old friend who had "given the cursed stuff up," and I always rejoiced at his condition, and envied a resolution I could not imitate. Of these men I can recall but three, and I have scores in mind, who held out. Sooner or later the others fell back again into the old ways, and after that the descent appeared more rapid than if they had never made a halt.

During all this time I had a safeguard in the urgent necessity for work. Fortunately, this work was of a congenial kind and of a character that gave me employment, no matter where I might be, so that mental activity tended to allay the craving that came to me only at times of rest, or when the mind, overworked, joined in the demand for a change. Yet, there were never twenty-four hours of this time when I could not have worked after a fashion. I never drank in the morning, and never went on a debauch; indeed, there were many of my friends who never knew that I ever drank to excess.

I do not write this in order to pose as a better man than those who, having no such restraints, fell to lower depths, often because the start was from a greater height, but because I believe my case is that of the vast majority of men, who to-day, in every department of life, are trying to hide from the world, and perhaps from themselves, a state of disease that sooner or later must end in disaster and death.

Although I regard the patent nostrums advertised so lavishly in the public prints as frauds, that delude the ailing with false hopes, for the purpose of plunder, yet I

did invest in a "golden specific" that promised in consideration of one dollar a bottle, to cure inebriety. I bought it and tried it in secret, and it was not till I had come to realize the entire worthlessness of the fraud that I discovered my coffee for months had been flavored with the stuff, one of the merits being that it could be administered without being detected by the patient.

In the spring of 1891 my attention was attracted to articles, reprinted from Western papers, setting forth the discoveries of Doctor Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, Illinois. The claims made for these discoveries I regarded as absurd, and at first I associated the cures of the man at Dwight with the mystical motor of that other Keely in Philadelphia, and I made up my mind that another sham had entered the field to compete with the liquor seller in fleecing the afflicted. Day by day the Western exchanges that came into my hands contained more and more about "the Keeley remedies," with stories of cures vouched for by men whom I knew, that were more marvelous in their way than anything that had been wrought since the Nazarene brought joy to the heavy-laden of Galilee.

I looked for "Dwight" in the encyclopedias and was not disappointed that they made no mention of it. I consulted the last Gazetteer, and read—in the appendix—"Dwight, a post-township of Livingston Co., Illinois. It has a station on the Chicago and Alton and St. Louis Railroad, 37 miles S. S. W. of Joliet. Pop. 532." Could it be that this was the Nazareth out of which was to come the redeemer of the inebriate and the hope of the heavy-eyed victim of narcotics?

I am not a believer in modern miracles, and would give no credence to "this wild romance from the woolly West." The man capable of making such a discovery, conceding

that such a discovery were possible, and I honestly did not believe it was; would be found experimenting in the laboratory of some historic university of the Old World. But even had a Pasteur, a Liebig, a Koch, or a Bunson announced to the world that he had discovered a remedy, that in three weeks would straighten up the drunkard of years and enable him to live a sober, healthful life all the rest of his days, I should have said in my superior wisdom:

"Alas! that great man has either fallen into his dotage, or been stricken with paresis." If the Keeley cure had promised less, I might have given it some credence, but it promised too much, and then, the alleged discovery was made by an unknown man in an unknown village, out on the black flat prairies of Illinois—the natural home of hog and hominy.

But while my faith did not increase, my curiosity was aroused. I wrote to Dwight, and received some slips setting forth the treatment and the price, with what I thought a strongly written narrative of a young man who had been cured, after having sunk very low. This response did not satisfy me, but I was piqued to know why Doctor Keeley claimed so much and said so little in endorsement of his own remedy.

CHAPTER XVI.

I RESOLVE TO TRY THE TREATMENT.

There are two classes of drinkers, and every man can readily tell to which of the two he belongs, those in whom drink is as yet a habit, and those in whom the habit has changed into disease. If drinking affords no particular pleasure and abstinence no sense of deprivation, then the habit exists in a mild form and it is wiser to stop it before it gains strength. If abstinence produces agony, so that the resolution cannot be kept, then the habit has become a disease, and its conditions may be gauged by the intensity of the yearning for a stimulant when it is sought to taboo it, or it is not within reach. I reasoned this out as deliberately as if it were a problem in mathematics, and my subsequent experience proves that I was correct.

During the Christmas Holidays, while looking over the December number of the "North American Review," I came upon an article written by Doctor Keeley, and at the close of it, he quoted a letter from a former patient, the earnestness of which impressed me very forcibly. As it may affect others in the same way, I shall attempt no excuse for giving it entire:

"Chicago, Ill., Oct. 16, 1891.
"George B. Smith, Esq., Secretary Bi-chloride of Gold Club,
Dwight, Ill.

"Dear Sir: Since talking with you a few weeks since, I am impressed with the propriety of submitting to the club on the anniversary of my graduation from the Keeley Institute at Dwight, which occurs October 22, 1891, a letter in grateful acknowledgment of the benefits and advantages I have personally derived from the treatment and cure. Feeling assured that my past twelve months' experience must be worth something to the membership now with you, I beg to submit the following,

which are the practical results of the year just closed: Twelve months ago my condition had reached a stage of the severest extremity. I was in the great city of Chicago, without money and without friends. The generous assistance of my family was speedily consumed in drink, and the clothing supplied was pawned as soon as received. I was without shelter and without an article of wearing apparel which would bring the price of a drink; I was without aim, energy or purpose.

"I was ignorant of the simplest business forms. I had never held a position of any description for six months; I was more dependent than a child. I lived by the generosity of family and friends, whose confidence I always betrayed. I was without moral stamina; my health was wrecked; I would submit to insult and abuse for a drink of whiskey. Twice, for a term of six months each, had I been sent to the best inebriate asylums of the land. I had travelled the world pretty much over in the hope of my people that change would effect a cure, but nothing made head against the monstrous disease which had me in its death-grip. This was my condition twelve months ago, when I commenced Dr. Keeley's treatment. Now for the result. This is what warms my heart and gives me courage to betray the humiliating experience of the past. It is the animating hope that good may come of it.

"The day after my treatment was finished I was taken into a large jobbing house in Chicago. I was taken by men who knew my past and were willing to take the risk of giving me a trial. They afforded me an opportunity of learning their intricate business. I commenced as a workman in the stock. In four months I was advanced to the position of travelling salesman, since which time other promotions have followed. Now, what is this worth? Since Dr. Keeley pronounced me cured I have been an independent citizen, able to work and glad of the opportunity. I believe I have earned the confidence and esteem of my employers, and their frequent letters of commendation seem to attest as much. I have made money enough to meet all present wants and enough to apply a considerable sum to the payment of old debts, and have not contracted an additional obligation. The transformation of my own life is still to me a marvel. I can scarcely comprehend the change.

"Twelve months passed, and not only have I not touched a drop of any intoxicating thing whatsoever, but I have not had the first desire to drink. There has been no fight, no struggle.

I am frequently asked how I withstood the temptations of the 'road.' There are no temptations; there is no desire. Appetite is gone; but I take no risks. I have no desire to test my strength. It has proved sufficient. What more do I want? Think of absolute freedom for twelve months from the awful craving of a diseased appetite. Think of the ability to do for one's self, and for others. Think of health restored, with appetite only for food and ability to sleep. Think of the family who have suffered deeper sorrow than sorrow for the dead. Think of character restored. All living is a delight and not a curse. Think of happiness, prosperity and peace. Oh, it is a resurrection indeed. This is a practical experience. Yet there are those who condemn Dr. Keeley and his treatment without investigation. In my humble judgment, from the standpoint of my own experience, I say: the man who deters others who suffer from the disease of alcoholism from applying the means of rescue which Dr. Keeley offers, has taken a grave responsibility upon his soul. Let him look to it. Dr. Keeley cured me notwithstanding my skepticism and lack of faith. To him all credit is due. May I not hope you will some time write your own wonderful experience as you told it to me?

"Fraternally, ALBERT E. HYDE."

This letter interested me—and yet I had seen testimonials just as strong published in the almanacs issued every year to advertise worthless nostrums. But, even if true, I was a very different man from the writer. He was clearly a nervous young man with a powerful imagination, and his cure had been effected through some hypnotic influence. I recalled that the French doctors had revived mesmerism for the cure of inebriety.

No doubt my skepticism was intensified, as my desire to be cured increased, by the case of my old friend, Colonel John F. Mines. Colonel Mines had taken the treatment at Dwight, remained sober for six months after being chronically drunk for twenty-five years, and one day in November he suddenly went to pieces, took to drink again, died in a charity hospital, and was buried by the generosity of the Press Club. Mines was well educated

and a good writer, though so unreliable in his habits that he never secured a permanent position on any periodical. He was frail in body and entirely wanting in will power; yet for some time after his death, I and other of his friends who had long believed that death was the best thing that could happen to him, choose to consider him "a victim of the whiskey cure"; as if a remedy for a disease could be expected to secure physical immortality.

The doctors, with whom I talked about Mines and the Keeley cure at the time, shook their heads sagely, and hinted that the M. D. at Dwight was a "quack," a "humbug," an "empiric," and everything else that was not professionally correct and legitimate. Yet I reasoned that the man must have good standing, for I recalled that this same Doctor Leslie E. Keeley had been one of our most distinguished surgeons during the war, and that he was now the surgeon of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company.

While I was in this state of mental uncertainty, a friend who had serious thoughts of taking the treatment "hit or miss," called my attention to a long article in the New York "Herald" of December 6th, 1891. It was written by Mr. Raymond, one of the "Herald" staff, who had taken the Keeley treatment for alcohol at the White Plains Institute. Mr. Raymond's story reads like a romance. It was written with a graphic earnestness and intensity which could come only from a personal experience. He threw wide open the curtain that had concealed the hell of his own drinking experience, and then showed the path by which he had climbed up from servitude to freedom, from disease and death to life and hope. Here is how Mr. Raymond closes his article:

Everybody wants to know if I am cured.

To one and all I say, with all the joy imaginable, "I am!"

"But will it last?" they say.

A fool last week jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and landed in the blood-redened waters which ran below. The waters were kind to him, for they killed him quickly and without suffering, and kindly hid his body, so that less charitable human beings might not find and bury him and put at his headstone the epitaph which he had earned, "Here lies an idiot."

The Keeley cure is a specific for the disease called drunkenness, or dipsomania, or appetite, or what you will. It is that and nothing more.

It sends a man forth into the world as he came into it, with out the slightest craving for alcoholic stimulation.

There are Keeley graduates who never really want to give up drinking. They go there to have the whiskey pumped out of them and get straightened around. They are never permitted to come back again.

"This is no sobering-up establishment," said Dr. Keeley to the boys one day when he was here on a visit, after his trip to Europe.

They mean to drink when they go away, and they do drink. They were not born right.

There are other men who are not satisfied with their past experiences. They want to satisfy their curiosity. They want to see how whiskey tastes and what its effect will be after treatment. Some of them go on one spree and then quit forever, satisfied with the result. Others do not stop at this, but go on down to destruction. "Here lies an idiot!"

There are men who think it smart, so certain are they of their cure, to haunt the bar-rooms and play with liquor to show how thoroughly they are emancipated. They have been warned by the doctor that it is dangerous. It may be done in safety, but so one may jump off the Brooklyn Bridge and not be harmed. But they are idiots, every one.

I know of one fool who, the very night that he left White Plains and came to New York, "went out with the boys," to show how strong he was. And "die boys," being unspeakable scoundrels, registered an oath that they would have him drunk before the morning. And before morning he was under the table. Oh, fool—fool!

And so, when I am asked, "What of the future?" I say, "My friend, I am not boasting of the future, though I have the utmost confidence in it. I know that I am cured to-day, and I

can take no credit for it. All appetite for drink has been banished from me. I know that if there should be any return of it, any unusual nervousness which should give cause for alarm, I would take the first train for White Plains, just as I should call in my doctor if I felt the alarm signal of pneumonia."

Knowing this, I say to you that when I get ready to drink again I shall go and take that drink deliberately; and then I shall put myself out of the world as decently as one can, asking but one favor of the world, and that is to inscribe upon my headstone for the edification of all future fools, "Here lies an idiot!"

Again that egotism, that I am happy to think is not peculiar to myself, asserted itself. I flattered myself—well, no, not flattered, for the thought gave me anything but comfort—that I was not like other men. Mr. Hyde, Mr. Raymond and others might be cured or imagine themselves cured by this treatment, but as our lives had been different, our habits different, and all that, a remedy that might be potent with them would not affect me at all. Indeed, in my determination to remain a skeptic, I was sure it could not. Nay, even if all the rest of the world were cured, mine, I believed, must be the one exception to prove the rule; not that my case was worse or even as bad as many, but then it was a different case, because I was a different man.

I am not attempting to defend this reasoning, for it certainly does not deserve that name; my purpose is to give as clear an idea of my mental condition at this time as I can, for, if I am not much mistaken, every man who has been treated, or who may be induced to be treated, at a Keeley Institute, must be perplexed at the beginning with just these thoughts.

The Sunday night after Christmas, while the Keeley cure and the Keeley motor were chasing each other through my brain and getting badly mixed, I went round to the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with some visiting friends,

to hear the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. I suppose that profound divine would attribute my going that night and his particular sermon on the occasion to a Special Providence. I am satisfied, however, to think it a happy coincidence. His discourse was on the "Keeley Cures for Inebriety and Opiumania." In his earnest way, he advocated the treatment and gave reasons innumerable for the faith that was in him. As usual, a large majority of this audience agreed with him in this, as they always did, no matter what he advocated, but I, not being a regular attendant, though an admirer of Doctor Talmage, was not of the number.

Wasn't it Salmon P. Chase, who, when all the statesmen and newspapers in the country were discussing the best way of getting at specie payment, wrote: "The best way to resume, is to resume"? I am sure a friend did not have this aphorism in mind when he said, on the first day of the year 1892, after I had expressed my hopes and doubts time and again since that 20th day of December:

"The best way to test this cure is to try it."

"So it is," I said, with all the delight of one who, after much groping in the dark, sees a light ahead that appears to flash in the right direction.

"When will you do it?" was asked.

I have never been accused of a want of energy or of lacking in decision of character.

"It will take me about a week to get ready," I said.

"And you will go one week from to-day?"

"Yes," I responded. And I kept my word.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY MATRICULATION AND THE RESULTS.

That day when I took the cars for White Plains, I was not in the best of spirits. If I had been offered the choice to keep on to the Institute or charge a battery, I should, without hesitation, have taken my chances at the guns. But I was in for it, and wanted no excuse to break my resolution. I felt that in some way, which I did not attempt to explain to myself, I was about to expose my well-kept secret to the world, and I debated with myself the propriety of going under an assumed name. I subsequently found that I was not alone in this feeling. But when I recalled that I had never been under an assumed name when ordering a glass of liquor, I felt ashamed of myself for giving it a thought, now that I was making an effort to get rid of the disease.

Curiously enough, I had just stepped to the station platform at White Plains, when I was greeted by two acquaintances, one a Brooklyn lawyer and the other a New York doctor, who were up for treatment. In a shamefaced way, I told my mission and received their congratulations, and was then introduced to a number of gentlemen, who told me they were also there for treatment.

Why I should think that all the men who came here as patients must be red-faced and gross-looking, I cannot imagine, but I did. The men about me were sober, well-dressed, well-mannered and without any sign of inebriety; and I soon discovered that the best dressed men to be seen in the streets of the beautiful village were "Keeley patients."

I had read that the patients at these institutes, beyond

certain rules and regulations, were unconstrained, could live where they pleased, if within reach, and go about among the hotels and bars without fear of temptation.

At my hotel I decided to take a parting drink before I gave my parole of honor not to touch alcohol save what I got from the doctor, but for the first time in my experience I found no one to join me. I soon learned there was an impression among newcomers that it was expected they should put in their first appearance at the Institute in a state of inebriety, but I objected. One man wrote, "Which do you prefer, that I should come drunk or sober; I can come either way, but would prefer the former." If a man comes much under the influence of liquor, he is placed in charge of an attendant, who remains with him until he is able to care for himself.

At half-past four I visited the Institute and was introduced to Doctor Haynor, a courtly, handsome young man, who took me into his office and put me through just such a medical examination, plus the drink record, as one is subjected to when applying for life insurance. Before this, however, I had seen the manager and paid him ninety dollars, which was to cover three weeks' treatment, the least-time for which a patient will be taken. At the close of my interview with Doctor Haynor, I was handed a copy of the following "Rules and Regulations."

First. No patient accepted for a less period than three weeks course of treatment. All patients are required to register and arrange all financial matters with the treasurer on arrival. Borrowing or loaning money between patients is positively prohibited.

Second. Strict regularity must be observed in the use of remedy every two hours during the day, and promises at the office for hypodermic treatment, four times daily, 7:12, 8:00 o'clock, a. m.; 12:00 o'clock, noon; 5 o'clock, p. m.; 7:30 o'clock, p. m. If for any good reason patients are unable to attend office treatment, physicians will visit their residence.

Third. The remedy for internal use is compounded to meet individual requirements, and all exchanging or looting between patients is interdicted.

Fourth. The use of tobacco in any form is prohibited for fifteen minutes before and fifteen minutes after office treatment.

Fifth. Cigarette smoking and gambling will be punished by dismissal.

Sixth. Baths are prescribed at least twice each week.

Seventh. Patients are requested to preserve silence in the office, while in line or when through office treatment.

Eighth. Gentlemenly deportment is expected from all, and profanity, lewd conversation, boisterous conduct on the street, at hotels or boarding houses, will be severely reprimanded, and, if persisted in, will be visited by prompt expulsion.

Ninth. Strangers visiting, as well as the residents, must not be annoyed in any manner, and graduates should be permitted to take their departure without unnecessary demonstration.

Tenth. Statements will be furnished from the office at close of treatment, and all are requested to present complete board accounts in ample time for adjustment. All changes in boarding locations should be promptly reported to the office.

Eleventh. Every patient accepting treatment must comply with these rules in every particular.

The eighth and tenth rules struck me as being entirely superfluous, and perhaps not in the best taste, considering the class of men here. There is no need of such rules for gentlemen, and others are sure to ignore them.

"While under treatment" said the Doctor, "our patients can have all the whiskey they need. It is an excellent quality of bourbon. This is not only to prevent their being tempted into bars, but to keep us informed as to the quantity and kind of liquor they are taking."

I was then given an eight ounce bottle of medicine, labeled "Number One," and told that it would last about a week, and that I must take a teaspoonful of it in a wine glass of water every two hours while awake.

It being by this time the hour for the third hypodermic injection of the day, I found the office and outer hall

filling up with a crowd of men, varying in age from the youth with his first mustache to the veteran with gray beard. They were gentlemanly in deportment, and a far better looking lot of men than one could find among the law-makers at Albany—but, then, we never did select our legislators for their good looks and gentlemanly deportment. It could hardly be expected that they would have these gifts in addition to cultured intellects and pure morals.

I was introduced to all the patients, and greeted with a camaraderie that should have banished my sense of humiliation, but it did not. I dropped into line, and as we drew near the table by which the Doctor stood, dexterously handling his hypodermic needle, the men in front of me began freeing their left arms from their coats and rolling up their shirt sleeves so as to expose the upper third of the arm; some had slits cut in the sleeves.

On the table were four little spoon-shaped porcelain saucers. The first contained a colorless antiseptic fluid into which the doctor invariably dipped the point of the syringe after using it. The second held a clear, crimson fluid, which I subsequently learned was the solution used almost entirely for alcohol patients. The other saucers held a watery looking fluid, which I understood was used for the morphine patients and those troubled with neurasthenia, or nerve exhaustion.

I have seen a surgeon making ready his probe, to test on myself, with less nervousness and alarm than I felt that night when Doctor Haynor held my pulse, examined the pink fluid in the syringe, and then inserted that needle into my arm. Of course, it did not hurt. After that I rarely felt it; for in skilled hands the needle does not touch the nerves, but a man in my state would have felt like a lance thrust, the shadow of a needle.

As I was putting on my coat, an attendant handed me a four ounce vial of whiskey, and I was told that I could have more when that was gone. Supposing that it was necessary to drink it, I did so on reaching my room, and although it was only the eighth of a quart, I felt decidedly dizzy when I came back for the 7:30 treatment; or "jab," as the patients at White Plains call the injection.

When I left home, it was with the full determination to give the treatment a fair trial, and to carry out every rule to the letter, so that if there were a failure, it could not be charged to my neglect.

The medicine to be taken by the mouth was a clear, brownish liquid, not unlike strong clear coffee in appearance, and of a bitter taste, as if it contained quinine, which the doctor assured me was not the case.

This was the first institution for the treatment of inebriates I had visited as a patient, but I was perfectly familiar with the methods in vogue at places where the Keeley treatment did not prevail. Here there was practically no restraint: in the other "Homes" and "Asylums," established for the cure of inebriety, every patient was a prisoner, as much as if he were being held to answer for a great crime.

What I could not understand at first was how the thirty men at the hotel, all patients and whose presence denoted their weakness, could sit down within sight of a barroom without feeling any of the old temptation to go in and take a drink, or if they did feel it they quenched the desire with a drink of Institute whiskey. I have heard of men who violated their obligation while under treatment, but during my four weeks' stay I can confess that I never saw one do so, nor did I meet but one man who I have any reason to believe did so.

Just here it may not be amiss to say that there is no authority, not even Doctor Keeley's, for the use of the name "bi-chloride of gold," in connection with this treatment. The bi-chloride of gold and sodium—that is, a bi-chloride of gold mixed with table salt—is a remedy recognized by the pharmacopeia and well known to the medical profession as a powerful and dangerous agent. Many years ago this combination was thought of as a remedy for inebriety, but as it was more harmful than the disease it was intended to cure, it was never used, except experimentally and in a small way. Doctor Keeley's discovery is of an eliminant, which, after the bi-chloride of gold and sodium has done its work, neutralizes or obviates the harmful after effects.

I went to bed early that first night, slept well, as has been my invariable habit, and as usual woke up without any appetite for breakfast. I took my medicine and the treatment regularly for three days, during which I drank about two ounces of whiskey a day. Instead of feeling better by this time, I was sick in every nerve and tissue of my body. Most of the patients had a ravenous appetite from the start; the little appetite I brought with me was gone, and I felt more convinced than ever that I was to be the exception that was to prove the rule. The medicine nauseated me and the smell of food became repulsive. My body ached in every muscle, as if I had ridden fifty miles after having been out of the saddle for a year. My head buzzed, and my hearing became unreliable. The glasses, used to help me at night, wholly failed to discover the print by daylight. My hand shook—it had never done so before—so that I could hardly hold a pen, and using it was quite out of the question.

I felt discouraged and heart-sick; but this was not the worst of it. Before leaving home, I reasoned that as

would have a good deal of time between the treatments, I could put it in doing some of my regular work and in furnishing some special articles I had in hand for the New York "Times." I tried to write, hoping the effort would quiet my nerves and make me feel like my old self, but when I looked over my notes I found I could not read them. I made a desperate effort to jot down a few thoughts I had in mind the day before, but they were gone. In speaking I found that my tongue was thick, and my throat dry, and that my verbal memory was at fault. I pencilled a note home, and misspelled the simplest word. I became desperate. I had my reason, that I knew and felt, but I had a horror that this too would soon depart.

In my desperation, I threw myself on the bed, first draining the two ounce vial of whiskey which I had not touched since it was given me in the morning. I went to sleep; missed the five o'clock injection, but woke up in time for supper, with my mind clearer, and my body easier than it had been since I began the treatment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME ADDITIONAL EXPERIENCES.

Although it may be out of chronological order, I will say at this point, and as a result of months of observation following my treatment last January, that no patient should attempt any work, either physical or mental, while at an Institute; and it would be much better if he took things easy for a few weeks after returning home. It would have been to my advantage had I known this at the start. It is reasonable to suppose that a medicine that

works such a radical change in the whole system as to convert the drunkard of forty years into a sober man in three or four weeks, as I have seen it do, must so change the nerves as to make it unwise to test them too violently till they have attuned themselves to perfect harmony with their new conditions.

For the first week, every patient is more or less affected by the medicine. If this causes wonder, it should be not at the nervous and physical prostration that follows, but at the fact that it is so mild. While I am writing of my own experience, it would not give a correct idea if the reader were led to believe that my case was common to all. A majority of the men whom I met, and this was particularly the case with those who had not led sedentary lives while contracting the disease, ate more heartily from the first and slept more soundly, and there was no variation in this from beginning to end.

All men, however, were subject to mental changes. One day they would feel "out of sorts" and despondent and the next day unduly elated; but as the treatment continued they settled down into a condition of healthful contentment, so that when the three or four weeks of their stay had expired, their nerves were calm, their appetite good, their appearance so changed for the better as to excite delighted surprise in the friends who had not seen the progress of the cure; and, above all, there was a feeling of confidence in themselves and of hope for the future in their hearts.

During my treatment we had, in what was called "the class," a number of wealthy young club men from New York. On their first coming, these gentlemen were inclined to be exclusive, and were quite willing to pay for the privilege of being treated apart from the common herd of unfortunates. But Doctor Keeley, the embod-

ment of common sense himself and entirely democratic in his manners, insisted that, as disease recognized no aristocracy, no class being free from its ravages, so he should recognize no distinction of wealth in his treatment. A rich New York gentleman, it is said, offered him twenty thousand dollars if he would treat his son specially and apart, so that the world might not know that he had taken the cure, but the Doctor refused, saying that he wanted only the usual fee, and insisting that the young man, if he took the treatment at all, must take it in the usual way.

Instead of being offended at the enforcement of this rule, our young club men had the good sense to see its justice, and so Mr. "Fred" Gebhard, and others of his set, forgot that they were very rich, and, remembering only that they had come here in a manly way to be rid of a disease, they good-naturedly fell into the ranks with the rest of the class, and took their "jabs" with a determination to succeed—and it delights me to record that they were cured, with all the chances in favor of their remaining so.

In illustration of this elation and depression of spirits, the case of Mr. Hibbard of North Hadley, Massachusetts, is in point. Mr. Hibbard is a well-to-do farmer. He had been a gallant soldier in the war. About ten years ago the habit, that had been growing on him since he was mustered out, deepened into a disease. Things went from bad to worse. In self-defence his wife had to leave him, and his children, now grown up and many of them married, became estranged. In his desperation, but with scarcely a ray of hope that he could be cured, Mr. Hibbard determined to try the "Keeley Gold Remedy," for inebriety.

The old farmer's sturdy independence and refreshing

simplicity of character made him a great favorite with all who met him. After he had been under treatment for four days he voluntarily gave up the use of whiskey. He kept the last four ounce vial untasted on the mantel-piece with a blue ribbon tied about the neck, and would proudly point to it as a proof of his splendid victory over the appetite.

From the first, it had been agreed between Mr. Hibbard and the Doctor that he should remain for four weeks. On the last day of his second week, I met him at the morning treatment. He appeared to be nervous, excited and even hysterical. There were tears in his eyes as he drew me to one side, and said in a tremulous whisper:

"I'm going home, Major. It'll be only for a few days and I'll come back again and finish up. You know I'd been cured faster, if it wasn't for troubling about the wife and now that I'm sober, every thought of how bad I've used her is like a knife drove plum up to the hilt into my heart. But she wrote me a letter yesterday. See here it is," and he drew it from his pocket in his excitement and kissed it, and left hot tears upon it, but did not attempt to read it. Continuing, he sobbed: "She says she loves me even more than she did when she was a gal, and that if I come back to her sober, and with the same love I had for her as a boy—more'n forty years ago—she'll fly to me and she'll hold my hand and cling to me right down to the grave. My God! I can't stand it. I must go to her and tell her I'm about saved; then I'll come back. As God is my judge, I'll come back and finish up the job in good shape!"

I saw the old man was in no condition to be reasoned with, so I appeared to fall in with his plan. Then I told his room-mate, a sensible young fellow, to start right back and hide all Mr. Hibbard's belongings

and keep them out of his reach. This was promptly done, and then the young man went into hiding himself.

When Hibbard returned and found his things gone, he believed his room-mate had stolen them. He became indignant, started out to invoke the aid of the law, and in his desire for vengeance forgot his resolution to go home. After the last train he could take that day was gone, Hibbard's valise was quietly restored to his room, yet he went to bed angry. The next morning his habitually cheery nature asserted itself. He saw through the trick, thanked his friends, and stayed his four weeks out. In a letter just received from him, he alludes to this incident and, after thanking me for my part in it, he adds:

"I was never so happy in my life. I didn't think a man could be so happy this side of Heaven. The wife and the children and the grandchildren, and a whole raft of the old neighbors met me at the station, and we drove out to the farm and had a regular Prodigal-Son's-return of a time. Just write when you'll be here to see me, and the best team in North Hadley will take you to my place at a gallop."

I do not believe I met at Dwight, White Plains, or at any other Institute I have since visited, a newcomer who was not skeptical as to himself. Yet he was eager to hear the experience of the men who had lost the appetite for liquor; and a visitor who had taken the treatment weeks or months before, and who had returned for a visit, was looked up to as a superior person, and subjected to a cross-fire of questions as to how he stood the temptation since leaving. The invariable answer was:

"There is no longer any temptation," and some have added—"Of course, I could drink whiskey again, just as I could drink ink or any other fluid, but I have no desire to do so. All the yearning is gone. A bar is no

longer an irresistible temptation, but as it is no longer an attraction, I hold aloof."

After I had been ten days under treatment, I was discouraged, for, so far as liquor was concerned, I could take it with as much relish as ever, and did take about two ounces on the ninth day; nearly all my acquaintances had stopped after the third or fourth day. The Doctor attributed my condition to my attempt to work while under treatment, and then he thought that in my case the disease had not become confirmed.

I noticed that the men who came in the very worst condition were the ones who recovered the soonest and gave up liquor the first. This was something I did not and do not yet understand, but that it is a fact, the thousands who have taken the treatment will attest.

While I was in this condition of nervous doubt, the following letter, written by a gentleman who had not taken the treatment, but who must have been a close observer, fell into my hands. It is so sensible and so much in accord with my subsequent experience, that, though lengthy, I shall give it almost in full.

Boone, Iowa, March 12, 1891.

Henry Coleman, Esq., Virginia, Illinois.

Dear Sir: You will doubtless remember I commenced to tell you about some parties who went from here to be doctored for the alcohol and opium habits, and that I was interrupted by some people coming into the office. You know what havoc whiskey has made in my family, and how it has affected my worldly prospects, aside from the care and worry of seeing two gifted brothers go to perdition under the influence of the hellish stuff, and you will understand why I take an interest in the matter and devote considerable time to writing letters to those who will use the facts and information by placing them in the hands of people who have friends they would like to save—and can save if they will.

Many people doubtless see the advertisements and circulars

of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, Ill., and pass them by, thinking they are the advertisements of one of the many medical quacks who flood the country with printed matter, but it is a mistake. When the first patients from here came home cured, it seemed to me to open up a possibility for doing a great deal of good by placing the facts in the hands of those who need help, provided that a thorough investigation showed even a reasonably large percentage of cures, but I wanted to be sure of this before mixing my name up with it in any way. With this end in view I made inquiries—verbally and by letter—in every direction, and the more I investigated the more enthusiastic I became.

I found that Dr. Keeley is a regular practicing physician, with over thirty years' experience; was an army surgeon, and is now surgeon of the C. and A. R. R.; that his treatment for the alcohol habit is not a "discovery," in the sense that the term is generally used, but is the result of long years of patient study and scientific research, commencing back during his army experience. He has all the regular physician's prejudice with reference to everything which in the etiquette of the profession is called quackery, and for years after it was demonstrated beyond any doubt that his treatment of the alcohol and opium habits had been brought to perfection, no public announcement was made. In the meantime, the information that men were being cured of these habits at Dwight was passed from one to another, and patients went from all parts of the United States. A light of such magnitude could not remain long "hid under a bushel," and about eleven years ago his practice became so large and his correspondence so heavy he was forced into print. Now the pressure has become so great he has found it necessary to establish branch offices in several States, and place physicians in charge who have received a thorough training in his Dwight office.

To convey a general idea of what is being done, I will give you the history of a few cases.

Wm. Marsh is the first who went from here. He had built up a prosperous business, and aside from his one bad habit, no one of my acquaintances had any brighter prospects. He informs me that he was for a long time on a cattle ranch out West, where whiskey was furnished by the barrel and drank instead of water; he always believed he had the habit under perfect control, but when he tried to refrain from drinking found that

instead of having the habit, the habit had him. He became unfitted for business, but was utterly powerless to help himself; says he has many times tried to get through a night without drink, but could not sleep, and before morning would be compelled to drink to get a little rest. By some means his wife happened to see the article in which Bob Harris, editor of the Missouri Valley Times, tells what was done for him, and this led to a correspondence with Dr. Keeley, with the result that Mr. Marsh went to Dwight. About a month later he came home and one of his nearest neighbors did not recognize him. I have dealt with him for fifteen years, yet when he spoke to me I supposed he was a stranger, and it was only when he laughed at my mistake that I recognized him. All the ravages of years of hard drinking had disappeared and he seemed to be just as he was fifteen years ago. He has told me he would not to save all the expense and loss of time occasioned by his visit to Dwight, go through the struggle he has many times made when trying to pass a single night without drink.

He immediately went to work to induce others to go—and it is pertinent to this subject to say that now—eighteen months later—he is still working faithfully, and when necessary has given financial aid. The first one he succeeded with was the son of one of our wealthiest men—a fine fellow who had become a complete wreck, and who, without the help that Dr. Keeley gave him, would have died. He came home a sober man, and to-day he is as fine a specimen of manhood as can be found in our town. While talking with me he made a remark that will apply to the condition of ninety-nine out of every hundred hard drinkers. He said, "I always claimed just as all drinkers do, that I could quit any time, but I knew better, and every man knows it who has the habit fastened on him." Now he says the smell of whiskey has no more attraction for him than if he had never tasted it.

These men then worked together and sent many others. No two men ever accomplished more real and lasting good than they have done here and elsewhere during the last eighteen months. Wm. W., one of the smartest and finest appearing conductors on the C. and N. W. R. R. lost his position through drink. He went to Nebraska, but it was the "same old story." Finally, one of his family went out and took him to Dwight. A few days after he wrote home that all the gold in Boone would

not tempt him to leave until Dr. Keeley told him to go. On his return the Railroad Company gave him his old position, which he now holds.

A professional man, a lawyer, who has no superior in central Iowa, had passed the point where "self help" is possible. He, too, went to Dwight, and on his return I consulted him with a view to sending a friend. He said, "Send him along—it's a sure thing." He said he went there skeptical—believing there was something back of it, but all doubts were dissipated when he saw what was being done. Referring to my brother who died, he said: "If Warren were alive I would be willing to put up a thousand dollars and forfeit it if Dr. Keeley could not make a sober man of him."

A neighbor of mine, Bob H., passes my house going to and from his business. One day I met him, looking more like the boy of fifteen years ago than the man of later years. As we shook hands I said to him, "What have you been doing to yourself? You look better than at any time during the last fifteen years." His face brightened up all over, and his eyes fairly twinkled as he said, "I have been over to Dwight getting the whiskey taken out of me; say, don't it beat all that Dr. Keeley could take out of me in twenty-one days, what I have been twenty years putting in?"

I could fill a quire of paper with evidence of this kind, but I do not think it necessary, as one history would be a repetition of another. The net results in Boone and immediate vicinity are, that forty-one men—good men—who eighteen months ago were down—many of them to the very worst condition, physically, to which alcohol can drag a human being, are to-day bright, fresh-faced men, with nothing in their appearance or actions to indicate that they were ever victims of the alcohol habit. They have the respect and confidence of all, for the reason that their looks and actions show that they are cured, and are using no will power to refrain from drinking.

In communities where the facts are not generally known, the difficulty is to induce the first one to go. Men who have the alcohol habit are invariably sensitive, and have a morbid dread of something—they don't know just what—and they make excuses for delay. They are afraid their acquaintances will make slighting remarks; they have heard of inebriate asylums and hospitals, where patients are placed in confinement,

and every article of food is saturated with whiskey; they remember what they have suffered when vainly struggling to resist the horrible craving, and fear they will be forced to go through it again, etc., etc. This sensitiveness and morbid dread is one of the direct results of the use of alcohol, and all of Dr. Keeley's patients laugh about it when they come home, and talk about their former condition and cure as freely as though they had been doctored for a run of fever. They say that when they look back at their condition before cure it all seems like a horrible nightmare.

No one will have slighting remarks to make; here, when a man comes home from Dwight everybody is ready to shake hands and congratulate him, just as they would if he had come from under a dangerous surgical operation. Yesterday a man just returned came into my office, and while describing the wonderful cures being performed at Dwight, said: "One thing here surprises me. Men who have not noticed me for years come up and shake hands and wish me all manner of good things." Many of our business men have given him a call when needed, and all say, "God speed."

The question is often asked, "Will it last?" All tell the same story; they are just what they were before they ever drank a drop, and that a man who has once been "downed" and got out of it will not deliberately acquire the habit again. They are older and have more stamina than when they first meddled with liquor, and they have been through an experience from which they recollect with horror. The following is from a letter in my possession, written by one of Dr. Keeley's earlier patients: "If I had the feeling that I am using the least little bit of will power to refrain from drinking, I would be afraid of myself, but on the contrary, I never think of it—no more than if I had never tasted whiskey." From another I quote, "I have not one particle of craving for alcohol, and if I ever go back to drinking it will be from pure cussedness and no other reason." This last quotation tells the whole story of the very small number (five per cent.) who go back to their former habit. They leave Dwight cured, and do not claim after their release that there was any return of the craving for drink. They go back to their old bad company, and being utterly void of respect for themselves or their friends, deliberately get drunk as my correspondent puts it, "from pure cussedness and no other reason." Dr. Keeley cures the alcohol habit, but he cannot put dignity,

self-respect and love for home and family into a man who never had them, but if he ever had these qualities he will have them again with returning health. To the man who honestly wishes to get out of his trouble and lead a better life, the fear of a relapse will be no impediment. If he is willing to help himself after cure, to the extent of avoiding alcohol the same as he avoids small-pox or other diseases for which he has no craving, his self-respect will help him in the right path to the end.

Another question asked is, "What are the after effects of the treatment?" All the evidence goes to show that it effects a complete renovation. While Dr. Keeley's treatment is entirely for the alcohol and opium habits, many who go to him have other ailments—aggravated by indulgence—which disappear with the habit for which they take the treatment. We know that a great physical change takes place, for this reason: A man with the alcohol habit has distorted views of everything; an unpleasant way about him that everyone recognizes, but difficult to describe. The common expression, "a complete wreck," tells the whole story of his mental and physical condition. Keep liquor away from him twenty-one days and he will be half dead. When Dr. Keeley's patients return after twenty-one days' treatment, they look and act as though they had been made over; complexions fresh, all that bloated, care-worn look gone, and in manner pleasant, companionable gentlemen. They all tell about how good they feel. Simply breaking off from whiskey that length of time would have just the opposite effect, and in many cases would result in death. The results show they are men again, just as God intended them to be.

This is a practical temperance work, and its results are tangible, sure and permanent, carrying joy and comfort into homes where all is gloom. The happiest families I know, eighteen months ago could see nothing ahead worth living for. The record of what has been done by this work, is an almost endless story of men and women redeemed from a fate worse than death, and from hundreds of happy homes all over this broad land goes up the petition that God, in His wisdom and mercy, may grant long life and strength for his noble work, to the gray haired old physician at Dwight.

Yours very sincerely, F. M. HAYMONS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BREAKING OF THE SHACKLES.

Before going to the Institute it puzzled me to understand how men who could no more resist the temptation of a barroom than they could stop breathing. By force of will, could be left free to come and go as they pleased, except for their appearance at treatment four times a day. I must confess I do not quite understand it now, for the more I think it over the more like a miracle appears to me the change, not only in the appetites but in the physical appearance of men, which I say going on before my eyes from day to day; indeed, these changes did not impress me so much at the time as they have since. Like a mountain scene, the whole affair is more remarkable and impressive as I recede from it.

While, in the whole category of diseases, there are none more horrible in their effects on mind and body than narcotics, it would be a mistake to suppose that the patients at the Keeley Institutes are either depressed in spirits or depraved in habits. Among the many whom I met, there was not one, particularly after a week's treatment, who had anything in his appearance suggesting the sots. All were intensely in earnest, and unusually whole-souled and intelligent; indeed, it is such men who are most apt to contract that disease which is the malady of talent, and the curse of genius.

The men read a great deal, wrote many letters, for every man worth saving had friends and dear ones to remember; and, after the last "jab" in the evening, played cards or attended "the club."

Of these "Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs," which are now found connected with every Institute, and branches of which are established in all the cities and towns of the country where there are enough ex-patients to organize, I shall have something to say hereafter.

Mr. Persons, the manager at White Plains, rented and fitted up handsomely for club purposes a church that had become too small for its congregation. Nearly every patient became a member of this club on the payment of a nominal fee. Here there are writing materials and opportunities for cards and chess, as well as a piano, a fair library of light literature, and all the daily papers and illustrated periodicals. The club is the great point of rendezvous. Often entertainments are given at night, and a meeting is held every morning at nine. At these meetings, men who have finished the treatment have an opportunity to say good-bye to their friends, and then also are read letters from those who have been "graduated" some time. These letters are always encouraging, and their moral effect on the patients, still anxious about themselves, is invaluable.

The secretary of these clubs is usually a permanent officer, paid for his services a small but entirely inadequate stipend, for the office is by no means a sinecure. The president is elected for two weeks, and men high in the professional and business world have held the position with pride and filled it with dignity.

I have often been asked: "What calling has the most temptation to those excesses that lead to inebriety?" I once believed that a newspaper man was perhaps the most exposed to danger, but I have changed my mind. In proportion to their number, I think that men of means, who have no fixed calling, furnish most recruits to the army of inebriety. While hard work may be an excuse

for excess, no work affords most opportunities. But then there is no calling, no sex, no age, no condition, in life that appears to be exempt. Women attend these Institutes principally for the morphine disease, but they are treated in private, and that there is no attempt made to lift the veil which falls over all when they come for treatment, speaks well for the delicacy and gallantry of the men.

The solicitude of each patient for the health and progress of his fellows was not the least pleasant feature of these associations. But next to comparing notes as to progress, I think the recital of past experiences was the most prominent topic of conversation. Before coming here I knew that my own indulgence was, to say the least, unfortunate, and I was inclined to think it imprudently excessive, but I was so astonished to find that I was the veriest novice with drink, that I prudently held my tongue when men, whose capacity seemed phenomenal, had the floor.

I became very much interested in Mr. Thomas S. Quaid, a young man of twenty-five and a native of Baltimore. When I first saw Mr. Quaid, he had been a week under treatment. He was neat in dress, slender and erect as a soldier, and his face looked as if it had been at one time clear cut and handsome. Now it was swollen and repulsive, in its covering of red blotches and pimples. Three weeks from that time, Mr. Quaid left cured. His features were noticeably fine, his eyes bright, and his complexion such as a belle might have envied. In truth, the change was as miraculous to me as it was to himself.

This young man's case was remarkable. He had been left an orphan when about sixteen, with an assurance of a competency when he came of age. He went to college and subsequently read law. He acquired the drinking

habit while yet in his teens, not through social temptations, but from a desire for whiskey that seemed to be innate. He was what is known as "a lone drinker." When the maddening desire for liquor came on him—and the intervals between his debauches became so small that at length he was drunk about all the time—he would go to a hotel, secure a room, leave orders not to be disturbed, order up a bottle of whiskey, drink it alone, and so keep ordering and drinking till money, body and mind gave out.

"Of my own volition," he told me, "I came here, and I felt that if this treatment did not cure me, it would be better, far better, for myself and the world, to die." Since his return home, three months ago, I have had many letters from Mr. Quaid. They are full of gratitude for his deliverance, and are marked by an ability and a fine sense of humor and a hopefulness that argue well for his future.

Directly the opposite to Mr. Quaid in manner, age, habit and experience, was Mr. Joseph V. Torrey of Newton, Massachusetts. I have referred to him before in these pages, and use his name with his consent.

Mr. Torrey comes from an old New England family, and is well known in Boston. He is about sixty-five years of age, and a childless widower. While not a wealthy man in the present American sense, he has an income more than ample for his wants when sober, but he found it entirely inadequate when he was drinking, and he had been drinking since his nineteenth year.

Mr. Torrey came to the Institute a few days before myself, and he appeared in a pretty bad state, for he was placed in charge of an able-bodied attendant. I have said that very few of the men I met looked like sots. I am sure this gentleman will excuse me if I make an excep-

tion of his case. His clothes were good, but carelessly kept. His face was red and swollen, his eyes inflamed, and his baggy cheeks covered with a three weeks' growth of gray stubble. Short and stout, he sat as if dumped into a chair for hours at a time, seemingly indifferent to himself and to the world. When I could engage him in conversation, I discovered that he was a man of superior reading and charming address. His physique indicated a superb constitution before the wreck came, and this was borne out by the story of his life, at which I have only time to take a brief glance. During the forty-six years of his drinking, Mr. Torrey had spent a half-dozen respectable fortunes. In his desperate effort to get rid of what he and his friends believed to be a conquerable vice, he had been a patient in every inebriate home and asylum in the Eastern States, and had willingly submitted to incarceration in the dipsomaniac ward of an insane asylum, but all without effect, unless it might be to intensify the sleepless desire and increase the ravages of the disease. As a last desperate resort, his sister and the trustee whom the courts had placed in charge of his estate, induced him to go to a Keeley Institute.

"I was pretty drunk when I left Boston for White Plains," he said to me in relating his experience, "but I remember a lot of my old barroom friends saying, 'just as I started off—' If that Keeley medicine cures Joe Torrey, and keeps him cured for three months, then the worst drunkard in New England may have hopes."

Five days after the first treatment, Mr. Torrey gave up drinking, although he had whiskey in his room, and this he did voluntarily and without any effort of will. I thought when I first saw him that his case was hopeless, because of his age and of the tremendous strain to which he had been for so many years subjected, but I was mis-

taken. At the end of three weeks, he was like "The Deformed Transformed" of Byron. He did not look like the same man. The gentlemanly instinct of care for appearance had reasserted itself. His dress was in good taste, his linen immaculate, and his cleanly shaven face had lost all its flabby coarseness and had taken on the hue of health. He "looked," to use the expression of one of his friends who called my attention to him while he was talking to a group on the eve of his departure for home, "like an ideal Senator."

To those who have known Mr. Torrey for his nearly fifty years of inebriety, his cure seems like a miracle, as it does to me. "They expect me to break out again some day," he writes. "But, so help me, Heaven! the last drop of intoxicating drink has passed my lips, and be the day near or far off, I will die a sober man!"

I think the case of Mr. Coughlin, editor of the Water-town, N. Y., "Herald," one of the most curious that came to my notice. This gentleman had actually contracted the disease of inebriety, or so he believed, when he reached a stage when he must have two bottles of lager beer every evening. This extravagant dissipation so alarmed him, that he hurried down to the Institute and took treatment for a month. He went home "cured," so he said, and resolved "never to fool with lager beer again."

One might think that there would be a frightful and disgusting monotony in the experiences of the many men with whom I talked, but not so; their stories were as varied as their environment and temperament, and the end—like that of the stereotyped love story—was the same in every case, no matter the varied incidents that preceded it. These incidents were often humorous or ludicrous, nor was there wanting in them tear-starting touches of pathos.

If I had left the Institute at the end of three weeks, it would have been without the slightest change in my feelings as to liquor, and I was not nearly so strong as when I came. This I attribute entirely to the fact that I persisted in working, when I should have devoted myself entirely to the treatment and to light amusements.

The fourth week I rested completely. If it stormed, I had a doctor visit me to administer the solution. I am not conscious of any change coming to me at any particular hour on any particular day, but I do know that before that fourth week was past, the uneasy, ever-assertive craving was gone. My appetite returned, and I felt like one, who, after long groping in a cave, emerges into the blessed sunlight, to scent the odor of spring blossoms, and to hear the chirping of nesting birds in the green boughs overhead.

I knew, the day I started for home, that I should never drink again, but whether this was to be done without a continued effort of will, I was not so sure. I reasoned that in the old surroundings the old yearnings might return.

A writer in the Providence "Journal" of April 3, '92, describes a similar feeling after finishing the treatment at Dwight, and he does it so admirably, that I shall give that part of his excellent article in full. He says:

It was a rainy, dull, dismal day. Friends went with us to the station to see us off and say pleasant and cheerful things. I took my seat in the Pullman Car and was soon wrapped in deep meditation, and oblivious to all surroundings. Finally, my wife said: "What are you thinking about, Frank?" "I was trying to think how a champagne cocktail would taste when I get to Chicago," I said. I tried to smile at the jest, but it must have been a sickly smile, for I was not at all sure that that intense desire which had been smouldering a month in the atmosphere of Dwight, would not return to me before I reached Chicago. In fact, I was quite sure that it would. Every

revolution of the wheels was taking me away from that influence, and, as I reasoned, away from the restraint and back to the desire.

One day, a dozen years ago, while coming up the Florida coast from the Bahamas, the sea was very rough, and a little nigger (I say nigger advisedly and not offensively, for in that country they are called nothing else), who was being brought North by a friend of mine, was taken very sick. He was about ten years old; had never been away from home or aboard a ship, though he could swim and dive like a porpoise in chase of nickels and dimes thrown from the wharf. His fear, and his home-sickness and sea-sickness combined made him a pretty sick boy. I was really afraid he would die and so was my friend. Finally he adopted this ruse. Producing a small mirror he said to the boy very placidly: "Patsey, do you know your prayers?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you had better get ready to say them, for I think you are going to die. But there is time enough. Ten minutes before you die you will begin to turn white, and five minutes before, you will be just as white as I am. Now don't get excited. Keep your eyes on that glass and when you begin to turn white, say your prayers." The ruse worked charmingly. The boy forgot his pains. His whole force was centered in watching that glass. This gave his nerves a chance to rest. As the minutes rolled by and he was still as black as a coal, he began to have hope that he wasn't going to die after all. Hope inspired confidence, and in an hour, perhaps, he was up and about. That incident relates my own experience on the run to Chicago that night. For three long hours I sat looking into the glass of the future, expecting every moment that horrible desire to return.

It did not return; and that gave me the first ray of hope, which soon ripened into confidence, and then belief. That little "nigger boy" has now grown to be a young man, and lives in Providence. If his eye should chance to meet this he will be able to exactly appreciate my feelings on that dull, dreary ride to Chicago. This feeling was not peculiar to myself. I remember a San Francisco patient who was about to go home. The night before he left, in the smoking room, he made the remark: "It's a good way to San Francisco. If I was home I should feel more confident." A merchant from the South spoke up and said: "Well, if I thought I could not get home without drinking, I would have a cage built here, get into it and send the key to

my old father, who is going to see me sober once more, anyway." This man—who before coming to Dwight had not been sober for many weeks—left the day after I did and we met at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago the next afternoon. In the evening some of his friends went out for a stroll about town, but he spent the evening with me in the lobby, saying significantly, "I am not going to take any chances. My old father's going to see me sober once more, anyway." But I have heard from him since. He is all right, and has been to Dwight again—to take a friend. Of all the men whom I met who left before I did, I don't think there were a dozen who felt absolutely sure of their cure when they took the train to go home. As with myself, the certainty of it dawned upon them slowly.

Certainty, did I say? Yes, I think I am fully justified in saying that the cure is complete and permanent. I have no longer any fears of the future. The five and a half months which have been passed in absolute freedom from any alcoholic desire have so recuperated my nervous system that there has been built up anew a wall of moral restraint which would require the exercise of strong will power to break down.

Everything has come out just as was predicted. I am well and in the possession of all my faculties. I use no will power to keep from drink. I remember what an old horseman said to me, many years ago, just after I had had a bad experience with a young horse, which "was afraid of nothing." "The absolutely sure way," he said, "is first to get a good horse, which is not afraid of steam cars or bands of music, or anything of that kind, and then keep away from all such things and you will be all right."

I am not now afraid of whiskey, but I take care that none of it gets into my system through sauces or nostrums. This is the extra caution of my friend the horseman.

CHAPTER XX.

A VISIT TO DWIGHT, ILLINOIS.

During my four weeks at White Plains I met about four hundred men, completing, entering on, or passing through, the treatment. There was nothing in the appearance or manner of any of those suffering from the abuse of alcohol calculated to attract notice, except, as I have said, that they were an unusually bright and fine looking body of men.

Up to this time, although I had read much about narcotics, I had never been brought into close relationship with any of the victims of those drugs. I have already referred to the remarkable case of Mr. C., an ex-member of the Massachusetts Legislature, but I subsequently learned that there were others in quite as desperate straits as he. The morphine patients were in much worse shape than those who had come to be treated for alcohol, for even the strongest of them had to remain nearly twice as long as those addicted to spirits.

The effects of morphine, or any form of opium, are most evident in the face and manner of the victims. All were pale, dull-eyed, nervous, excitable and vividly imaginative when they were not absolutely stupid or lethargic. I could readily understand why these men had no appetite for food, and were solitary in their habits, but I was much surprised to learn from themselves that they were troubled with insomnia. So much was this the case that, as they grew better, they manifested a childish delight in telling of their complete and refreshing sleep.

I understood that about one tenth of the men at this and other Keeley Institutes were being treated for mor-

phine, while fully three-fourths of the women patients were slaves of the habit. The latter we rarely saw, but when seen there was that in the eyes and complexion that told why they had come.

While the liquor patients gave up drink in from three to ten days, the latter being exceptional and two days not unusual, those treated for morphine, in decreasing doses to be sure, were compelled to continue the use of the drug for three, four, and in a few cases as much as six weeks. The consequence was that the veteran patients were morphine users.

There is that in this disease that so demoralizes the victim that he becomes unreliable as to his promises and uncertain as to his statements. When the reduction begins many of them come prepared to make up for the deficiency, and I have reason to believe that in this way the effects of the treatment are often neutralized and the stay prolonged. Of course, if the doctors in charge find out that deceit is being practiced, they make short the stay of the patient.

Next to women, the medical profession furnishes the greatest number of morphine patients, a fact to which I alluded in an early chapter.

As it takes longer to cure those addicted to narcotics, so, on recovery from the appalling thralldom, the joy of liberation is correspondingly great, and the amazing transformation in the character more marked.

I recall a young man of good presence and excellent natural ability, from up the Hudson, who had been four weeks at the Institute without feeling the relief for which he came. He was impatient to be at work, and although his daily supply had been reduced from forty grains a day to a fraction of a grain, he grew despondent and began to feel that he was one of the few hopeless cases. About

the middle of the fifth week he came to me, his face illuminated with delight, and, reaching out both hands, he said with a joy that was hysterical in its intensity:

"Congratulate me! The doctor assures me that I have had no morphine administered to me for four days! I sleep well; I eat well; and Oh! thank God! I am once more a free man!"—It was well worth traveling a day to see and hear a man as happy as he was then.

After four weeks' careful observation at the Institute, I naturally became deeply interested in Doctor Keeley himself. Soon after I left, I learned that there was to be held at Dwight, Ill., on February 15th, 1892, a convention of delegates from the different "Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs," scattered throughout the country. Although an active member of the White Plains Club, I had but the dimmest notion of the extent of the organization, but when I found myself a delegate, I gladly accepted, the impelling motive of the journey being to meet face to face one whom I had come to regard with a feeling of intense admiration and something in my heart akin to reverence. So, although not yet as hale and vigorous as I have since become, I traveled the two thousand miles there and back, for the sole purpose of seeing the man who was working what I had come to regard as modern miracles.

I had often been over the prairies of Illinois, and I had heard and read too much of Dwight to expect anything wonderful in its setting or appearance; and yet, so imposing had become to me the name of the man who had made the village famous, that I must confess to a feeling of disappointment when I saw the streets, rivers of black mud, lined with commonplace frame houses.

There was no difficulty in finding the Keeley Institute; there might have been difficulty in finding the village if Doctor Keeley had never lived there. The crowd of

men at the dirty little station was quiet, earnest and respectable. If I had had any doubts as to their connection with the place, they would have been set at rest by the Bi-chloride of Gold Club button or pin, which nine out of ten wore with as much pride as if it had been a military decoration, won after long years of hard service in the field.

I arrived at the village at a quarter to twelve, in the morning, and it looked to me as if the train was emptying itself at this point. The passengers appeared to be made up of delegates from the three clubs in Chicago, which then had fifteen hundred members, and are now much larger, and from clubs at Joliet and other points. There was a refreshing camaraderie among these men, and all acted like schoolboys home for the holidays.

I was feeling rather lonely in that jolly crowd, where every one knew every one but myself, when I asked a man to point me to the best hotel. To my surprise, he placed both hands on my shoulders, gave me an affectionate shake, called me by name, and shouted out with Western heartiness:

"Don't say you've forgotten me, Major!"

I had certainly forgotten him, for to the best of my knowledge and belief I had never before set eyes on this tall, big-voiced man, whose iron-grey beard poured down on his broad breast like a cataract. He was Colonel G., of southern Illinois, whom I had not seen since he doffed the blue of the Republic and donned the garb of the private citizen, nearly twenty-seven years before. He, too, wore a club button beside his Grand Army badge, and I am quite sure he regarded it with more pleasure, if not with more pride.

The Colonel at once became my guide, and escorted me to the Livingston House, a fine brick building, now

crowded with patients and delegates. After luncheon I was taken out to see "the sights of the place." The first sight worthy of note was a massive brick and terra-cotta structure adjoining the hotel, along the front of which was the legend, in letters that could be seen a half mile away: "The Leslie E. Keeley Co." On the right wing of the building was the word "Laboratory" and on the left "Offices," while the date, "1891," over the double arches of the imposing entrance showed that this building, while Doctor Keeley's discovery is twelve years old, is but little older than the world's discovery of Doctor Keeley.

The next building I was taken to is known among the patients as "the shot tower." It was a public hall at one time, but it is now where the hypodermic treatment is administered, four times a day, to from six hundred to one thousand men. What is called a "jab" in the East is a "shot" out here. In the hall adjoining the one where the patients are treated, I met the secretary and committee who were managing the Convention.

I handed in my credentials, and then found that there were delegates present from Washington, California, Colorado, Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York, something surprising, when we consider that the first Bi-chloride of Gold Club, started at Dwight, was as yet only ten months old.

Mr. Kehoe, the secretary, is an old journalist, though a young man, and an ex-member of the Kentucky Legislature. Through him I was introduced to many of the delegates; and, as in the East, I found them to be a superior body of men, most of them "graduates" of the Mother Institute, and all of them as intensely earnest in the purpose of their coming, as if the organization of

clubs to spread the light to the unfortunate were the one purpose of their lives. I, of course, expected to find less reserve and more rush among these Western hustlers than I was accustomed to in the older State which I represented, but I was entirely unprepared for the enthusiasm of these men, many of whom had been cured of the liquor or opium disease years before.

The object of the Convention was to form a National Association of Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs, to elect officers, adopt rules and regulations, and decide on a scheme that would keep the "graduates" in touch after reaching home, and at the same time to provide for such deserving men as could not meet the expense. Already these clubs, notably the three in Chicago and the one in Pittsburgh, had sent scores of inebriates to Dwight and other points for treatment, and in many cases the money so advanced has been paid back to be used again for others.

The enthusiasm of these "Keeleyites" was so contagious that I found myself, although never charged with being emotional, falling in with their brilliant schemes for the sobering up of the world, and the hastening of that day when drunkenness shall be unknown, and narcotics unheard of, outside of a temperate medical profession.

I did not meet or see Doctor Keeley till after the organization of the convention that evening, when he appeared in the hall to welcome the delegates, many of them old friends, and all of them intense admirers, but in every group his name was on every lip. The references to him were so much akin to idolatry that I must confess to feeling somewhat shocked, and yet, judging from the scores of wonderful rescues that had come under my own observation, this was not to be wondered at. A few men, no matter how earnest or grateful, can be calm, but the emotions of a crowd are easily excited. A mob and a

camp meeting, though unlike in their purpose, have much in common.

Nor was this regard for Doctor Keeley confined to the grateful men he had cured. I found the train men and the people with whom I talked in Chicago, as loud in their praises and as ardent in their admiration.

This feeling was well expressed by the celebrated Western lawyer and orator, Luther Laflin Mills, who, on introducing Doctor Keeley to an audience at the Auditorium, assembled to honor him, on the invitation of the Press Club of Chicago, said:

Beneath this magnificent fabric of human architecture, this great city's place of culture and delight, men and women gather, led by the voice of music and the hand of art. Here they listen with rapt attention to the golden words of the orator. Sweet singers here transmute the air into ecstasies. Poets make the hours a passing dream. The social amenities bid frequent welcome. It is the worthy home of esthetics. It is a city's proud place of welcome and delight. The great men of the great States assemble here to choose their leaders and to make plans of politics affecting the material welfare of a nation, and patriotic orators appeal to the sentiment of country.

To-night this coming together is not attracted by music, or art, or politics, but by something nobler than any of them. This meeting of men and women proclaims the enthusiasm of humanity and the conviction that the interests of society are broader than the social amenities. It is an appreciation by the people of the world's greatest evil and of a remedy designed to remove it.

From Noah's age to our own, the curse of drunkenness has shadowed humanity. It has been a cloud against the sun. It is the world's greatest evil; time's greatest problem. In spite of everything it still exists, the one defiant enemy of mankind—the outlaw of the human race. The hand of philanthropy, the laws of the States, and the edicts of rulers have been raised against it, but the enemy and the curse remain, threatening the individual with ruin, the family with demoralization, and jeopardizing the state.

Therefore, when a student of life and of science comes after

long years of study to raise a bright flame of hope, no wonder that hearts leap forth in hope and joy to welcome and applaud him. Yet the enthusiasm and applause for Dr. Keeley's work come from a deeper source than from any mere popularity of the hour. Ten thousand men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, once victims of a dread disease, but now its victors, are the argument and appeal for his work. One hundred thousand happy women and children who have felt the blessings of his work form the basis for its recognition.

The skeptic may doubt and the cynic criticize. The fact remains unchanged. To those who doubt we present those who know; to the skeptic, those who were lost but are found again; and to the traducer the myriad of glad firesides that proclaim their tearful gratitude. Dr. Keeley's discovery is no longer a theory. It has proven itself. Its inspiration is in saving men; its march is goodness and charity, and its banner the salvation of mankind. It is too secure for criticism to endanger. It makes the cured man a humanitarian. It restores him; once a burden, now a blessing; once a beneficiary, now a philanthropist.

Under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago I now have the honor to introduce to you the student of science whose work has already assured him a place among the great students of time, who has placed hope where there was despair, and has brought joy to the place where trouble sat at the hearthstone—the benefactor of his race, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley.

CHAPTER XXI.

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY.

The fact that the 300 delegates, present from 50 clubs scattered all over the country, came to Dwight at their own expense, some of them travelling across the continent, was to me the best test of their great sincerity. The work of organization in the afternoon indicated an ability that would have been a credit to Congress, nor were there wanting men who had made a name at the bar, in Congress, in State Senates, and in all the learned pro-

fessions, the ministry included. This large body of men, re-enforced by the 800 patients under treatment at Dwight, and the many women who had accompanied husbands or sons, tested to the utmost the capacity of the hall.

Although honored with appointments on several committees, I did not lose sight of the main object of my coming. After the evening meeting had been opened with prayer, Doctor Keeley was announced. After what I had heard and seen during the day, I was not surprised at the wild enthusiasm with which he was received. I did not jump on a chair and shout and wave my hat for some minutes, as did the others, but looked carefully at the Doctor, and this is what I saw:

A man nearly six feet in height, well-proportioned and full formed, clad in a black business suit, and with the easy manner of a professor of natural sciences about to address his class. The face and form told of vigor of mind and body, and there was that slight stoop of the shoulders which we associate with men of studious habits. The iron-grey hair, thinning out on the top of his head, and the steady bluish-grey eyes, told that in his younger days—he now looked to be about fifty-five—Doctor Keeley's complexion was light, or what is known as a semi-blond. The chin, and the large, firm mouth covered with a gray moustache, gave the lower part of the face a strong and decidedly aggressive appearance. The nose is straight, positive, and well set in the center of a face that has in it a suggestion of the Celtic soldier and the German professor. The eyes are particularly attractive. They indicate patience and kindness, and, taken in connection with the mouth, a tenacity of purpose that in a coarser nature would assume the form of fierce aggressiveness, or unreasoning stubbornness. Temper, and a strong combative one, he certainly has, but there is also

evident that kindness of heart that invariably accompanies such a disposition.

Doctor Keeley's head is above the average in size; it is high and deep, oval rather than round and indicates a large brain capacity. At first glance it looks strikingly like the head of Sir Walter Scott as seen from the front, but the frontal lobes are more prominent than those shown in the best pictures of the "Wizard of the North." It is the head of a man with superior reasoning powers and unusual tenacity of purpose. His imagination is of a high order, and even when discussing his favorite subject from a scientific standpoint, he introduces quotations and figures of speech that show a broad familiarity with literature, and a retentive memory for the gems of our greatest poets.

When I had come to this conclusion, I expected that Doctor Keeley's manner as a speaker would be forceful and inclined to be declamatory, but I was mistaken. The professor, indicated in his appearance, was still more manifested in his address. His voice was well-modulated, clear and entirely distinct, and never hurried or raised above a conversational tone.

A stranger dropping into the hall at Dwight that evening, knowing nothing of Doctor Keeley's antecedents or the purpose of the meeting, would have set him down as a remarkable man, and if told that he had been for nearly a quarter of a century a resident of this little prairie town, he would have doubted the statement, nor believed that the Doctor had not been an active worker in a broader field until the facts were placed before him. This is what Doctor Keeley said:

Gentlemen of the Bi-choride of Gold Clubs, Ladies and Gentle-
men:

In a moment's conversation with a member of the Chicago Club before entering this room, he spoke of this Convention as

being an extraordinary occasion. It was not a political meeting, nor yet was it a religious one. It was something that more nearly touched the hearts of the people of America, particularly so the women and children, than anything else thus far known in the past eighteen hundred years. He therefore asked that the meeting be opened with prayer, which was done.

Without being what is called a Christian, I must say that I am as much a believer in special Providences as was Stanley in the heart of Africa, or our own Dr. Kane among the mountains of ice in the Arctic. I often asked myself why should the knowledge of this cure come to an obscure man in an obscure town, if it were not a special Providence. This, however, is only one of the reasons I have for believing in special Providences. In this discovery I think there has come a ray of light into the world that has illumined it in its darkest corners. Drunkenness has been considered a crime; it has been considered a vice, or, to speak it mildly, a disgrace. I say here to-night that it is neither a crime, a vice, nor a disgrace. Certainly you would not class any of the germ diseases, such as typhoid fever, diphtheria or scarlet fever as a disgrace, and inebriety is as much of a disease as are any of the germ diseases.

Drunkenness is a disease caused by the poison of alcohol. Other poisons cause other diseases, but only the poison of alcohol can cause the disease of inebriety. To deny, therefore, that alcohol is a poison is to deny that any disease can be caused by any poison. The drinking of alcoholic liquors produces the disease of inebriety in proportion to the quantity of alcohol drunk. Is the disease produced by alcohol curable? I think we may safely assume this from the number of those present with us to-night who can give confirmatory evidence of the fact.

Is inebriety hereditary? I claim that it is not. I further claim that there is no transmissible disease known by permission of the doctors as hereditary, which is curable by medicine. Alcoholism is curable by medicine. If alcoholism is hereditary why should not the daughters, as well as the sons of the family, be so afflicted? Why not every child belonging to drunken parents be equally afflicted? Per contra, we know of many children of drunken parents who cannot even bear the smell of alcoholic liquors, much less the taste; who, in a word, are antipathetic to everything alcoholic, from cider to brandy.

You will all remember that in the middle ages the intellect of humanity was obscured by the gross ignorance which then pre-

valled. There were but few avenues in life open to the man of genius and ability. Painting and sculpture were regarded by the great masses as master-calls. Fame and renown could only be won by the chisel or the brush. Chemistry was given over to charlatans and known as alchemy, while the noble science of medicine held a contemptible place. War and diplomacy offered attractions which were eagerly sought for, but the higher forms of intellectuality, and the nobler schools of thought, reaching out beyond the teachings of previous ages, were, like unknown and uncared for. Hidden secrets remained hidden; undiscovered treasure lay untouched in its resting place, and the race plodded on in the worn tracks of the centuries, groping its way slowly and painfully toward the light of reason and knowledge.

Alcoholism, advantaged by this deplorable condition of affairs, held high carnival, and, fastening its terrible fangs upon the human family with remorseless grip, left the fearful impress upon every generation of that era. In a word, the world was drunk—the entire European world was in a state of inebriety. Therefore if drunkenness were hereditary we would have been a world of gibbering idiots, incapable of taking care of our selves. Drunkenness is not hereditary. A man may be born with a neurosis, as the product of ancestral drinking, which would incline him, after getting a taste of alcohol, to become a user of alcoholic liquors, and in accordance with the quantity drunk, to become a drunkard. Or he might become an opium user from some phase of this neurosis that demands a narcotic. He might go to cigarettes, cocaine or chloral and be equally satisfied. I think your verdict will be from what you know of this disease, and from personal experience otherwise, that it is not hereditary but acquired by cultivation.

Here the doctor described a well-defined case of dipsomania or periodical drunkenness. He spoke of a man on a bed, sick from the effects of a debauch; a man intoxicated and narcotized to stupefaction. The family doctor is called in, and, after much nursing, the man is brought back to consciousness. This is done by aiding the system to eliminate its surplus alcohol. The stomach takes command of the condition as captain, with the diaphragm as its chief executive—the brain being wholly incapacitated by the narcotic effects of alcohol. The stomach rejects and ejects the surplus alcohol: the diaphragm urges the lungs to greater action, and with every expiration it sends

forth its medium of alcohol. The excretory ducts are put into motion, and after some hours, with the surplus alcohol thrown off, the brain and other functions resume their normality and the 'victim' of the debauch is once again restored to business, friends and sobriety.

The first week he is strong, the second week he is stronger, the third week he is still strong—satisfied that he will never drink again. The latter part of the fourth week is reached—then comes a bad night. He wakes in the morning with a feeling known as a malaise or restlessness. He does not feel well; he is urged to go to a doctor, but he is irritable and refuses. Three days of this sort of feeling, growing worse with time, brings him back again to liquor. In fact, it is as necessary that he should drink as that he should breathe to live.

With the commencement of every debauch the stomach has a work to do—namely, that of minimizing or condensing the alcoholic product for the nervous system. This new element, which may be known as a paraldehydric essence, becomes a third force. The catalytic operation of the stomach may be likened to a ship coaling for a trip across the ocean. When the bunkers are filled the ship leaves the docks. As it proceeds upon its journey the coal is used up. It has just enough of supply to last the journey, and when it reaches its destination it must be re-coaled for the return trip. The nervous system has just supply enough of this paraldehydric essence to last four weeks, if that is the interval of the period, at the end of which time a man finds alcohol as much a necessity as atmosphere is in the aeration of the blood. Hence it is no disgrace to drink, for the reason that a man must drink if he can at all procure liquor. After the disease is established and the man is shut off from liquor for any cause, there is what is called an alcoholic impression.

For instance: A man may be caught immediately after a burglary or a murder in a drunken condition. He is manacled, taken to jail, tried, committed and condemned to five years in the penitentiary, all within a short time. There is no time, perhaps, from the moment of his arrest until the moment the prison doors close upon him that he does not feel a want and a desire for liquor. Five years later, when the prison doors open again for his egress, with eight dollars in his pocket and a new suit of clothes upon his back, that alcoholic impression is as strong upon him as it was the morning after his arrest. The first

place he will make for is a saloon, and he will get drunk. When arrested for drunkenness he will make any excuse but the proper one as to why he got drunk. That man is diseased and remains as much diseased as he was when he committed the crime for which he was punished. As a consequence, he will go back to liquor and his old habits, and we will again find him in the penitentiary after the lapse of a few months or years.

In proof of this so-called alcoholic impression the doctor illustrated by telling of the innocent boy called up from the front row by a juggler to receive a dime. It placed in the palm of his hand and crushed down by the thumb of the juggler into the soft tissues. The impression is left there, and after the boy has closed his hand he believes the dime is still in the palm. Upon opening his hand, however, he finds it is gone. The juggler, of course, in removing his thumb had also removed the dime which was stuck to the thumb with wax.

In further illustration of this alcoholic impression the doctor spoke of many men in the past who had voluntarily quit liquor for years, but it was always a continuous struggle to keep from it. In confirmation of this he asked all of those in the room who had gone through this ordeal, with this result, to rise in their seats. In a moment nearly half the Convention were upon their feet.

After the evening session was over, I was introduced to Doctor Keeley. Of course, I was prepared to like him, but this apart, his easy manners, his Lincoln-like aptitude for illustrating a point with a droll story, and his refreshing earnestness and modesty, quite won me.

I left the Doctor that night satisfied that he, like the rest of us, had been formed largely by his environment. If, after he left the army, he had gone to live in Chicago instead of Dwight, while he might have found more subjects to experiment on, he would not have had the time at his disposal, nor the conditions that made possible, that long and careful study that resulted in such a brilliant discovery.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CONVENTION OF KEELEY GRADUATES.

There was a great deal of speaking at the Convention, but in the main it was speaking of a high order, for the words came from full hearts, and there was that earnestness that stands for eloquence, even where the rules of rhetoric are set at defiance. But there was working as well as speaking, and that this work is destined to tell for good on the future of the Republic, and of every land under the sun, I feel firmly convinced, for an organization was perfected that has before it possibilities in the way of practical temperance that have hitherto been regarded as dreams by the most earnest workers.

As I am writing for the information of people who as yet know only of Doctor Keeley as a name that in some indefinite way has become prominent, I shall briefly outline the work of this Convention, so as to give a more correct idea of what is being done and the things it is hoped to accomplish.

It was eminently fitting that Mr. Samuel S. Moore, of Pittsburgh, late partner of Andrew Carnegie, and the organizer of the first club at Dwight, should preside over the Convention. For the future guidance of the National organization, a Constitution and By-laws were adopted.

During the debate that followed the articles in the Constitution excluding from membership all who dealt in alcohol as a beverage, Mr. James Cooper, a working-man from Chicago, delivered an address that voiced the feelings of nearly every man in the convention: He said:

Yesterday I was approached by a delegate representing the club of Colorado, who told me that he came instructed to in-

roduce a resolution to strike out of the Constitution a section prohibiting the admission of saloon-keepers and dealers in liquor as members of the Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs. Since then, I have been approached by several, many of whom are personal friends, and asked not to oppose the proposition. I speak, Mr. Chairman, without consultation with any member of the delegation from Chicago, and, therefore, do not represent the views of any club or member thereof, so far as I know, but in opposing the motion I represent my wife, my children, and my self-respect. No man who has been under treatment at Dwight, but has witnessed daily the degradation caused by whiskey. If he goes home after treatment determined to continue in the whiskey business, has he any right, would it be consistent in us, to admit him to fellowship in the Bi-chloride of Gold organization?

We have been told upon the floor of this hall that many saloon-keepers were noble, warm-hearted fellows, and that they have contributed in different sections of the country largely of their means to send persons to Dwight. The fact of the matter is, they have sent us all to Dwight, and, so far as I know, no saloon-keeper as yet has contributed any part in payment of the indebtedness contracted by me at Dwight for my treatment. I take issue with any gentleman who is willing, on the floor of this Convention or elsewhere, to advocate the belief that saloon-keepers are noble fellows,—warm-hearted, generous. I must, from a bitter experience, take decidedly the opposite position. I divide saloon-keepers into three classes:

First, the fellow who will sell anybody whiskey, no matter how drunk, so long as he has the necessary ten cents to pay for it.

Second, the fellow who is a thief, and sells what he knows to be adulterated stuff, with one view in mind, that is the robbery of his customer.

Third, the one who is too cowardly to steal, and has not ability enough to make a living in any other business, and is ashamed of the business he is in, and ready to resent anything said with reference to it that has the semblance of truth and is a just criticism on the unholy business he is engaged in. This last class sometimes give their conscience fund a chance by contributing money to send men down to Dwight, as an atonement for the outrageous wrongs done the poor victim's family. They are not entitled to be called generous fellows. They are cowards, who shudder at their own acts and who, ostrich-like, would like to hide their heads in the sand.

Vote this one time the way your wives, your mothers, and your sweethearts would advise you to vote. Don't vote to make an equal socially of the man who has done so much to degrade and humiliate all those who are near and dear to you. The man who sells whiskey should have no standing in a community of sober men, earnest men, men who are striving to save others to-day from the fate they so lately escaped.

Strike out of the Constitution the section under discussion, and you kill at that one blow every Bi-chloride of Gold Club in the city of Chicago. The inconsistency of the proposition is, in my opinion, so apparent that it will be snowed down when the vote is taken. I am not yet ready to believe that the gentlemen on the floor of this Convention, who have come from all sections of the United States (one gentlemen even coming from Cuba), spending their own money and time to attend this Convention, are here in the interest of making the whiskey business more respectable. My remarks may be, and perhaps are, offensive—that is to the class of gentlemen in the liquor business, who claim their business to be legitimate. Of one thing I can rest assured, and that is when I return home, the women who have felt the humiliation and shame caused by the gentlemen of the toddy-sticks will stand by me, and so long as I have the women on my side of the question I am ready to fight organized whiskey, wherever it shows its head.

The officers elected by the Convention are as follows:

President—Samuel E. Moore, Pittsburg, Pa.
First Vice-President—William S. Arnold, Dwight, Ill.
Second Vice-President—Frank P. Clark, Kansas City, Mo.
Executive Committee—William M. Burris, Mo.; John J. Flynn, Chicago; D. V. Youngblood, Ill.; Waller Young, Mo.; D. G. Wooten, Tex.; J. M. Kelly, Pa.; Alfred R. Calhoun, N. Y.; S. A. McLean, Mich.; James E. Merritt, Minn.; W. G. Richardson, Kan.; Edward F. Mullen, Cal.

I need not add that they are reputable men, or that they are ready at all times to advise those desiring information as to the Keeley treatment, and to help those honest people who feel the need of the cure without being entirely able to stand the expense.

For the purpose of establishing, in the near future, State organizations in this country and similar organiza-

tions abroad, the following gentlemen, all of whom have taken the Keeley treatment for stimulants or narcotics, were appointed an advisory committee:

Alabama.....	D. V. Sevier, Russellville.
Arizona.....	G. Harold Mansfield, Tucson.
Arkansas.....	John L. Hendrick, Fort Smith.
California.....	M. P. Watkins, Oakland.
Canada.....	W. L. Weatherby, Toronto.
Colorado.....	Chas. T. Wilson, Denver.
Connecticut.....	J. T. Pratt, Hartford.
Florida.....	Frank Clark, Bartow.
Georgia.....	J. T. Whitehead, Gainesville.
Idaho.....	F. Cooper, Idaho City.
Illinois.....	Howard Smith, Bloomington.
Indiana.....	E. J. Broderick, La Fayette.
Indian Ter.....	D. B. Whitlaw, Eufaula.
Iowa.....	D. B. Lyon, Des Moines.
Kansas.....	J. A. Wallace, Wichita.
Kentucky.....	J. W. Baxter, Owenton.
Louisiana.....	John W. Adams, New Orleans.
Maine.....	Wm. C. Thompson, Woodford.
Massachusetts.....	Jos. V. Torrey, Newton.
Maryland.....	Francis P. Ward, Emmetsburg.
Michigan.....	S. A. McLean, Bay City.
Minnesota.....	Freeman P. Lane, Minneapolis.
Mississippi.....	Edgar A. Stacy, Maxine.
Missouri.....	Wm. M. Burris, Liberty.
Montana.....	Chas. Jordan, Great Falls.
Nebraska.....	Fred. A. Nash, Omaha.
New Hampshire.....	Geo. H. Perham, Nashua.
New Jersey.....	Chas. E. Clark, Montclair.
New Mexico.....	W. R. Blodgett, Eddy.
New York.....	Dr. J. Van Dervoort, Mt. Vernon.
North Carolina.....	Dr. I. N. Carr, Tarboro.
North Dakota.....	F. Francis, Grand Forks.
Ohio.....	John E. Hopley, Bucyrus.
Oklahoma Ter.....	Neal W. Evans, Fort Reno.
Pennsylvania.....	W. S. Thomas, Pittsburgh.
Rhode Island.....	Martin V. Brady, Providence.
South Carolina.....	Rowland Alston, Charleston.
South Dakota.....	L. DeWitt, Sioux Falls.

Tennessee..... S. S. Love, Suburba.
 Texas..... S. Tullinferro, Houston.
 Utah..... A. O. Smoot, Jr., Provo.
 Vermont..... Geo. D. Odell, Brattleboro.
 Virginia..... Wm. M. Bigger, Richmond.
 Washington..... W. L. Vischer, Seattle.
 Washington, D. C..... Jas. T. Harin, 207 C St., S. E.
 West Virginia..... John S. Hamilton, Fairmont.
 Wisconsin..... Geo. Ziegler, Milwaukee.
 Nova Scotia..... Thos. R. Batling, Liverpool.
 England—J. M. T. May, 43 Queens Gate Garden, London.
 Cuba—C. W. Smith, care Spanish American Union Co., Santiago
 de Cuba.
 New South Wales—Capt. W. Vickar Jacob, Rose Bay, Sidney,
 N. S. W.

On the night of Wednesday, the 16th, when the Convention had finished its labors, Doctor Keeley again addressed the meeting. He said:

Gentlemen of the Associated Keeley Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs: I am called upon to-night, at the close of your session, to congratulate you upon work well done. I do not think a more important Convention has been held at any time or place in the history of the United States than the one I now address. You stand to-night the strongest body of men for your numbers, not only upon this continent, but on the face of the globe. You represent all classes, conditions and callings. The pulpit, the bench and the bar have their representatives here. The commercial world, as well as the farmer and the mechanic, is also with us. In fact, your representation to-night is as broad as the necessities of man. It was a small beginning eight months ago that to-night produces this grand result, and that beginning was backed by the prayers of the mothers, wives and daughters of the world. This movement is something grand to contemplate. You are brought together by an unselfish desire to aid your fellow-men. No selfish motive could have prompted this uprising and outpouring of "man's humanity to man."

You are here under the eyes of the newspaper world, who will approve or criticise your action. These papers predicted wrangling and controversy and dispute. I am truly happy to state that there has been none. The Convention has been conducted in a spirit of fairness, justice and brotherly love, and as

you go to your homes with memories and the hopes that are born here to-night, because of your association with this Convention and with this work, it will make you better men. It will make you better satisfied with yourselves, better able to deal with God's unfortunates who may be thrown in your way, and who need your sympathy, your kindness and your support. God has blessed your work and He will continue to bless it. I thank you, gentlemen, and bid you good-night and good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEGINNING OF THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.

Doctor Keeley is a native of New York State, and his father and grandfather were physicians, so that his is a case that illustrates an hereditary tendency. He graduated at the Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1861, and entered the army as a medical cadet, and after serving through the war, the greater part of the time with the rank of Major, he settled down to practice near his present home. From his childhood he had an intense interest in inebriety, the interest that a youthful naturalist has in beetles and other creeping things. "Drunken men fascinated me as a boy," he said one evening to the writer, "and it was a keener satisfaction for me to stand by and study him than it was for the average lad to go to the circus."

Here, assuredly, was a case in which the child was the father of the man. Curiously enough, he never had the least desire to experiment on himself; for, while he knows what the taste of liquor is, he never drank two ounces in his life. After the war, he gave all the time he could spare from a laborious country practice on the monotonous Grand Prairie, to the study of his favorite subject, for his discovery was not an inspiration, nor had he such a

due to follow as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gave to Doctor Jenner.

Even during the war, Doctor Keeley studied inebrity, practically, as other doctors studied surgery, and his experience convinced him more and more that "it was a disease and not a vice." Having come to this conclusion, he set about discovering a medicine and a form of treatment that would be a specific for the disease. After eighteen years of patient investigation, he found that the double chloride of gold and sodium was the thing he was in search of, but he already knew that this was a most dangerous agent to handle. Having arrived at this stage in his investigations, he says: "I then wrote to at least five hundred of the most prominent physicians in the world, asking them as a favor to give me their knowledge of its action. To five hundred letters sent out I received about four hundred replies. The double chloride of gold and sodium was not in general use. It was both dangerous and expensive, and hence was not used in prescriptions. Later on, by the aid of an Irish physician who was an enthusiastic chemist, I discovered an eliminant for the excess of gold in the system; then was my discovery truly born. Since that time at least fifteen thousand people have been cured by the double chloride of gold and sodium, of which not more than five per cent. have relapsed through the twelve years of my special practice. How to overcome this unfortunate five per cent. I cannot now tell, but I hope to overcome it in the future."

In speaking of the clamor about not making public his formulae that has been raised by some of the newspapers, and many of his professional brethren, Doctor Keeley has this to say:

This reminds me of the same clamor which forced Dr. Koch prematurely to disclose his lymph formulae for consumption. That disclosure killed one of the greatest benefactions to humankind since the Christian era. Koch, like Saul, King of Israel, stood head and shoulders (in intellect) above all medical savants of the present century. When it was announced that he had made a discovery that would lessen the terrible evil of consumption, the medical world bowed in acknowledgment. Physicians hastened from every part of the globe to Berlin. It was proclaimed that the formulae would not be made known, but the lymph would be sold. The explanation given was that the lymph was on trial and therefore not considered perfect. Then it was that the papers all over Europe, as well as the doctors, began to cry "quack," "humbug," "fraud." He was accused of keeping back the secret of his formulae to enrich himself and his government. At this, the young Emperor was called upon to interfere and forced a disclosure. This made of Berlin a manufacturing center for the lymph. Everybody made it, with or without a formulae, and imitations were sold and used. Failure and death followed.

Koch was held responsible; Koch was denounced, condemned, cursed by some, and ridiculed by others. His was pronounced another fiasco like that of Brown-Sequard. Harassed, worried and heart-broken, with no chance to defend himself, Dr. Koch retired from the field, and to-day he lives in obscurity, stripped of honors and emoluments, at his country house in Berlin. Thus the world has lost, through premature disclosure, one of the greatest benefactions ever offered to it. To-day, the same lymph as he made it up is being used in many of the hospitals of the world with the success that he promised for it; but Koch is not known in it. My warning has come through the fate of Dr. Koch. I will not disclose my formulae. It was given me in trust for the wives, mothers and daughters of America, and I will keep it for them.

In 1880 the Leslie E. Keeley Company was formed at Dwight. It it composed of the Doctor, his brother-in-law, Major Curtis S. Judd, who is Secretary and Treasurer, and Professor John R. Oughton, the able chemist and Vice-President. In an address delivered before the Bi-chloride of Gold Clubs of Chicago, during the absence

of Doctor Keeley in Europe in the summer of 1891, Major Judd gave the following interesting facts:

The organization at Dwight has never changed. Dr. Keeley and myself and Mr. Oughren, as the chemist, were the original members of the company. We started out, when all of our friends said: "You are fools. You cannot make public opinion; you cannot change the tide of medical education; it is impossible, and you cannot turn around and treat these people by any sanitarium method outside of the established medical rules." Well, it was a pretty hard road to climb, but I knew Dr. Keeley years before, and I had a great deal of faith in his judgment and knowledge of human nature. I know him as a physician before the war, and I was under the belief that he was right; but it was a good many years before we got any one else but ourselves to believe there was anything in it.

We have done a great deal of charity work which the public knows nothing about. Dr. Keeley has devoted his entire time since he first organized or first established the company at Dwight to just these specialties. He thinks of nothing else and does nothing else. If he has an hour's time left it is used to read up and study everything now in medical science. Alcoholism has been his life study.

The business of Dwight is conducted entirely upon his own methods and what he thinks is best, and it is successful. His recreation trip to Europe has been anticipated for six months, but it was about as much of a surprise to us as to any one of his acquaintances that he ever left us; it was the most difficult thing to manage, and he wasn't ready any more the day he started than he was four months before, and it was just a relief to us when we knew he had stepped on the train to leave. It was a rest that he had richly earned, and he needed it.

He wanted to go, and it was a question how he could leave the hundreds of patients behind him. He was apprehensive that inebriates would not come to Dwight during his absence. For himself he did not care, but he did not want the work of curing men to lag in his absence, for any man who "graduates" and is rescued from his fallen estate rejoices the good old doctor's heart. From the first twenty-four hours he had gone the number of patients increased, and it has increased ever since. We have not told him this, and I hope none of the cable messages have reached him about it. We want to give him a pleasant

surprise on his return. But there is no man that can fully take his place. There is, but one Keeley, and there never may be another after he is gone.

And his personal magnetism has a great deal to do with the government and control and the pleasure and satisfaction of the patient. I can see that every day. No other man can take his place and exercise the same degree of moral influence. The patients all want to see him and talk with him. They want a personal visit from him. The three months' vacation will do him a great deal of good, for the demand upon his time and intellect for information upon dipsomania and its cure is enormous. He has devoted his whole heart and whole time of his business to it, and certainly after his experience with 5000 cases he ought to be competent to formulate reliable information upon the efficacy of his treatment of alcoholism.

I don't know that I can say anything particularly more about the matter than most of you know. You have been to Dwight and have seen it all, and it is only by a personal observation there that a man can fully realize what I have talked about, and what occurs there. It never can be put on paper. A man must witness and experience the real methods of the treatment at Dwight, and in a week's time he knows more than any one can ever write in correspondence. Seeing is believing. The evidence of the senses is the best proof.

For ten years Doctor Keeley and his two associates went on with the work, making no display, doing no patent medicine advertising, but curing all the inebriates who came to Dwight, and these were chiefly employees of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, of which Doctor Keeley has been for many years the surgeon.

The first man to call attention in the public press to what Doctor Keeley had done and was prepared to do, was Mr. Robert Harris, editor of the "Missouri Valley Times," of Iowa. Mr. Harris had contracted the disease in the drug stores of prohibition Iowa, and five years ago he chanced to hear of the marvels done at Dwight and hastened thither. In a manly way he related his experience, as he has done many times since, but at first his accounts were regarded as "a wild Western story."

Two years ago, the Hon. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago "Tribune," and well known throughout the continent for his energy and high ability, heard of the cures at Dwight, and determined to test them, not on himself, but on a number of the most confirmed inebriates to be found in Chicago. It need not be said that he did not have to search very long for a supply. He waited patiently, and kept his purpose to himself. Had those special patients failed, Mr. Medill was prepared to denounce as a humbug the pretences of the man at Dwight. But, to his delight, the men were cured. That was two years ago, and they have remained cured ever since. Then the editor of the "Tribune" threw open the columns of his paper and told what he knew. Other papers followed Mr. Medill's example, and so one morning Doctor Keeley, like Lord Byron, "woke up and found himself famous."

Is it to be wondered at that the world heard with amazing incredulity that inebriety and opiumania were as curable as ague? Or should we be surprised, in view of the blessings that are promised, that a majority still stand back doubting and waiting for the tests of time? But 15,000 cured at Institutes and the 1,200 a month being cured, added to the 35,000 who have taken the "home treatment," are fast convincing a doubting world that a remedy for drunkenness has come.

The possibilities to be achieved by this remedy are so wonderful and are destined to have such an effect on civilization, that in the near future States must look to it as a means to be adopted where the degradation of jails has so ignominiously failed. Without abating their present agencies for the prevention of intemperance, the churches and temperance societies must adopt measures for the cure of those who are so stricken with the disease as to be beyond the influence of moral suasion.

It is argued that the Leslie E. Keeley Company is making a great fortune out of the afflictions of humanity. It certainly is getting a good deal of money that would otherwise go to the liquor dealers. I have not talked with a man who has taken the treatment, who does not wish they were making a thousand times more. "It is better the Institutes should get rich selling health, than that the rum mills should get our money selling death," said a quiet Southern man at Dwight. "But the fortunes being made by the Institutes are not so great as many imagine, not nearly so great as it might be if the company were more mercenary. The fortune that the Leslie E. Keeley Company has won or may hereafter win can never equal the immense revenues of some of the home and foreign manufacturers of proprietary medicines. It is insignificant compared with the winnings of our great brewing and distilling syndicates; and it is as a mole-hill to a mountain compared with the vast sums taken over the bars every year in any of our cities of the second class.

If the Edison Company can make millions out of inventions in which but a small proportion of humanity is interested, we say it is deserved, and laud the great inventor. If the Astors have an income of millions from rentals, we applaud the shrewdness of the founder of the family, who saw the inevitable rise in real estate, which he bought for a song by the acre and which is now held at a fortune for a lot. If another controls the transportation of half the continent, we look over the means by which success was achieved and whisper the rich man's name with admiring awe. Why, then, should we whimper at the winnings of a competency by a company whose mission is good? Is fortune commendable only when it is gained by doubtful methods? Shall the man who sells the poison grow fat, while the man with the antidote starves?

But this is a commercial view of the case, which I had not planned to consider. The policy of the company? in retaining its secret, I shall refer to again. Of my own knowledge I know of many deeds of charity done by all the Institutes, and doubtless there are hundreds of others, but it would be in bad taste and worse policy to trumpet them from the steeple tops. There are people, however, who do not and will not speak of the success of the Leslie E. Keeley Company, except to delight in it, and those are the tens of thousands of men and women who have been restored to health and hope through Doctor Keeley's discovery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT THE CLERGY SAY.

When in 1798 Doctor Jenner went to London to communicate his discovery to the medical profession, his reception was disheartening in the extreme. Not only did the doctors refuse to make a trial of his process, but the discoverer was accused of an attempt to "bestialize" his species by introducing into their system diseased matter from the cow's udder. But the opposition of the doctors was faint compared with the denunciations of the clergy. The pulpits of London, and those of the provinces, rang with indignant protests against what were called "the diabolical and degrading efforts of Dr. Jenner to subvert the laws of God to the degradation of man." Monstrous charges against the character of Jenner were hinted at in the press, and anonymous correspondents heaped upon him the bitterest reproaches; but he knew he was right, and went ahead, confident that the world would one day come to his way of thinking.

Compared with the difficulties that confronted Jenner, the opposition to Doctor Keeley has not been blighting. Yet it has been sufficiently severe, from this professional brethren and the clergy, to daunt a manless sure of his ground or with less moral courage. The preacher and the professional temperance orator heard of curing inebriety by means of medicines, at first with doubt and then with indignation. As drunkenness was sin to these moral reformers, they regarded as profanity any attempt to cure it by physical agencies. To their narrow vision it was as absurd as an attempt to cure mendacity by a hypodermic injection of Epsom salts. And then some of them, no doubt, felt that if inebriety was amenable to medicine, like some other diseases, the foundation on which they had been so securely standing would be cut from under their feet, and the old arguments and oratorical flights must be laid aside and drunkenness as rhetorical stimulant pass from their control. But the clergy of this day are larger men than were those who fulminated against Jenner, in that they stand upon a higher plane, and do not regard the vanguard of science as the picket line of the devil.

After the first shock, there were clergymen who turned to Dwight in the hope of finding there an ally and not a foe. Foremost among these clear-headed, big-hearted men is the Rev. F. M. Bristol, of Chicago. In an address recently delivered before the Bi-chloride of Gold Club and the Press Club at the Auditorium, Mr. Bristol said:

There is not a cottage so humble in all this land that is not interested, vitally interested, in the subject that brings us together this evening. To-morrow, eyes accustomed to tears will read the daily papers to find in the utterances of this man of science some degree of hope, and, thank God, they will find

it. Abraham Lincoln once said, "All rational men are agreed that intemperance is the greatest evil that afflicts humanity."

Upon that we are all agreed, and a remedy for it is the only question. I have stated before that an ounce of cure is worth a pound of prevention at a certain stage. We want something practical. We want a cure. I believe in theories, but they are like eggs—good things if they hatch before spoiling. There are many temperance theories spilling from age. Our consciences have been trying to hatch something from nothing. It is to be expected that this discovery should be met with opposition.

I have been to Dwight, but not for treatment. If I had I would not be ashamed of it, no more than I would be ashamed to wear the badge of the G. A. R. The Bi-Chloride of Gold Club aims well. It wants the poorest man in the land to have the benefit of this discovery. Let some of the philanthropic men of Chicago come forward and help these men to reach this home of cure. Let those interested in the temperance cause come forward. The press leads the pulp. Let me say to the press, We are all following on, and by and by we will catch up with you; by and by the politicians will catch up with you, and by and by, also, the Women's Christian Temperance Union will catch up with you. I don't believe in there being a conflict between Dr. Keeley and the Washingtonian Home. I know of many saved by the latter, some saved by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and I believe all can act together for the eradication of a great evil.

Some say this formulae of Dr. Keeley has no gold in it except for Dr. Keeley. Oh, yes; there is gold in it for the sufferer of years; there is gold in it for the heart-sick wife, the pleading, innocent children, and there is gold in it for our civilization.

Would it not be more reasonable for those who talk about the gold Dr. Keeley is making to first go and contemplate the gold the great brewers and distillers of this country are gathering in, and ask themselves this question: "How much good does their gold do the suffering ones of our land?"

I feel glad and thankful that this great remedy will not be made public. If it was given to the public to-night, the largest saloon and richest saloon in Chicago would have a "Keeley Annex" to-morrow morning in which they would sober up their poor victims only that they could make them drunk again. No, the world does not want this great blessing blasted by any such

step. Common sense people care not how much Dr. Keeley receives. That is not the question. The great question of the day and hour is: Will the cure work? Not in heaven, but in Chicago. Not on the morning of the millennium, but now. This Keeley cure is a shot that has gone all around the world. It was a shot that encircled the earth and proclaimed another revolution—a revolution that settles the liquor habit through science. An intelligent son of Japan came to me the other day and asked me all about this great cure. He had heard of it and wanted to learn all he could, so that he could send the news back to his fair Japan where the blight of the curse has been felt. I believe in ethics, but a great deal more in the science of medicine. Ethics never yet cured any one of a disease. I want the poorest man in the world to receive this blessing, and I think God the poorest is just as good as the richest at Dwight.

For centuries earnest prayers have gone up to God that He would send deliverance from this awful curse, and who shall say God has not raised up this His human instrument in answer to those prayers? No man should declare that God could not cure him. God has provided a way for him to be cured. Be grateful to your Heavenly Father for having placed an agency within your reach. I endorse with all my heart this grand remedy. I cannot doubt it.

On the 21st of April, 1892, Doctor Talmage went to Dwight to study the treatment for himself, and to see with his own eyes the wonders then being wrought. In an address before the Bi-chloride of Gold Club, he said this among other things:

Gentlemen:—It is a great happiness for me to be here to-day. I had no idea of making any address to you. I came rather to listen, to hear what you had to say in regard to this most wonderful discovery of the century, and to see something for myself more fully of that of which I see something almost every day for in my church in Brooklyn, there are sitting before me Sabbath by Sabbath men who once were under the perdition of strong drink, and now are clothed and in their right mind, and when I say, "What has been your history?" they say, "We were restored through the Keeley cure." (Applause.) And I have thought to myself what a poor commentary on human nature it is that every sort of reform must go through the ordeal of caricature, misrepresentation, defamation and outrage. It has

always been so; it always will be so. For John Bunyan, a dun-geon; for Daniel, a lion's den; for Shadrach, a furnace; for Victor Hugo, exile; for Paul the Apostle, beholding; for Christ, a cross. How can any man or woman now proposing a great good for the improvement of the world, and making happier human condition—I say, how can any man or woman expect to get through without assault? Any institution started with a spirit of mercy will live! (Applause.) No power on earth or in hell can put it down! (Applause.) All assault will finally result in its advancement, according to the promise in an old classic which some of us very much admire—that classic which says, "All things work together for good."

Gentlemen, I am mightily impressed by what I have seen to-day. I am mightily impressed with this whole Keeley cure. I believe it has just begun its work in comparison with that which will follow—which it will yet achieve, and there will not be a neighborhood in the United States, or in the world, that will not be finally blessed by it.

Do you know how I first became especially interested in this whole subject? I took up a newspaper on Friday afternoon and I saw that a distinguished man, a very talented man, who was said to have been cured by this discovery, had fallen, and had died of delirium tremens in one of the hospitals in New York. I saw right under it an attack on the whole system, because this man had fallen; the whole thing pronounced a humbug. My attention had somehow never been especially called to this Dr. Keeley's cure, but when I saw that I said: "What a very unfair thing that is—to condemn a whole system because one man falls in it." Why, where would Christianity be? By such a test as that it would die, would be dropped in five minutes. Hundreds and thousands of men who belong to the church have fallen. Is that anything against the church? No! and if 50 per cent., if 75 per cent. under this cure went back, and only 25 per cent. were saved, such a discovery and such a cure that would save 25 per cent. from out the hundred ought to be extolled throughout all the earth and all the heavens.

Now, the question all the time coming up is, "The grace of God." If you are going to have this cure by medical and scientific process, don't you do discredit to the grace of God that is the most absurd thing I ever heard of in my life. This world has so many troubles, so many struggles, it wants all the help it can get, human and Divine. We want the grace of God,

and we want medicine, and we want science, and we want surgery, and we want the Keeley cure!

Now, there is no man who owes more to the grace of God than I do, and while I live on earth, and throughout all the ages of heaven, I propose to celebrate it; but there are certain things that the grace of God does not propose to do. There are certain things which surgery will never do, that medical science has never done, and will never do.

Now there have been hundreds of men saved from the thrall-dom of strong drink by the grace of God. I give you a thrilling incident which came under my own observation one Sunday night in Brooklyn.

There was a man at the close of the service about three pews from the front. The most of the audience had dispersed and this man was weeping. My sympathies, of course, as a man, were aroused, and I went down to him and laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "My friend, what can I do for you? You seem to be in some kind of trouble."

"Ah!" he said, "If there's a man on God's earth in worse trouble than I am I'm sorry for him!" I said to him, "Why, what's the matter?" "Ah! I'm a victim of strong drink." "Who are you? What is your name?" "I dare not give you my name. You would know it right away. You would recognize that I stood in the front ranks of church and state. I have a beautiful wife and four lovely children, and I have ruined them all by drink. You can do me no good; nothing can do me any good."

"Ah!" I said, "my brother, that is no way for you to talk. Come right into this room and let us pray for you." In the said room were half a dozen men who knew how to pray and a man who knows how to pray, knows how to lay hold on the arm of the omnipotent God. So we prayed for that man, that he might be delivered from thralldom; there was no circumlocution about it; we prayed right to the point. After we got through we went out into the street and went into a drug store. I said, "Doctor, here's a man in a good deal of trouble. Can you give him anything that will help him without intoxicating liquor in it?" "I can, sir; I can." I ought to have said this trouble was paroxysmal with him. He said, "I was coming down the Hudson River railroad yesterday, and I thought I had just about got rid of this awful trouble, when a man seated by me had a bottle in his hand—a bottle of strong drink—and he asked me to take some of it and

It seemed to me that the red tongue of the liquor was thrust up through the cork, and it said, "Take me! Take me!"—and I rushed out on the platform, and I thought I would jump off, but the train was going at the rate of forty miles an hour, and I did not. Oh! you can do me no good! You can do me no good!" Well, we prayed with him while the doctor prepared a bottle of medicine. He put it in his pocket, and I said, "Now, doctor, how long will this last him?" "About three weeks," "Put up some more." We went out and stood under a gaslight. Some of you may know Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Then I said to him, "My brother, put your trust in God; and when these paroxysms or this thirst comes take some of this medicine and you will come out all right. Good-bye!" "Ah," said some of my friends, "you will never hear of him again." There is a great deal of infidelity in the Church and quite a lot out of it. People don't believe in anything. "You will never see him again." "I will see him—I will see him." In a few weeks I got a letter, saying, "Here are the \$2 you paid for that medicine and you will see by the papers I send you from Boston that I am preaching in Tremont Temple on intemperance, and, moreover, I have not had to take any of that medicine." There is the man. Well, I told that to my friends. "Oh," they said, "that is only for a little while." Years passed on and I often had real good friends say to me, "You have not heard from that man?" "No." "Well, you never will."

I was at Acton, Ind., about twenty miles from Indianapolis; some of you know that place; they have great meetings there every summer. I was at one of the meetings to preach. I remember the circumstances very well, as they were very much impressed upon me. Among others, Governor Hendricks, who was afterwards Vice-President of the United States—I remember hearing he was somewhere around—and as I sat on the platform I said, "Where is Governor Hendricks?" and a man put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I am here," and at the close of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said: "Did you ever see me before?" "Never," said I, "that I know of." "Don't you remember that man who was in great trouble a few years ago and you took him into the side room and prayed with him, and then went up on Fulton Street and got a couple of bottles of medicine and \$2 was sent to you afterwards?" "Oh, yes," I said, "are you the man?" "Yes, I am the man," he said. "I

have not had the temptation to strong drink since then. I have been redeemed by the grace of God and I have received signatures to the temperance pledge of about 20,000 men."

The grace of God did that! Never let the time come in my history when I cease to extol the grace of God; but there are other men who need something besides that. Dr. Keeley struck the key when he said: "This evil is a disease." (Applause.)

I have now in my mind a young man who had broken his father's heart, his mother's heart—as splendid a young fellow as there is in this land to-day; fine cerebral development, fine education. As lovely a mother as has any man in all the earth. He was bolstered up and he fell, and put in the inebriate asylums and he fell, and everything tried with him possible. He became a converted man and joined the Church. Don't let any one scoff and say he was not a Christian. He was as much a Christian as any one in this house, but this awful habit drew him down and down, and there seemed to be no cure; and after a while I said: "Where is So and So?" and they said: "He is trying the Keeley cure," and to make a long story short, he is redeemed and as fine a man in business as there is in New York. The Keeley cure saved him, and nothing else under Heaven would. So I extol the grace of God and at the same time. I extol this great scientific discovery. There is no resisting it—we cannot talk it down—it will become triumphant and be recognized in all the land, and all the lands of earth. It has on it the mark of the approval of the Lord God Almighty. That is my opinion, and I wish you all to be of good cheer.

I had no idea of saying a word this afternoon, but I must not detain you, for I see you are all standing, like myself. I have only to say that the world is waiting for you when you shall return from your season of rest here; but the brightest days are to come for you, the brightest days for this land. I am somewhat of an optimist by nature and by grace. I do not believe things are going to smash; they are going on to salvation, and the desert is going to crimson like the rose. I hail you this afternoon with all words of good cheer.

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,

Though thy path be dark as night.

There's a star to guide the humble—

Trust in God and do the right.

(Applause.)

In Chicago, which is only a few hours' run from Dwight and where the clergymen can see what is going on at that point, and note the cure of so many fellow citizens, we should expect to find the Church taking an active interest in Doctor Keeley's discovery, and giving their best efforts to the cause. Indeed, there could be no stronger indorsement than that of the pastors on the ground.

The Rev. William T. Meloy, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church of Chicago, told his congregation recently that he had just come from Dwight, whither he had taken a confirmed drunkard, remaining with him till his cure was assured. Continuing he said:

I am not here to-night to pass judgment on the discovery of Dr. Keeley, but rather to give you a few facts and ask you to determine for yourselves as to its merits. It was after dark that I reached Dwight one night on what they term there the "Jag train." As I approached the hall it seemed as though a congregation of men had just been dismissed from a church meeting. There was no loud talk, no lightness of demeanor. Six hundred men were coming from the hall where they had been receiving treatment. Among them were men from all professions and probably every State in the Union and many lands beyond the seas. There is no prison to the place. These men come and go at will. Women, too, are there receiving private treatment for alcoholism and the opium habit. Parents are there with their children; wives with their husbands; while many are there alone. In less than three days the fearful appetite is gone, as many of them affirm, never to return again, and they speak of it with as much joy as you would expect to hear from slaves whose fetters had been stricken off, never to be replaced. Their emotions have the deep flow of a new religion, which they go gladly forth to impart to others. The scene in the hall was an impressive one. Precisely at 8 o'clock 600 men filed silently in. Upon approaching the attendant physicians each man bared his left arm and received the hypodermic application. I looked into their faces as they passed. Marks of dissipation were visible, but there was also the evidence of intelligence and manhood

and power not to be denied. Every eye was kindled with hope. Every face was radiant with the new-formed purpose. Resolution marked every step.

It is too late to ask whether these men are not deceived. If this be a delusion, then it is the happiest delusion man has ever known! It is not for the world to cry "fraud" because Dr. Keeley does not give his secret to the world. It may be necessary for the good of men that for a time the new method shall be in the hands only of those who are skilled in its use.

Will the cure last? Is it permanent? These questions are often asked and often answered unwisely. We do not demand this as a test for any other cure. The same cause may lead to the same results again, but does it follow that you have not been cured? No man can ever be so thoroughly cured that he dare trifle with the enemy. There will never be a time in life when he will be free from temptation, when he will not be exposed to discourse.

The Rev. Charles L. Morgan, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, and one of the best known Episcopal clergymen of Illinois, recently told his congregation this:

People who come back from Dwight say that it is a most remarkable place, where unbounded joy is witnessed on all sides, joy because of emancipation from a terrible appetite. About 700 men are there, and many of them gather at the depot when trains arrive to welcome new comers and encourage them to try the wonderful cure. All kinds of men are there; men of wealth, men in rags, men whose faces show traces of culture and refinement, and men whose every appearance indicates that they have lived most of their lives in the gutter. But they all meet on a common level and try a common remedy for a common obliquity. Many of them have lost honor, character, ability for carrying on the business of life, home, wife, and children. Dr. Keeley offers them emancipation from the evil spirit, alcohol, that has robbed them of all these blessings. There is no other cure for the drunkard comparable with this.

Christ has offered humanity a cure for universal sin of body and soul, a cure with which, as Dr. Keeley's bi-chloride of gold none other is comparable. Men have tried to stop sinning by their own powers of self-restraint, just as the drunkard stops drinking by his own will-power. One soon breaks his pledge,

the other, as likely as not, is reeling in the streets the next day after making his inviolable resolution. There are exceptional cases of drunkards, like Gough, who have reformed by making a pledge and by the grace of God keeping it, but there are no cases and can be none where the elimination of sin has been or can be effected by one's own will. Christ is the only salvation.

The Rev. Charles Stoneman, of Kentucky, wrote to me on this subject, as follows:

I can but regard any system of medicine or law that turns away my brother from his cups, as an efficient help in the advancement and elevation of the race. Science should not be and is not the foe, but the handmaid of religion. It can never be an enemy, for the God of nature is the God of grace; and the Father who directs the mind of the chemist in discovering the helpful in nature, is the same Father who speaks to us through the Old Testament and through the evangel of our Master. The Church cannot long remain indifferent to that which may be helpful to men. Every clergyman should be able to say from his heart: "I am a man and deem nothing human foreign to myself."

It is due the clergymen of the country to say that they have, as a body, acted with the greatest prudence in the matter of the Keeley discoveries. While a few preachers, shocked no doubt at the thought of excluding drunkenness from the category of sins, have followed the example set by their prototypes of a century ago in the case of Dr. Jenner, those who have not had an opportunity to investigate have waited for the evidence before giving a decision. But those who could visit Dwight or other Institutes, or who of their own knowledge knew of the efficacy of the Keeley cures, have been eloquently outspoken in their approval, and they have been the means of helping to health many an inebriate who must have continued in the depths without them.

That the churches can and will help this cause there is no doubt. In many places, but notably at White Plains, N. Y., the clergy, irrespective of denomination, have

spoken from the pulpit in approval of the Keeley treatment, and have formed Relief Associations under State laws to help men financially who are not able to help themselves. That this is true Christianity cannot be denied, and the ultimate good to be accomplished along these lines by the churches is incalculable.

The charge made by the malicious, or unthinking, that no matter how much money is collected by benevolence for this purpose, it must eventually reach the pockets of the Institute managers, is untrue. I might urge that it is better to use money making men sober and healthy than confirming their inebriety, but I shall not repeat that argument. Of my own knowledge, Mr. Persons, manager of the Institute at White Plains, and the gentlemen—as noble men as I ever met—in charge of the other Institutes of New York State, have shown a disposition to meet the Relief Associations more than half way, and apart from this they are daily doing a good of which the world knows and will know nothing.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW THE DOCTORS REGARD IT.

Since I began my investigation of the Keeley discovery, I have talked about it with scores of doctors, but the only ones who shook their heads and hinted at fraud were those who had not studied the subject, or did not stand in need of the treatment.

There are at present one hundred and thirteen doctors connected with the Keeley Institutes in the United States, and of this number about one hundred have taken the treatment for alcohol or opium and been cured.

No matter what Doctor Keeley's professional brethren may say to their patients about the remedy, they are firm believers in it if they stand in need of the treatment themselves, as the records of the Institutes will conclusively prove.

The facility with which a man, without any preliminary training but a common school education, can become a doctor in many of our States, has done much to bring the profession into contempt and to keep down the population. It is the men of this class who affect to laugh away what they are unable to comprehend.

A doctor who has made a fortune out of an Inebriate Home near New York City, when spoken to about the Keeley discovery became indignant, or affected to be, for he saw a rival in the field, and said: "I cure fifty per cent. of my patients, who can do better than that?" Mr. Charles Norton, of Brooklyn, who had been a patient at this home, says: "At the Fort Hamilton Home, all who do not return for further treatment are counted as cured, but to my certain knowledge the men who do not come back are in other Homes, are more confirmed in their inebriety than ever, or have been carried to the grave. After twenty years' experience with drink, I can honestly say that I never saw a man cured, absolutely—not one—outside a Keeley Institute."

The earnestness of the following address of Doctor W. H. Weld, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, delivered before the Dwight Club on the eve of his departure for home in September, '91, a cured man, I give without any attempt at editing, confident that its intense earnestness and honesty will more than compensate for whatever defects due to haste it may have.

Mr. President and Brothers: I call you brothers because from the bottom of my heart I feel towards every one here a brother-

ly affection and interest. One can hardly feel differently, I think, after being for over four weeks in close companionship with a crowd of such generous, large-hearted, and noble men. I leave you to go out and battle with the world, to be tempted time and again but to rise from such temptation, I am confident, better and stronger.

Now, as my time and attention for the last fifteen years has been devoted to drinking whiskey, and, while I could probably speak intelligently upon that subject, I very much doubt if I could in any degree instruct you, for you all know all about it, you have all been there or you would not be here. Drunkards differ only in degree. Some get drunker than others and pass through more horrible experiences, but all get a taste of it in a greater or less degree. It is the old, old story oft repeated of broken-hearted mothers and fathers, wives, sisters, and brothers, and sorrowing friends. Is there a man in this room who does not look back with mental anguish to many long years of weeping and waiting that he has made the lot of all that were dearest and best to him?

I understand there are many here who are under assumed names, and who do not wish their identity to become known. My God! (and I say it in reverence), are you ashamed of becoming sober men; are you ashamed to say to the world that you have had the manliness and courage to face the devil and bent him at his own game; are you ashamed to tell the world that you have done the only truly and praiseworthy thing that you have done through years of debauchery? Poor mistaken man. I proclaim the glad tidings from the house-tops, that other poor suffering and despairing brothers may taste of the elixir of life. Be yourselves the instrument of making other homes as happy as you have made your own. Allow yourselves the exquisite pleasure of having the blessings of wives and mothers showered upon your head.

I am about to leave, and my only happiness in so doing is one of anticipation. I leave you in sorrow, but with that sorrow there is an undercurrent of joy when I think that on my return home I will not see the mother's careworn and sorrowful face that I left, but a face illumined with God-given happiness almost angelic in its intensity. You are all going to the same happy homes, thank God. Think of it! One month ago 350 unhappy and miserable homes, over which hung like a funeral pall the

shadow of King Alcohol. To-day 350 homes wherein the bright sunshine of a new born joy is shining and the black curtains of despair are forever drawn aside, revealing the grand and beautiful personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Says the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican" of a recent date:

Dr. A. R. Rice, a physician of repute and 30 years' standing in this city, went to Dwight, Ill., last week Wednesday to investigate the Keeley cure for alcoholism. He left Springfield very skeptical as to the merits of the much-talked-of bi-chloride of gold remedy, but he returned to his home Tuesday an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of the Dwight doctor's treatment. Dr. Rice is a member of the Massachusetts medical society, but he does not denounce Dr. Keeley as a charlatan because he has not made public the secret of his remedy for the benefit of the whole profession, as he ought to have done long ago according to strict medical ethics. The naked fact is that hundreds of confirmed drunkards seem to be cured by the Keeley treatment every month, according to the facts told to a Republican reporter by Dr. Rice.

Men from all ranks of society are rushing to this Illinois town to be cured of their thirst for strong drink. A lot of New Yorkers of high social position started the other day. A prominent New England railroad man left Dwight cured just as Dr. Rice reached there. A celebrated Italian tenor, and one of the millionaire family of Crocker from San Francisco have also spent profitably three weeks at Dwight this summer. Another patient of recent date hails from Glasgow, Scotland, and the other day a man from Eastport, Me., shook hands with one from San Francisco as they stood up to take their treatment.

Said Dr. Rice to a prominent lawyer of western New York, as he was leaving the Dwight Institute: "What has this thing done for you?" "It enables me to go home to my wife and children with sober eyes for the first time in 15 years." Here is a case nearer home: Last April, a well-known manufacturer of the Connecticut valley sent a nephew out there. He started from New York drunk, as he had been most of the time for two or three years, and he returned the first week in May, a perfectly sober man. This cured inebriate has experienced not the slightest thirst for strong drink since then, and to-day he is earning

\$3,000 a year as the manager of a manufacturing concern. The uncle of this man is said to have exclaimed: "When I see that bright, intelligent fellow as he appears to-day, and contrast him with the miserable sot of a few months ago I say, 'God bless Dr. Keeley.'" The facts seem to be overwhelmingly in favor of the Keeley treatment, says Dr. Rice. The company at Dwight keep track of every man who leaves their Institute, and their records show that of those who have been away one year 98 per cent. remain secure from any desire to touch liquor again. There are men all over the country who are ready to swear that Dr. Keeley's treatment has completely cured them of their craving for alcoholic stimulants.

With the judicial conservatism that distinguishes the true student, the leading physicians of the United States have abstained from expressing any opinion as to the merits of the Keeley treatment for alcohol and morphine till they had time to study its effects. As the clergy and press near Doctor Keeley's home have set an example of approval to the pulpits and the press of the whole country, it is fitting that the medical profession should look to Chicago for its approval or condemnation of the Keeley discovery.

After waiting for nearly two years since it first called attention to the wonders being wrought at Dwight, the Chicago "Tribune" wrote to a number of leading physicians, asking their opinion, and the following are a few of the answers received:

Dr. J. K. Bauduy, LL.D., Professor of Psychology, Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System in the medical department of the University of Missouri, writes as follows:

"It has been my good fortune for several years to be thoroughly, intimately conversant with Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's cure of the opium and liquor habits. I consider its success marvelous—more so than any words are adequate to express. I have sent the doctor not less than 100 patients in whom I was personally interested. They have gone to him physical and moral wrecks, and in a few short weeks have returned in vigorous health, and perfectly cured, with not the slightest proclivity or the least crav-

ing for their former vicious indulgences. Most of them remained permanently cured, and if a few relapsed it was only through a perverseness and devilishness perfectly inexcusable. As a physician of thirty years' experience I characterize as malicious, absurd, and utterly untrue the statements that the doctor's methods ever produce the slightest ill effects. This fact, however, is too well substantiated and generally known to thousands of individuals from all classes of society that the doctor has cured, and to too many honest and grateful hearts to need any special refutation."

Dr. S. K. Crawford, late Professor of Surgical Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, and an old army surgeon, writes as follows:

"Having made a careful and special study of the employment of Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's remedy in the treatment of inebriety and the opium and tobacco diseases, I have no hesitancy in testifying to its reliability and efficacy. I am fully convinced that this is the only trustworthy remedy that has yet been employed in these diseases. A very careful review of the record of the 50,000 cases treated in the parent Institute at Dwight alone, and a critical study of the thousand cases undergoing treatment there now, noting their progress indiscriminately, notwithstanding the various nervous diseases, both hereditary and acquired, that present themselves, I no longer hesitate to give the treatment my unqualified indorsement."

Dr. Oscar C. De Wolf, well known in Chicago as the Commissioner of Health for many years, and who is at present a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is enthusiastic over the results achieved by the Keeley methods and writes to "The Tribune" as follows:

"Five years since I occasionally met individuals who had visited Dwight for treatment, and who claimed to be entirely cured of the desire for alcohol. They were simply objects of curiosity to me; similar claims were made by other methods and they had proved ephemeral. I doubted the permanency of the Keeley treatment. In time many graduates of Dwight came to my notice; nearly every manufacturing establishment and large business office in the city had some employee that had been cured. The press began to notice the fact, and I felt impelled to investigate. I visited Dwight last autumn, where I found 658 men under treatment. There were more than 100

women, but I did not see them. I talked with many patients and knew their history. It was a stupendous fact that these men—representing not only some of the brightest men in all the lines of professional and political life, but also the worthless and degraded outcasts gathered from 60,000,000 of our population—were all clothed and in their right mind, happy and hopeful of recovery. I saw no evidence of harm from treatment, and to this day, although I have carefully sought for it, I have never seen one patient from Dwight that had not been benefited by this treatment. I mean by this vitality and physical vigor had been increased, and in well-doing and well-being the individual had risen in the scale of manhood. I have heard of lapses, but I have not met them. I need not individualize. There are hundreds of examples all about me of men who, from worthless sots, have become useful citizens, and I believe that Dr. Keeley will stand in history as among the few great benefactors of his race."

Dr. Romaine J. Curtiss, the surgeon of the Illinois Steel Company, surgeon in charge at St. Joseph's Hospital of Joliet, formerly Health Commissioner of that city, and formerly Professor of Pathology, Hygiene, and Bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, writes at length to "The Tribune," among his statements being the following:

"I have been acquainted with Dr. L. E. Keeley's method of treatment of inebriety and the remarkable cures he has performed ever since he began the specialty of treating this and kindred diseases. During this time I have been a resident of Joliet, Ill., within forty miles of Dwight, and have had all the opportunities an observer could wish for accurately observing and studying his methods and results.

"I have no interest in Dr. Keeley's business; I have not been treated as a patient, nor am I using his remedy as a physician, my business and practice being surgery.

"I have visited Dwight several times during the last few years. I have seen the large numbers of people who were his patients under treatment. I have been made familiar with the statistics of cure. I have read the criticisms made by eminent medical men on the cure. I have studied the subject from its pathological standpoint, and am personally acquainted with 100 men from my own city and vicinity, many of whom I sent to Dr. Keeley myself, who are cured and who remain cured, several of them of five years standing.

"I have studied carefully the cases I have had under observation who have been treated and cured by Dr. Keeley. I could give very accurate statistics relating to details. Some of these were drunkards for ten and twenty years—they were diseased, broken down, morally, physically, and mentally. They went to Dwight and returned transformed after three weeks. The result was a surprise to all—and particularly a surprise to medical men. It was like seeing a worm spin a cocoon, and after a few days see emerge an insect with its many-colored wings.

"I cannot avoid speaking of these outward social and general appearances in these men, because the transformation from inebriety and all-around degradation to sobriety and manhood in so short a period of time is so very striking. Seeing these things my scientific curiosity was excited, and being well acquainted with Dr. Keeley I think he has particularly favored me with a knowledge of his methods of cure for inebriety. I therefore know that his pathological foundations are built on the solid rock and will stand as long as the primeval granite. There is no error in Dr. Keeley's foundation theories, from the standpoint of pathological science. He regards inebriety as a disease—having its symptoms and having its social and moral relations. He does not attempt a cure by "moral" or "religious" or "social" therapeutics, but in the treatment of this disease he has simply applied the old and tried general principles of cure to disease. The special treatment is, of course, Dr. Keeley's own discovery. The special method is as much his own discovery as the transmission of sound by the telephone was an individual discovery, and the discovery of a person who applied the known principle of electricity to the sound waves and the instrument he named a telephone.

"Dr. Keeley's personal property or personal rights as a discoverer consists in his special pathology or the special nature of the disease of drunkenness. No man before him ever said or ever knew that the disease of alcoholism was a variation in type of nerve cells, caused and caused only by alcohol. No man before him ever said, or thought, or dreamed that any remedy could take away the necessity which exists in alcohol poisoning for the presence periodically of alcohol.

"So far as general results go no criticism of any unfavorable character can be given by the world against Dr. Keeley's discoveries. The small per cent. of apparent failures only prove

the truth of the general rule. The general principles of telephony are true, though an occasional telephone may fail to work. Dr. Keeley's general principles of the cure of inebriety are true, though an occasional drunkard may fail.

"I regard Dr. Keeley's discovery in its medical relation greater than that of inoculation or the use of anaesthetics. Socially it is greater than the abolition of slavery as a moral evil. Keeley's cure will emancipate more and nobler slaves than Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

"In fact, from the scientific and social standpoints, and from the standpoint particularly of political economy, I regard Dr. Keeley's discovery as the crowning glory in human development of the nineteenth century."

If my motive were not to give a reason for the truth that is in me, and if it were not that personally I have no pecuniary interest in any Keeley Institute, I might feel that the presentation of this and the additional evidence I am about to submit, has in it something of the manner of the old proprietary medicine advertisements. But as that manner of presenting evidence, largely of the made-to-order kind, has made fortunes for the venders of worthless nostrums, I shall not hesitate to continue along a path that is worn, if, in so doing I can be the means of leading a sufferer from the depths of disease to the uplands of health.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE TO SAY.

There are at this time in the United States and Canada about 20,000 periodical publications, the greater part of which are daily and weekly newspapers. Among these so important an event as the discovery of a cure for the diseases of inebriety and opiumania, could not long remain unnoticed.

The first rumors from Dwight were vague, and they promised so much that they were regarded in the same light as the gold caves, of whose discovery, in some of our Western mountains, the public are informed from time to time. The news was "too good to be true." I have noticed that people are always more ready to give credence to the news of a calamity than to the story of a blessing.

But it was impossible that such a light should long remain hidden under a bushel. It was a newspaper, the "Chicago Tribune," that made the first thorough investigation of this subject and then gave the result to the world. The "Tribune's" story was at first received with incredulity, and it was only when it became known that the editor, Mr. Medill, was still in charge and at large, that other editors were induced to apply to headquarters for a confirmation of the cures said to have been wrought.

The interest shown by the newspapers aroused the doctors, and last autumn and winter a discussion, in which the clergy took part, started up. The latter were opposed to the thought that inebriety was not a sin, and many doctors, although willing to concede that it was a dis-

ease, just as one hundred and fifty years ago, they believed that smallpox was a disease, stubbornly refused to acknowledge that a cure for this disease had been discovered "by a country doctor."

The doctors found space for their objections in the columns of the New York "Journal of Commerce," and to the objections of this paper, Mr. Medill replied through the "Tribune" as follows:

The New York "Journal of Commerce" discusses editorially the subject of drunkenness and the views expressed in regard to it by four medical men in the "North American Review"—which have been quoted and commented on in "The Tribune." It indorses their testimony without knowing what it is talking about, that the Keeley remedy "is of no avail for the purpose indicated"; and then the "Journal" claims that "drunkenness is not a disease in the usual meaning of that word. It is a crime." It depreciates the treatment of confirmed inebriates as the victims of a malady against which they would struggle in vain unless some remedy or curative process could be discovered as an antidote, and says "nothing pleases a man who has given himself over to excess like the assertion that he is the helpless victim of a disease against which it is of little use for him to struggle." It quotes approvingly the report made by certain physicians in Saxony scouting the idea that drunkenness is the result of dipsomania, and approves the resulting action taken by the authorities in that country in declaring drunkenness to be a crime voluntarily committed, and to be punished like other crimes.

If the drunkard commits a crime, society owes it to itself to discourage by punishment the commission of crimes by others acting under the same stimulus. But that does not interfere with the now well ascertained fact that there is in some constitutions an inordinate craving for intoxicants, which is none the less real and imperative because in many cases it is a result of long continued indulgence. The tissues become used to alcoholic stimulus, and in its absence are afflicted as with a sense of privation of something necessary. In some cases an appeal to the moral nature of the individual may be sufficient to effect a self-denial of the indulgence; but in too many the animal

prevails and the victim feels unable to resist the temptation when the opportunity for gratifying his depraved appetite presents itself.

There is no use in trying to ignore these facts in deference to the notions of those who hold to old-fashioned methods of dealing with the inebriate. One might just as philosophically argue that he is possessed of a devil because two thousand years ago some human ailments were ascribed to diabolical agency.

Nor is there any sense in longer denying the fact that this craving for strong drink, which overcomes the good resolutions of thousands who but for it would be sober members of society, has been successfully cured by the use of the Keeley remedy, sneered and scoffed at by the medical men whose opinions are quoted. The testimonials to its efficacy are too numerous and explicit to be disbelieved. It may not be worth the while of non-medical men to dispute about the meaning of terms, or to even insist that the bi-chloride of gold is the substance which works the cure in the Keeley process for reforming drunkards. The doubters may be answered in some such fashion as the blind man is said in the Gospels to have replied to the carpers who refused to believe that he had been cured of his blindness. He had only one thing to say in response to their criticism and casuistry: "This I know. He hath opened mine eyes." The man had been blind and his sight was restored; that he knew to be a fact. Each one of several thousands who have been treated at Dwight can and do reply in similarly simple fashion: "I may know nothing of the how or wherefore, but I am satisfied of one thing: I used to have an insatiable craving for intoxicants which I could not resist. To me it was an irrepressible longing for alcoholic stimulus, and I felt I could not do without it. That intense craving has been obliterated from my system. I no longer have an appetite for the liquor which before my visit to Dwight seemed absolutely impossible to resist. I am a changed man." In the face of thousands of such testimonials as these, the denials of doctors who have formed an adverse theory on the subject, without ever having visited Dwight, and held to that dogmatically are not worth the paper on which they are written.

The Chicago "Evening Post," in discussing the Keeley remedies, says this, through a staff correspondent:

But, leaving technical science to technical men, it is not improper for a layman to ponder the question, so often asked: Is it not after all—this Keeley cure—an ingenious manifestation of Christian science? Or of the faith cure? Or of hypnotism?

A recent article in an English review afforded material to an Eastern editor for a most instructive and convincing argument to prove that Dr. Keeley was, in effect, a clever hypnotist. There is much to lend plausibility to this theory. Scientific evidence is not wanting of alcoholic patients who have been converted suddenly by hypnotism to a strong and seemingly permanent repugnance to alcoholic liquor. Dr. Keeley is, as we have seen, a person of powerful will and great personal magnetism, which may, after all, be the hypnotic faculty. I can think of only one objection to this ingenious theory, but that appears to be insurmountable. It is that Dr. Keeley comes in personal contact with only a small number of his patients. As a rule his assistants administer the treatment, and they are all registered physicians and nearly all "graduates" of his Institute. In fact, seeing that there are twenty-six branch institutes in as many States and territories, it could not well be otherwise; unless, to be sure, the hypnotic faculty is something which may be transmitted by electric wire or registered post and thus made available, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in considerably more than "two places at once." Even then it would remain to account for the successful operation of the treatment during the four months of last summer, when Dr. Keeley was in Europe and on the sea beyond the reach of post or telegraph.

No, I think the hypnotism theory will not do at all, except to illustrate the futility of evolving theories out of the inner consciousness, in fatuous disregard of easily ascertainable facts. And I have thought even less of the Christian science theory ever since I heard that Dr. Keeley is addicted to most un-Christian profanity. But in this I may have been misinformed. As for the "faith cure," the prime requisite of that form of supernaturalism is, I believe, absolute and unquestioning faith. There is, I regret to say, very little of this sublime trait in Dwight. The patients bring very little of it with them when they land in town. It is not stipulated or encouraged by the physicians at the Institute. Not much of it is carried away. Herein, understand, I distinguish between blind faith and reasonable confidence. On the day before I left Dwight I went at different

times to two of the physicians and said to them in effect: "I am going away to-morrow, but I must confess that I am not aware of any miraculous change. I feel strong, but that is because I have lived a regular life, with plenty of outdoor exercise for four weeks. But I am nervous at the thought of going away. When am I to expect the miracle?" I was much surprised to hear each physician say in substance: "There will be no miracle; we promise none. The nervousness of which you complain is normal and wholesome. It is the past whispering in your ear to be mindful of the future. It will be your safeguard. If you were over-confident we should keep you another week. Proper confidence will come to you after you have left and the physiological changes secured by the treatment have had a chance to assert themselves."

Mr. John Hudspeth, editor of the "Investigation," of Atlanta, Iowa, writes like one personally experienced with his subject:

The patient at Dr. Keeley's suffers, if any, but very little, and this only during the first few days of his treatment. He is not compelled to face that ordeal so terrible to all constant drinkers—the sudden cessation of the use of stimulants; but, in addition to regular treatment, he is given of whiskey to drink until his appetite disappears, which is rarely later than the fifth day. Ere he is aware of it the demon is dead within him; the fierce, burning thirst is gone. Little by little he feels his old self coming back to him. Slumbering ambitions are awakened by the return of health and vigor, the world puts on a look of cheer, and the skies no longer seem made of brass. The flabby, blotted countenance, or the sunken, sallow cheek is gone, and in its place appears the ruddy hue of health, and at the end of three weeks he goes forth a cured man, looking the world in the face, without fear or shame upon his own, and as the full horrors of the past slavery are revealed to him, as he looks with healthy eyes at the awful gauntlet he has run, his heart rises up in a sense of overwhelming gratitude to the man who has pulled him from the pit. In the knowledge that he is healed, feeling beyond doubt that the spell is broken, he goes to his home to gladden, by his transformation, the loving hearts that have so often bled for him. And who may tell of the feelings that

crowd upon him, as he views, upon his return, the glad faces of his wife and children who gaze at him with eyes in which happiness and wonder are strangely mingled.

The writer has conversed with men treated by Dr. Keeley nine and ten years ago, men who had been hopeless souls, but who, since coming from Dwight, had never at any time had the slightest desire for liquor. This is the best evidence that the cures worked by him are permanent and not merely temporary relief.

Dr. Keeley has never been here, but if he should come among us there are wives and mothers here who would crowd about him to offer to him the profoundest gratitude that ever welled from human heart.

And so, in the presence of such a man, one who by research and years of arduous labor has made himself master of the curse of the age, and who holds in his hand a healing balm for the most fearful malady that afflicts mankind, I uncover my head and in the deepest thankfulness and respect I say, long live Dr. Keeley!

The editor of the Salt Lake "Herald" says:

The story of the life of every drinking man is exactly the same. After a long debauch comes a period of sickness and remorse. He makes solemn vows never to drink again. It is a constant struggle, day after day. He keeps to his pledge a day, a week, a month, or a year. Suddenly he falls. He falls with his eyes open. He does not break his vows from "pure cussedness," but simply and solely because he is a victim of a disease which has become more powerful than his will. He has developed an "appetite" for liquor which is stronger than he is. His fall after one of his periods of sobriety can generally be predicted with almost absolute certainty. The faithful wives and friends know to their sorrow when the attack is coming on, though the poor inebriate is unconscious of what is before him. One day, after months of sobriety, he becomes nervous and listless, he complains of dyspepsia, headache, or some trifling ailment. Things go wrong at the office, he speaks a fretful word to the loving ones at home, he cannot read anything requiring thought, he has a feverish desire for novelty, for amusement, for distraction, he cannot keep quiet, and has a strange craving for excitement. He is ignorant of his true condition or deceives himself. His nerves are howling and groaning for alcohol, and

when they can stand it no longer he takes a drink. The nerves are master, he is the slave. After having struggled against the appetite as never man fought on the field of battle, he gives up the fight all at once. Again he reforms and again he falls. Why is it? This has been the question for ages, and the man who has solved the problem of the cause and gone on beyond into the cure itself is Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Dwight, Ill.

The conservative New York "Times," of October 18th, 1891, has this to say:

It is asserted that a cure has been discovered, and that its efficacy has been practically demonstrated. The witnesses in its favor are men who firmly assert their own cure, and in one respect such testimony is justly questionable. Drunkenness degrades. Its victims are despised by their fellow-men. Places of trust are closed to them. Even if they succeed in recovering themselves, they are still distrusted, because they are expected to relapse. Consequently, such men have a strong temptation to assert their own permanent recovery. They would remove the moral stain if they could prove that their drunkenness has been a physical disease and not an originally immoral disposition. They would rehabilitate themselves by establishing a complete cure. They would entitle themselves to renewed confidence if they could satisfy the world that their cure is permanent. They have every reason to bear witness to the perfect efficacy of the remedy to which they profess to owe their restoration to health and respectability. In short, to a very large extent they are interested witnesses.

It does not follow, however, that they are wholly discredited witnesses. Many of them are men who, but for the drink habit, would have held the highest places in the communities in which they live. Not a few of them have held, and still hold, such places in spite of their infirmity. Most of them are men whose testimony on any other subject would be received without hesitation, and there is not a particle of doubt that they themselves thoroughly believe the truth of their present testimony.

What, then, is their testimony? It is that, after treatment by Dr. Keeley, they have been completely cured of the drink disease, so that they have now no inclination to alcohol, but rather an invincible aversion for it. Eight hundred and fifty of

these men, some of whom are men of high station in public and private life, have associated themselves together for the humane purpose of securing the same benefit to other men, and for the further purpose of fraternal watchfulness over each other. Dr. Keeley affirms that his remedy will permanently cure ninety-five out of every hundred of his patients, and the recorded statistics of this society have shown that only six out of its 850 members have relapsed into drunkenness. Moreover, disinterested if not antagonistic observers in Illinois, where Dr. Keeley's principal institution is situated, have admitted that the effects of his treatment are unquestionable, and even Miss Willard, the energetic President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has said that her society, as soon as it has funds enough, will send unfortunates to be treated by Dr. Keeley's method.

Mr. James Gilmer Speed, in an able article on the Keeley treatment in "Harper's Weekly," for October 3rd, 1891, says:

I have talked with several persons who have been treated, and what has been written above I gathered from them. They say that it is not at all necessary for a man to be drinking or under the influence of liquor when the treatment is begun, but that if a new-comer be drunk when he arrives, Dr. Keeley can sober him up in from twelve to thirty-six hours so that he will never want to taste a drop of liquor again as long as he lives. One of the gentlemen to whom I talked had been at the Asylum for Inebriates at Fort Hamilton for ten weeks before he went to Dwight. He had also, he said, been to other places of the same kind, and the only encouragement he ever got was that he himself could cure himself if he would only stop drinking. "The difficulty with that was," he said, "that whenever I began a spree, I never meant to take but one drink to make me feel better. At least that is what I said to myself, though I knew I was lying all the time. Well, after I had been at Dwight for a week and undergoing treatment there came a miserable day—rain, cold winds, and general gloom. I was depressed and blue, and if I had been in New York I should have taken the drink I craved, with the inevitable result of a spree with all its wretchedness and degradation. So I went to see Dr. Keeley, and told him how I felt. He got out a bottle and gave me a

large glass of whiskey. I protested against drinking it, but he persisted, and I swallowed it. He then instructed me to come again in the evening for another drink. Here was a test of the treatment. In my previous condition, and feeling as I did that day, the first drink would have been followed by an almost immediate desire for more liquor; but the afternoon passed away and I had no craving. In the evening Dr. Keeley again handed me the whiskey. I declined, but he again insisted. I really did not want it. I asked for no more, and from that evening till now I have never once felt any longing for liquor." This was from a man who has been known to me for fifteen years, and who in his profession has been a man of mark for a time even longer.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MORE EVIDENCE FROM THE PRESS.

The Springfield, Ill., "Daily State Register," of March 13th, 1892, says:

"The Register," knowing that right here in our beautiful Capital city there are hundreds of victims to strong drink, believes it to be its duty as a public journal to urge all who are afflicted to go at once to Dr. Leslie E. Keeley at Dwight, Ill., and be freed from the curse of their slavery. Here is the story of a well-known citizen who has taken the Keeley treatment. He tells a plain, unvarnished tale, and the "Register" gladly prints it, believing that Dr. Keeley is doing all for humanity, and more too, than he claims.

Says the citizen who was rescued: "In taking the step I did when I turned my face towards Dwight, I have but one cause for regret, and that is, that the step was not taken years ago. Had I done so, there is not a doubt but I would have been better off morally, mentally and physically—would have spared my family many a season of anguish—would have had more friends."

A staff correspondent of the "Le Roy Times," who visited Dwight in the interest of his paper, says at the close of a long article, under date Oct. 7th, 1891:

Anybody visiting Dwight will be taken for a patient, and when the writer started for home he was stopped several times with the inquiries: "All through?" "Graduated?" etc. On the railroad train of the Chicago and Alton an elderly lady, sitting next to the writer, inquired:

"Have I not seen you at Dwight?"

"Possibly."

"Were you under treatment there?"

"Oh, no! Do you think I look as though I ever needed treatment?"

"No, you do not, but we cannot always tell by appearances, you know!"

"But," inquired the writer, "did I not see you in Dwight?"

At this the lady, recognizing the advantage that might be taken of her own method of inquiry, laughed outright and then pleasantly explained that she had come to Dwight with her son-in-law, who was under treatment; that he had been a habitual drunkard and that his wife—her daughter—was almost broken-hearted. During the treatment from the fourth to the eighth day he was quite sick, but all the patients are more or less sick during that period. He was now beginning to feel like his "old self." The woman said that at the boarding-house where she stopped a number of women were being treated privately. The son of an ex-United States Senator whose name is a household word, a prominent Chicago lawyer and several millionaires she had found were under treatment. After an impartial investigation the writer concludes that the expression of one of the patients from Chattanooga, Tenn., who was treated at Dwight a year ago, is about correct. He said: "I consider Dwight the 'court of last resort' for God's unfortunates."

Doctor Slaughter, in conversation with one of the Duluth "Tribune's" editors, says:

"Is Dr. Keeley's system a success? I know personally of hundreds cured. I have known some who foolishly thought their cure so perfect that they have voluntarily tempted themselves, and, of course, were speedily worse than before. I have known many who took the medicine at home and were not cured, but every one of them has told me that it was through no fault of the medicine—that it did the work—but they were afraid it would cure them."

"How does the profession regard Dr. Keeley?"

"As it did Jenner, Hunter, Sims and Koch."

"Did you meet many doctors there?"

"Yes, and they all sustain his position."

"Do you think this treatment will be accepted by the profession?"

"Yes. A year ago they all condemned it. To-day they properly watch results before revolutionizing old tenets, but in a year from now it will be imitated by all who have the time to give to the most exacting of specialties."

"Are you in any way interested in Dr. Keeley?"

"Only as any other patient. The charges to me were the same as to any one else. I have influenced over a dozen to go there and have sent for medicine for many more. Only last night I telegraphed for some for a gentleman."

"Have you tried to find the secret?"

"I have not, as it would be useless. I have, however, tried to profit by the daily clinic there."

Speaking of the Institute at Westfield, the Duluth "Daily Herald," after a description of the beautiful location, says:

As to the class of men who go to Keeley Institutes for treatment, it can only be said it comprises about every class except the gutter element. Men who have reached the lowest round of the ladder financially, socially and morally, are not to be found there. In the first place, they do not want to be cured; in the second place, it is too expensive for them. To particularize more fully, they are ministers, doctors, lawyers, journalists, clerks, bank presidents, railroad officials, "men about town," club men, rich men's sons—in short, "all sorts and conditions of men." They receive three or four weeks of treatment, according to their particular cases, and are discharged as cured.

The editor of the Peoria "Transcript" says: "The Transcript" believes that Dr. Keeley is King over Alcohol, and there can be no doubt that he is filling thousands of once blighted homes with sunshine."

Mr. W. Grant Richardson, late an associate editor of the Omaha "Daily Bee," and himself a "Keeley graduate," is neither afraid nor ashamed to give a reason for

the faith that is in him. In concluding an excellent article in his own paper, he says in manly fashion:

It really seems as if it were almost worth while to have been a drunkard and suffered the drunkard's punishment to know what a glorious thing it is to be sober. To be in possession of the faculties the Lord has given, to feel the healthy blood surge through the veins, and to wake up in the morning with a clear head that needs no "Sonn Juice" to straighten it out. I shall be glad to give any information about Dwight, and do anything in my power to enable parties to communicate with the institution. My address may be learned at room 600, editorial department, "Bee" building.

The editor of the New York Sunday "Mercury" writes:

If a tree is to be known by its fruits the acorn planted at Dwight, which now has sent out its branches into all the States, is beyond all dispute the marvel of the age. For the man who checks and cures intemperance, and thus rolls back from the land the tide of sorrow and sin that follows in the train of inebriety, is the world's benefactor. At the so-called inebriate asylums existing in this State no cure is attempted or intended, but patients are kept from further debauch by bolts and bars, and by months and even years of restraint. There is a ring of these alleged reformers, who meet once a year or so in a mutual admiration convention, talk of methods of restraint, of religion, bromide and straight-jackets and separate to seek a new harvest of despairing boarders for their "homes." If Dr. Keeley is right, the occupation of these medical boarding-house keepers is gone. For at Dwight there are neither bolts, bars nor restraint of any kind. The patient selects the house in which he will live and is as free to move about the town as if he were under treatment for any ordinary trouble. His manhood takes part with the medicine in his cure, and when his manhood is restored as it was before the liquor habit was formed, he is cured. That such results have been achieved in the annihilation of the alcoholic appetite will be welcome news to many a household in this city, and the facts as told are apparently indisputable.

The Bloomington "Eye," published so near to Dwight that it may be said to be on the ground, says:

Like all other great discoverers Dr. Keeley, from the start, has encountered many and various obstacles to him in the prosecu-

Capt. Harris has been a familiar figure in Chattanooga. A man of commanding presence, of education and refinement, with the best blood of the South coursing through his veins, his residence here was but short before he was given just recognition and took a prominent place in the commercial and social life of the city. For years he was the trusted representative of the Armour Packing Company, Arbuckle Coffee Company, and houses of like commercial prominence, doing a general brokerage business, which promised him a fortune. His business was lucrative, his home happy and his friends' limited alone by the extent of his acquaintance. Thus endeth the first chapter.

The second chapter is drink. The demon needs no detail of its work. The picture is painted in every unhappy home where it holds forth.

Capt. Harris proved no exception to the army of unfortunates throughout the world. The fiend over whom the burning tears of widows and orphans have poured, became his master-body and soul.

It's the same old story; why repeat it? Even the patience of a woman gave way, and a few weeks ago the wife and mother asked separation from the husband and father.

It was the climax that staggered the man to his sober senses. Meeting a "Times" man one day following the filing of the bill for divorce, he inquired concerning the Keeley cure about which the "Times" had written so much.

"Have you really confidence in the cure?" he asked. "Have the articles which appeared in the 'Times' been unsolicited, or are they a method which the Keeley Company adopts for advertising?"

He was assured that advertising space alone was for sale in the "Times," and that a hundred years' revenue of the big Institute could not buy a line of undeserved commendation through the paper.

To a man of Capt. Harris' temperament it was difficult to convince that there was a destroying angel for the appetite of drink, but friends at last prevailed upon him to try the cure and he reluctantly yielded, bracing for the ordeal, as he considered it, by going on a spree of unusual length.

Capt. Harris returned from Dwight this week, and the gratitude he has for the friends who insisted upon his going speaks eloquently from his eyes and his happy face.

tion of his cure for drunkenness. The medical profession did not seem to lend a listening ear, and it was some time before success was absolutely obtained. Further experiments and improvements have been made since the original discovery, and now the most careful statistics show that ninety-six per cent. of the patients receiving the treatment are saved from a drunkard's grave.

In speaking of the effects of the treatment, the Pittsburgh, "Commercial Gazette" says:

As soon as the appetite for liquor is destroyed the patient finds himself above par. The medicine he takes holds him up, restores his appetite, tones his nerves to the sleeping point, and puts him in condition to live as nature intended he should; but it is some time before his recuperative powers are fully restored; and if his nervous system has been badly impaired, or any vital organs seriously affected, he may never fully recover.

A great many will never be as excitable, nor as full of vim, nor as effervescent as during their drinking days; nor will they suffer from the depression that followed those periods of excitement, nor feel the want of a stimulant after a period of unusual mental or physical activity.

The "Daily Times," of Chattanooga, Tenn., was at first inclined to regard the "Keeley cure" with suspicion. It was only after a long and careful investigation that it gave in its allegiance, and now stands, with thousands of other progressive journals in the country, an intelligent and fearless preacher of the merits of the discovery. A recent number contains the following:

A brief note addressed to the Clerk and Master yesterday by Mrs. J. W. Harris, of St. Elmo, conveyed a world of meaning, while adding a testimonial worth many times its weight in gold to the remarkable efficacy of the Keeley cure for drunkenness.

The message was a wife's withdrawal of a suit instituted some weeks ago for divorce. It recorded the fact that husband and wife placed implicit faith in the permanent riddance of a disease that threatened the wreck of a home and the breaking asunder of ties the holiest decreed by Providence.

"I am as a man freed from slavery," he said yesterday, and he looked it. "Theories and scientific deductions to the winds," he continued. "I am a cured man. My appetite for drink is lost and I know I will never again find it. The Keeley cure did it. That's my argument against theories of any physician or scientist. I don't know whether the cure is strychnine, ground glass or ozone. I do know I am no longer a drunkard, no longer a slave to the brew that came near taking from me all I love in life, and I know further, Dr. Keeley's cure did it."

Upon his return home Capt. Harris stopped over in Chicago. His graduation from the Keeley Institute was sufficient evidence for the Armour Company that his bibulous habits would not again impair his usefulness and he was re-engaged as their Chattanooga representative.

Yesterday his happiness was completed by the reconciliation with his home, and as he proudly carried the order of Mrs. Harris to the court house he was a true picture of rejuvenated manhood.

Henry R. Ross, over his own signature in the "National Publisher and Printer," a periodical with which he is associated, writes:

Among the patients I met at Dwight was a stalwart young ranchman from Missouri, who, incredible as it may seem, for months previously had been drinking a gallon of whiskey per day. It had been his practice to put a quart of whiskey under his pillow at night. About every hour he would wake up, take a drink, and go to sleep again, and the whiskey would be exhausted by morning. He went to Dwight, took the treatment for five weeks, and left there on the last day of June, fully cured of the drink disease, declaring that he had no more appetite for whiskey than he had the day he was born.

An elderly gentleman in an Eastern city was in the habit of taking seventy-two grains of morphine per day—enough to kill a hundred men! His physicians told him he could not live three days longer. "I tell you I am going to live," he said, and he caused himself to be taken to Dwight. At first Dr. Keeley declined to treat him, asserting that his constitution could not stand it. "Dr. Keeley, you furnish the treatment and I will furnish the constitution," was his reply. His pluck secured his object, and the doctor took him in charge. At the end of six

weeks the gentleman left Dwight, entirely cured of the morphine appetite, his eyes shining like stars, his hand steady and his step firm and elastic. He was one of the proudest and happiest men on earth.

A well-known journalist of Chicago had gradually gone downward, and for ten years or more had literally been in the gutter. All the persuasions and pleadings of his friends were of no avail, and they had given up all hope of his reformation. He would drink whenever he could obtain the means for gratifying his appetite. As a last resort Hon. Joseph Medill, of the "Tribune" (Heaven bless him for his big-heartedness), offered to bear all the gentleman's expenses if he would go to Dwight. The offer was gratefully accepted, and through Mr. Medill's generosity he was equipped with new clothing, etc., and sent to Dwight. He is to-day thoroughly and entirely cured of the horrible appetite, and as he expressed it, is "the happiest man in America."

Hundreds of similar cases could be cited. These are but a part of what I saw for myself.

"The Advance," the leading church paper of the West, is not given to the blind advocacy of new discoveries. After a personal investigation, the editor writes:

The remedy is very active, and in a few days the patient finds that the appetite for liquor is leaving him. The awful thirst becomes a frightful experience of the past. Hope springs anew, life opens toward the morning, again there seems to be something to live for. If a sad-faced wife has accompanied the bleary-eyed, trembling wreck of a husband, she begins to smile and a new light comes into her heart. It is doubtful whether there is any other place in all the country where so many people leave the train in abject misery and take it again in boundless hope, as at this prairie village of Illinois. The cure is usually effected in about three weeks. If the habit returns it must be by original cultivation. Dr. Keeley maintains that his treatment puts the patient back where his first cups found him. If he wants to make a drunkard of himself a second time, he can do it as easily and foolishly as he did the first time, but no more easily. And certainly the testimony of the multitude who have been treated by this new discoverer in pathology is overwhelmingly in favor of his claim.

Colonel Whitehead, of Knoxville, Tenn., in a long interview reported in the "Journal" of that city, says in conclusion—the editor's comments are added:

"The patients are no more restricted than they would be at a pleasure resort or watering place. Every one goes where he pleases. Of course, we were furnished with the rules of the Institute, which are easily and always kept, but if broken a dismissal would be the result. The patients are not allowed to gamble, use profane language or keep late hours. There is a very large club-room where the members meet every morning at 9 A. M. and have music, recitations and short speeches. I have heard some of the most eloquent speeches delivered in that club-room that I have ever listened to. Here, I will give you the farewell address of Hon. Thomas B. Ward, of Illinois, delivered in the club-room after he had been cured there," and Colonel Whitehead produced a paper containing a copy of the eloquent address. "Judge Bruce, who is at present one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, was there being treated when I left Dwight."

"Yes, I am sure I am cured permanently, and when I left Dwight there had been between nine and ten thousand cured there who will testify the same as I do. I have some friends that I am going to do all I can to get to Dwight, for it is the surest and quickest way to make a sober man and happy family."

(It would be a difficult task to describe the change which has apparently come over Colonel Whitehead. Every one who has ever had any dealings whatever with the Colonel, or who knows him only by sight, will remember the kind expression his face always wore. It was a pleasure to gaze upon him, but the effect of his visit and treatment at Dwight has greatly increased that expression, if such a thing is possible. He says he feels like a new man, and indeed he looks it.)

I have by me thousands of papers, published all over the land, and all record the cases of men whom they know to be cured. To give these records in full would require volumes, and I will add that these selected have not been culled, but are taken haphazard from the bundles before me.

Some of the most striking personal experiences I have not space for: they will be found in these papers, as well as in hundreds of others: the "Tribune," "Post," "Herald," and "Inter Ocean," of Chicago; The "Times," "Tribune," "Press," "Herald," and "Recorder," of New York City; The Carthage "Republican"; Rockford, Ill., "Morning Star"; The "Northwestern Mail," of Madison, Wis.; "The Farmer," Bridgeport, Conn.; The "Gazette," Sedalia, Mo.; The "Whig," Quincy, Ill.; The "Springfield Republican," Mass.; and the "Eastern State Journal," White Plains.

So numerous have the "Keeley graduates" become, that they are to-day supporting a number of excellent periodicals, devoted to spreading information about the cure. Prominent among these are "Golden News," published in New York City, and edited by Mr. John Hall Richardson, and "The Banner of Gold," published in Chicago, and edited by Colonel N. A. Reed. Both these gentlemen know, from personal experience, the subject whereof they write.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PATIENTS WHOM I KNOW OR KNOW OF.

I have talked with about 1,500 men who have taken the Keeley treatment for inebriety or the disease induced by morphine; and, with few exceptions, these men, many of whom had not been sober a week at a time for a quarter of a century, were delighted with their rescue, confident that they were cured, and strongly determined to remain so. The few exceptions were men whose constitutions had been so sapped by excess, and their health so ruined,

that they had nothing to look forward to with certainty but the grave.

Knowing as I do the prolonged excesses of many of these men before going to a Keeley Institute, the wonder is not that the remedy should fail in a few cases, but that it should succeed in so many. Doctor Keeley does not pretend to treat patients for any disease outside of those induced by alcohol, narcotics and tobacco, with neurasthenia or nerve exhaustion, so that men who come to him with incipient paresis, enlarged livers, indigestion, and kindred ailments, leave with the primal cause obliterated, and the induced diseases as they were, though even these are gradually relieved by the temperate life that follows the treatment.

It would be an easy matter, if the piling up of evidence were my purpose, to fill many volumes with the voluntary testimony of those who have been cured of inebriety or opiumania at a Keeley Institute. The secretary of the Bi-chloride of Gold Club at Dwight has in his possession about four thousand letters, written by patients after their return home, and all full of gratitude to the man whom they regard as their deliverer, and of hope as to the future. Each one of these letters means not only a man restored to health, but a family—a home—restored to happiness. And after all, it is the wives and children who felt most keenly what they once believed to be the shame of the husband and father, and who therefore feel the most joy at the thought of the change this Modern Miracle has wrought in their lives.

While Dwight has the largest Club in the country, the amazing growth of these clubs, composed of men who have taken the treatment, may be inferred from the fact that there are now eighty established, and more being formed every day, and yet the first Bi-chloride of Gold

Club, that at Dwight, was organized with a few members on the first day of April, 1891.

These clubs do a great deal of good, not only through the moral effect of association, but by their readiness to give information and aid to the many who come to them, suffering from the same old and widespread disease.

I have before me thousands of letters from ex-patients, but after reading them over again, I do not think it would be well to publish what would be regarded as the strongest ones, for so intense are they in their expressions of delight, that the reader, not acquainted with the circumstances under which they were written, might regard them as wild or hysterical.

No matter how secretive and sensitive men may be before taking the Keeley treatment, after their cure they are eager to proclaim their deliverance, and many of them write their experience and the story of their deliverance to the local papers on their return home.

Mr. Ralph J. Jewell, on reaching his home in Adrian, Michigan, in August, 1891, wrote a four-column article to the "Weekly Press" in that city. He says among other things:

"I feel just as young as I used to be," without an ache or pain, and with no desire whatever for a stimulant, and with an appetite that needs no coaxing. Again a man! Again freed from a cursed bondage, so terrible, so revolting, that one shudders as he sees the dark abyss from which he has been rescued! Proclaim it to the world. I'm a free man again! I continue to receive letters from Capt. Baker, rejoicing over his cure. He has just received a letter from Lew Eldredge, who is cured, and now has a fine situation at Council Bluffs, and he is so enthusiastic that I think I could be cured just by reading his letter.

Dr. Keeley can cure any case. He says habit cannot be cured by medicine, but by will power, but he can cure any case of drunkenness, and put the subject in the same condition as though he had never tasted liquor. It is only for the patient

to say if he wishes to be cured. He cannot get into the habit again, unless he deliberately cultivates it, as his desire is all gone, and after a man has gone through the mill once, and has its terrible remembrances, and then wishes to try it again, there is no use in wasting time or medicine on him. Dr. Keeley absolutely refuses to treat a man the second time, except specially unfortunate ones.

The following is told of an early experience at the White Plains Institute:

About the time the White Plains Institute was opened, a representative of a leading New York paper called upon Mr. Persons and interviewed him. As the visitor rose to leave Mr. Persons said:

"As a test of this cure, if your paper will send a man here, no matter if he is pickled in alcohol or saturated with opium, we will cure him."

A month later a mere wreck of humanity presented himself at the door. He bore a letter from the gentleman who had interviewed Mr. Persons.

Poor old "Jud." He was of gentle birth and of far more than average culture, but he had drank to the dregs. Discarded by family and friends, he had reached the very centre of the slough of despair. For months, years, for aught I know, the lowest grogeries were familiar with his presence from early morning till in the small hours of the night, when he reeled to his bunk in a Bowery lodging house, or, lacking the price to pay for that, he had slept in hallways, in station houses and in empty carts. It mattered little to poor Jud.

When this man presented himself at the Institute, he was far gone with consumption. Death was not far off, but Jud was enrolled as a patient. On the tenth day of his stay, he said to Dr. Yanden Burg, and there were tears in his voice as he spoke:

"Doctor, here is the vial of whiskey you gave me four days ago. I have not opened it. I have often carried a bottle of liquor in my pocket as long as I have this one, but not without wanting to drink it. Thank God, I don't want this."

Poor old Jud was cured. He remained at White Plains for a time and earned nearly \$100 in easy work about the Institute. Then he returned to the city. Last October he died of consumption. Physicians told him that the moderate use of

liquor would prolong his days, but he firmly refused it. He was resigned to the inevitable, and just before he died he said: "Tell them that I died sober."

These were poor Jud's last words.

Mr. Henry Roberts, of Castleton, Vermont, himself an ex-patient, has this to say in the course of a long letter, just received from him:

The treatment of dipsomania will not inject into a man brains, a heart or a soul, where no provisions have been made by nature. The 5 per cent. failures recorded, and almost without an exception, are of young men from 20 to 25 years of age who had just commenced to sip the split and who were placed there by friends against their own wills. Hardly one who has had any experience deeper than "the foam," and never one who has gone to the dregs, has returned to his cups. Sad to say, 5 per cent. may have fallen, but remember the 95 per cent. saved. The inexperienced may return for a time, but I doubt seriously if you could drive one of the 95 per cent. back to the false pleasures, the hell of the dregs.

Judge Arnold, of Washington, is one of the most earnest and eloquent advocates of the Keeley treatment. He writes of Dwight in this way:

Here all false barriers are broken. A common sorrow and suffering "bath made us one kin." Here are daily witnessed deeds of Christian charity such as the world has never known. As a body of men there never existed a nobler than forms that line of earnest, hopeful men at Dwight. In intellect, in wit, in humor, in pathos, in charity, and in great warmheartedness it can never be duplicated, except from you, the unenlightened. I can give you examples and histories that would startle you of cures here effected that daze the world. I could give you addresses of thousands of homes made happy, of personal experiences that read like a romance, but space forbids.

I don't know anything about the "technique of theology," but in this work I acknowledge the hand of the living God and Dr. Leslie E. Keeley the instrumentality, and when he says to you, "My friend, you can go home; you are cured," the music will be as sweet to your ears as were the words of the Blessed Saviour to the woman of Nain: "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace."

My friend, if there is one sound spot left in the old drifting hull to look an anchor to, this bi-chloride of gold treatment will take you off from the reef where you lie stranded and broken, and take you back to your old safe mooring inside the harbor bar where you safely lay before you knew the taste of liquor or opiates. If you have one spark of manhood left, one thought of wife, child, or friend, if you can recall but one word of "Now I lay me down to sleep," that we all learned at mother's knee, and will take this means of deliverance now offered, you are saved.

Prayer won't save us now. There has been provided by God's mercy and in answer to the prayers of ages, this means, and we are expected to do our part to obtain it. God help those only who help themselves, is my version of the old adage. The scars of our many defeats may not be removed; well, it were better so. They are the niches in our past, each a frame in which to us will hang a picture. They will be a shield and buckler to us in the coming strifes of life. Time will calm the heart beats and soften the agonies, and loving hearts forget and forgive, as "He will wipe away all tears."

Mr. Erasmus Wilson, of the Pittsburgh "Commercial Gazette," tells the following interesting story of a rescued opium victim:

The other day a gentleman came in and sat down at the desk. He smiled pleasantly, his voice was clear and natural, his hand steady, and his eyes bright and expressive of comfort.

When seen last, about a year ago, he was as complete a wreck as could well be imagined. For a dozen years he had been a victim of the opium habit, and he was a most frightful example of this dread malady. Although a gentleman of education and culture and a successful physician and very popular in his native city, he seemed utterly powerless in the grasp of this terrible demon.

"I think I detect traces of surprise in your countenance," he said.

"Well, rather," was the only reply. It was more than surprise. It was simply amazement.

"I don't wonder at it, for when you last saw me, I guess I was a sad sight, and God knows I didn't look half as bad

as I felt. There is no use trying to describe my sufferings."

"Did you suffer physically as well as mentally?"

"Well, I should say so. There wasn't a joint, muscle, nerve, or organ that wasn't alive with pain. The horrors and the sufferings make me shudder to think of it. Then the terrible treatments I went through were enough to break a man down, and they did no good. I went to all the cures in the country, took all the specifics I could hear of, and finally went to a first-class hospital determined to break the hold of the demon or die in the attempt. That was about the time you saw me last. I broke off the use of the drug, and then the torture began, but I stuck to it for several months. The physicians in charge gave the most approved treatment, but to no purpose. Two or three times during the ten months I remained in the hospital my strength broke down and I yielded to the craving for the stuff, and my suffering was so intense and so horrible for the need that the physicians and attendants were not loath to give it to me."

"But in all that time your condition must have improved so that you could resist the appetite with less effort."

"Not a bit of it. At the end of ten months I was not improved at all, and my friends took me home. I didn't want to give up and die in that miserable condition. While I often wished that I were dead, still I dreaded the ordeal of dissolution, because I knew it would be terrible unless I should take an overdose intentionally. After returning home I began the use of a remedy that had been successful in several instances."

"One day my mother brought me a copy of the 'Commercial-Gazette' containing one of your articles on the Dwight cure. I read it, as I did everything on the subject. Then I got my wife to read it to me, because I couldn't understand things very well. She became interested at once and wrote you. Your reply gave me hope, because I knew the gentleman you referred to was one of the worst victims of the opium and alcohol habits I had ever known."

"You may be sure it wasn't many days until I was on my way to Dwight. Somehow or other I felt there was a chance for me, and when I got there and saw wrecks far worse than myself, and talked with others who had been worse but were now well, I felt certain of my recovery. I had felt so before, but never had the presence of living witnesses to comfort me."

"What was your condition when you arrived at Dwight?"

"That of a wreck, and how I did suffer; but in three weeks after my arrival I was a new man, and had no more desire for the drug than if I had never tasted it. My appetite was first-rate, my brain cleared up, and I could sleep like a top and get up in the morning as hungry as a wood-sawyer."

"Do you mean to say this was all accomplished in three weeks' time?"

"Yes, sir; the very worst cases rarely have to remain more than a week over that time. I staid a week longer, but needed no treatment."

"Have you reason to believe the cure is permanent?"

"I conversed with men who were treated eight years ago, and they say they have never felt the least desire for either opium or alcohol. Nearly every day some of the old patients stop off to call on Dr. Keeley and a more grateful lot of men you never saw."

"Does he cure in every instance?"

"The figures show 95 per cent. of positive cures, and in every case of failure there is some disorder of the brain or nerve matter other than that usually caused by opium, alcohol, cocaine, or other narcotics."

"Does it destroy the taste for tobacco?"

"Yes, indeed, but Dr. Keeley rather encourages smokers to continue the habit in moderation, as he thinks it is not best to rob oneself of such a harmless comfort. The cigarette habit, however, is an abomination in his sight, and he won't begin treating a man until he has turned over all his cigarettes."

"What is the nature of the treatment?"

"The remedy is the double chloride of gold. This powerful drug has long been known to possess specific properties and has been used more or less in the treatment of alcoholism, but the danger attending its use is so great that very few ever attempt it. Dr. Keeley, however, discovered a menstruum (the word means a solvent of a solid body—like gold) that completely neutralizes the dangerous properties of the remedy. This is his secret, and all the secret there is about it."

"He administers four hypodermic injections daily and only requires his patients to take a reasonable amount of exercise. After the third or fourth day alcoholic patients usually return the bottle containing their allowance of whiskey unopened."

and the opium patients say they don't want any more of the stuff. I tell you, it is magical."

"Does the alcohol habit yield as readily as the morphia and tobacco?"

"Just the same. You see men there who are little better than idiots and seemingly broken down completely both in body and mind, who come out as bright and sound as new dollars. Of course they may have brought on some chronic disease, but it will gradually disappear after the cause has been removed."

"Then you feel that you are entirely cured of your terrible malady?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and will now return to the practice of my profession. You will never know how grateful my wife, mother, and friends are to the 'Commercial-Gazette,' as it was through it we learned of this cure."

Again and again, as I look over the letters set aside for publication in this volume, I am impressed with the fact that their reproduction will have much the appearance of the methods of the "patent medicine" workers. But, no matter what my readers may think about it, I feel that I must present some of the evidence of those who have been cured. I can add that there is not a man whose name is printed in this connection, who will not gladly answer any questions put to him by those eager to learn more about the Keeley treatment.

The following is from a former patient at the Des Moines Institute:

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 13, 1890.—The Keeley Institute, City—Gentlemen: For those who have known me in this city for the last twenty years, and who do not know that I have taken a course of treatment at your Institute, I have a genuine surprise. It is that I have not tasted a drop of intoxicating drink for almost four months, and am confident that I will never touch the terrible "poison" again. After suffering for years from the awful appetite for alcoholic drinks, I can earnestly say that I am permanently cured. Am much better morally as well as physically, and feel as if I have something to work for in the future. Your Institute is doing more practical temperance

work than a thousand reformers, particularly among those who are completely under the control of "King Alcohol." It gives me pleasure to add my thanks for the great benefit your Institute has been to me. May the good work of the Keeley Institute continue until every home in the land is made happy by freedom from the terrible curse of alcoholism. Respectfully,

B. W. ANSHUTZ.

This letter was written from Des Moines to a friend, in reply to an inquiry about the treatment.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 3, 1890.—(After a few lines of a partly social character Mr. Slimmer writes): I will tell you something of my case: About eight years ago my kidneys began to trouble me, and I suffered terribly. The doctor gave me morphine hypodermically, and, to make a long story short, I used as much as twenty grains daily for the last three years; and I could no more get the desired effect. I consulted Dr. Andrews in regard to the cure of morphine. Dr. Andrews lives in Chicago, and is high up in the profession, but could suggest nothing but put myself under restraint and quit the drug. That, of course, is an impossibility, and I lost all hope of ever being redeemed again; but, to gratify my folks, I came here for treatment, and could have gone home ten days ago, but will stay yet awhile and try and do something for my kidneys, as they still bother me. All the morphine the doctor gave while here was about one and one-half grains, but I did not feel a desire for any. I have not seen any one suffer worth mentioning while going through the treatment. Everything seems like a dream to me, and I cannot realize that I ever used the drug, and my case was, indeed, a bad one. I had used morphine hypodermically until my arms were nearly ruined. Should you wish to know anything more, would be glad to tell you all I can. Respectfully yours,

SOL SLIMMER.

This is strong testimony from Sam Richey of Indianola:

Indianola, Ia., Nov. 8, 1890.—The Keeley Institute: I am at home all right and "as happy as a big sunflower." Feel as if there were no such thing as whiskey; don't remember how it tastes, and don't want to. Tell the boys it would just break my heart if one of them should go back to drink. I wish I

could tell every drinking man in the United States what the Keeley cure can do for them. There are several men here who, I am sure, will take it. I will do all I can to get them to go, for they are men worth saving. A great many of my friends were in to see me yesterday with congratulations and words of encouragement. Mr. Van Pelt was in to see me; he is still strong in the faith. Give my best wishes to my classmates—Bevel, Schee, Heflefinger, Wilson, Goodrich, Ashworth, Harvey, Fillion, and Pat. Tell the new men to persevere; they'll come out all right. My wife joins me in sending good wishes; says to tell you she is the happiest woman in America, and will bless the Institute as long as she lives. Yours,

SAM RICHEY.

A morphine patient who was cured at Des Moines, writes as follows:

The Keeley Institute—Gentlemen: After having used morphine for five years I finished the course at the Keeley Institute in this city in four weeks. Since that time I have had no desire for the drug, and suffered no inconvenience while taking the treatment. I was using 1-8 oz. every six days. I can only say that it is a boon to a man so afflicted that words cannot express. The first eight days after finishing the treatment, I gained in good flesh and blood twelve pounds, and am feeling exactly as I did before using it. With obligations to Dr. Keeley and the Keeley Institute, and with a sincere hope that the good work will never cease until all are free, I am, Yours respectfully,

F. A. OLNEY.

733 West Ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FURTHER EVIDENCE FROM PATIENTS.

Mr. Opie Reed, well known as a newspaper man, and from his charming writings in the "Arkansas Traveller," gives the following among his many observations while he was himself taking the Keeley treatment for alcohol:

One of the most remarkable cures that came under my notice was that of a man named Lyons, a well-known druggist, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Here is his story, just as he related it to me: "I was a periodical drunkard and could always tell when one of my attacks was coming on. My pulse would gradually begin to beat faster and faster, and would, after a week's fight against liquor, run as fast as one hundred and forty. I would arrange my business so that I could leave home and would then go away and drink desperately for a month or more. I have gone until my feet would swell so that a vein would burst and fill my shoe with blood. My father one day thus upbraided me: 'I can understand how a man, out with a party of friends, can be led off, but how a man can arrange his affairs as you do—get drunk, you might say, in cold-blooded premeditation, is something I do not understand.' I attempted to explain, but could not, and referred the matter to our family physician. 'Do you mean to tell me,' said he, 'that whiskey, the very remedy we use in heart failure, is the only thing that will reduce your pulse?' 'I do,' I answered. 'I can't believe it. Come to my office the next time you are attacked.' One day, in company with my father, I called on the doctor. I held out my hand. The doctor timed my pulse—one hundred and forty. He vainly tried medicine after medicine and finally said: 'I don't understand it.' 'Give me some whiskey,' said I. He gave me a glass of liquor and my pulse dropped to eighty. 'I give it up,' said he, and then, turning to my father, said: Mr. Lyons, your son can't help it. It is a disease.' The doctor afterwards wrote me up for a medical journal. I was sent to Boston to be treated, but my disease broke out again while I was under treatment. I was taken to Paris, but I was compelled to drink, and came home hopeless. One morning my father called my attention to an article in the New York 'Sun.' It recounted the wonderful cures that had been effected by Dr. Keeley's bi-chloride of gold treatment. I had never heard of Dwight, and having failed of a cure in the world's most famous city, had no faith in Dr. Keeley, but, several days later, when I felt an attack coming on, I started for Dwight. I was almost a madman when I arrived, and so soon as I saw the doctor I began to explain the peculiarity of my case. 'Yes,' he said, cutting me off, 'nearly every man has a peculiar case. How long has it been since you drank?' 'About a month,' I answered. 'Well,

then, you don't need any whiskey.' 'But,' I almost raved, 'I must have it. See, my pulse is running away with me. You don't seem to understand my case.' He made no reply to my statement, but quietly requested me to expose my left arm. I did so, and he injected his pink fluid, and then, giving me a bottle of tonic, dismissed me. If I could have boarded a train I would have left in disgust, but as I could not, I went to bed, after taking a dose of the tonic. I got up and took a dose several times during the night, and was surprised at morning to find that my pulse had gone down, but the thirst was still strong upon me, and I hastened to the doctor's office. He gave me a 'shot' in reply to my demand for liquor, and I was again sent away with instructions to take my tonic regularly. Well, within a week's time my thirst was entirely gone and my nerves were stronger than they had been for years.

"I well remember the last words I heard him utter: 'I would not be in the condition you were when you came here, if there were no such treatment in view, for a million dollars, for in that condition money could only supply the means of destruction.'"

The following capital letter must come home with force to every man, who, through his own experience or that of friends, knows anything of the condition of the writer:

Chicago, June 19.—(Editor of "The Tribune.")—Since my return from a course of treatment for the liquor habit at Dr. Keeley's Institute at Dwight, I have been asked by several of my friends to write an account of my experience there, and I do so with pleasure and with the hope also that my statement may bring joy to more than one home, which is now made sad by the presence of the curse of alcohol. If even one poor wretch can, by any words or work of mine, be made to halt in his downward road and be restored to health and usefulness again, I shall feel amply repaid for my labor. Alcoholism is a disease and deserves a place in materia medica as much as any fever or malarial trouble. I confess that in most cases it is a cultivated disease, and the poor victim in many cases has spent the best part of his life and fortune in acquiring the disease, but once acquired it is almost incurable and results in disgrace and death.

If a man is recovering from serious sickness of any kind his friends supply him with flowers and all the delicacies of the season and ask anxiously about his welfare every day.

For the poor lunatic, made so by his own excesses, perhaps, our State builds fine asylums, furnishes skillful physicians and careful nurses; but the poor drunkard knows that he is looked at with aversion and even abhorrence, while in his own home, in his sober hours, he sees a sorrowing wife and children who fear his very presence. He feels his own weakness and may pray for relief in death, but prayers, however heartfelt, are not always answered.

To such men at times will come the awful question: "Is there any hope for me in this world or hereafter?" To all such I say, yes. I do not care how debased you may be, how low your condition, or how strong your disease; if there is manhood enough left in you to report to Dr. Keeley at Dwight, there is no question about your future welfare. For you even at Dwight there are flowers, kind friends, faithful physicians, and a certain restoration to sobriety and health.

It is necessary to give a brief sketch of my personal history so far as my whiskey-drinking is concerned. For over thirty years I have been addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. At first, of course, my indulgences were purely of a social nature, and for several years I was known as a "jolly good fellow" and "one of the boys." I drifted thoughtlessly and carelessly with the current till as time passed the habit gained strength, and at last I woke up only to find myself in the grasp of an octopus worse than any devil fish that Victor Hugo ever dreamed of. It is not necessary to relate how I fought against my fate, and how after every struggle I found myself more powerless than before. At last there came a period in my career that Dr. Keeley's Institute became for me a court of last resort. After a debauch of several weeks I found myself, one morning in May, in the presence of Dr. Keeley. There was no question about my fitness for admission and my matriculation was soon over. For the first few days at Dwight every hour brought to me such agony of mind and body as only the damned could appreciate. At last the clouds began to break away. I began to eat a little and sleep some, while a spark of hope not larger at first than a mustard seed began to make itself felt in my bosom. From that time on my recovery was rapid, and at the end of the third week, I was pronounced by the good doctor a cured man. I had been supplied with plenty of good whiskey as long as I wanted it, but after four days my supply was cut

off and I have managed to subsist without any stimulant since then, and have enjoyed life much better than I ever thought possible.

I went to Dwight a skeptic and came away an enthusiastic convert. I went there a drunken wretch and came away a man with all that the term implies. The method of treatment and daily life at Dwight have been described in your columns by able pens than mine, but there are a few things about Dwight and its visitors which I have not seen mentioned in print. Dwight is in some respects a peculiar village. There are no saloons, no billiard tables, or bowling alleys to be found there, and no whiskey can be procured, except from Dr. Keeley. It is probably the only town in the world where one can meet several hundred drunkards and only one policeman. During my entire stay there I never heard any brawling or disruption of any kind. Even politics seems to be under the ban, and though there is no chance for dissipation of any kind and very little recreation, and life is as idle as a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," yet time passes pleasantly and rapidly away, and like the lotus enters the graduates are loath to leave and actually get homesick to visit Dwight again.

Of his associates at the Institute, he writes:

The long line of men, as it moves slowly and silently into the "shooting gallery," is worthy the study of a lover of humanity. Let us take a seat here near where the shooting is done and watch the line as it moves in review before the operating and inspecting physicians. Here comes a well-dressed, genteel man, well along in years. He is an actor, and countless thousands have laughed at his merry "quips and jests." His name is known in every hamlet in our land. Next to him in the line is a face that attracts attention even in this collection of brain and culture. It belongs to an ordained minister of the Gospel, whose name is known in at least three continents. There comes a fine-looking man with a comfortable bank account and a name as well-known in the financial circles of England as it is in New York. Right behind comes a famous lawyer who has wasted his substance in riotous living and whose bills here are being paid by kind friends who knew him in his better days. Yonder is a boy of 20 who has been a hard drinker for five years, and there is a man past 70 who hopes to be saved from a drunkard's grave.

And so this kaleidoscopic line passes along. While the treatment is being given, the condition of each patient is carefully noticed by the keen-eyed doctors and whiskey is given to those who still need it, while to all alike a kindly smile is given and a cheering word is spoken by Dr. Keeley or one of his assistants. One of the most peculiar as well as enjoyable features of our life at Dwight is found in the club-room. The club is known as the "Bi-Chloride of Gold Club" and is eminently "sul generis." In most social clubs can be found men who might well take a course at Dwight, but I question whether in all the world can be found another club to which the one essential qualification for membership is that the applicant must have been a drunkard or a victim of morphine. Of necessity the personnel of this club changes every day, as new members come in and old members go home, and for the same reason a complete change of officers is made every month.

The meetings are held every morning shortly after the 8 o'clock "shot." After the regular order of business is finished the names of new members are read and each one is called on for a speech, and then the farewell speeches of men who expect to go home are listened to with much interest. In that club-room I have heard flashes of wit and humor worthy of the best days of Artemus Ward or Mark Twain. I have listened to bits of sentiment and pathos that would do honor to a Dickens, and have heard words of eloquence that would put Bob Ingersoll on his mettle to equal. When the farewell words are spoken and the last good-byes are being said I have seen men break down and cry like babies, while the entire audience would appear to be afflicted with sudden colic; and these are men, too, who only a few weeks ago were all strangers to each other. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." On the Sabbath day, the club meets in a larger room to have Divine service, to which all patients are invited, and a special effort is made to get the ladies to attend. In this respect, too, we are different from most congregations which assemble on that day, for in our church the male sex is largely in the majority. The club has its own chaplain, supplies its own music, both instrumental and vocal, and as a rule the entire service is conducted by its own talent. All the exercises must be strictly non-sectarian, and I attended one service where a Catholic priest in full dress officiated as chaplain and gave us an eloquent

discourse. In his congregation were men from every State in the Union, from far away Australia, and from the islands of the sea, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics, infidels, atheists, and agnostics, men of every creed and form of belief and unbelief, and yet when that grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung, 200 or more manly voices woke the echoes of that dull old town on that pleasant Sabbath morning in June.

At that service there sat in the same pew with me a Judge, who honors the judicial ermine he is supposed to wear, and who has the power to deprive his fellow-man not only of liberty, but even of life. Near us was a man who had won his spurs and stars, too, on many a battlefield in the Sunny South, and by his side was a private soldier who loved his General with a love that can only be found among men who "drank from the same canteen," or have been "shot" together at Dwight.

Go to Dwight, obey orders, and you can come away with a heart full of gratitude to Dr. Keeley, and with perfect confidence that you will never roll in the gutter again. It is not claimed that Dr. Keeley can paralyze your arm so that you cannot raise a drink to your lips, nor does he contract your throat so that you cannot swallow the poison; but his treatment does remove all desire and appetite, and that terrible craving that so many men have felt and been unable to resist will never come to you again. You are in the same physical condition as a man who does not know the taste of alcohol, and if after the fearful experience you have passed through you see fit to return again, you are either a fool or a madman. R. H. BAKER.
No. 991 Clifford Park.

Mr. Clint Parkhurst of Chicago, writes as follows for the benefit of his many friends who are anxious to learn what the subsequent effects of the treatment are:

Will the course of treatment here diminish a man's energy and ambition? Will it shorten life? I have heard these questions debated by patients. The answer is that a drunkard's life is of no value to him or to any one else; that it is better to live ten years decently than to pass a hundred years amid scenes of debauchery; that a drunkard's tenure of life is extremely uncertain. He is liable to be killed at any time in a senseless brawl or by accident. I do not believe that our course

of treatment has a tendency to shorten life. I believe that it prolongs life. The men who leave us daily to return to the world are pictures of health, hope and happiness. They go forth boldly, satisfied that alcohol will never again touch their lips. Many of them are greatly changed in appearance from the day they arrived in a besotted condition. This leads me to refer to "farewell jags." It is a bad plan to come here drunk. One man I am acquainted with stopped at Chicago to have a "farewell jag," and got sandbagged and robbed, and arrived here with both eyes blacked and his nose broken, and not a cent in his pocket. If a man arrives drunk he is placed in charge of an attendant at an extra expense of \$4 per day. By the time he fully recovers from the spree and the remedies begin to take full effect on his system, he has wasted a week, which means a loss of \$30 or \$40.

Cocaine is the head devil of all narcotics. A passion for it is easily acquired, and it hurries its victim to insanity and death. Its power is terrible. By way of compensation the cocaine habit can be cured in a few days and with the greatest ease. Several men now at Dwight have been rescued from its clutches. I referred to drunkenness, morphine eating, etc., as "habits" or "vices." They are not so regarded here. They are considered diseases—just as much so as small-pox or yellow-fever. Most of our morphine men are from the South. Missouri is largely represented here by such patients. I could write a column or two more and then not be half through.

The morphine habit cannot be broken immediately, and each particular case requires its own particular period of treatment. One victim was told that his constitution was too far gone to endure a course of treatment. "You furnish the treatment," he replied, "and I'll furnish the constitution. I'm going to be cured or go home in a box." He was cured. A rich New Yorker sent his only son here, and wrote briefly to the Institute to "kill him or cure him." He is now being gradually withdrawn from the power of opium. The surgeon of one of the richest railroad companies in the country was dismissed from treatment a few weeks ago for obtaining whiskey and morphine "on the outside." I have written more than I intended, but I have written from a sense of duty to well-meaning but unfortunate men. Drunkenness is a disease and not a vice or

crime. Bi-chloride of gold, within a few weeks, will thoroughly cure the worst drunkard in the world. Any man who drinks to excess does himself a wrong by doubting this greatest of modern scientific discoveries.

Mr. Osmund Gunderson, a resident of Stoughton, Wisconsin, writes to his home paper in this way:

Another thing that impressed me was their display of kindness, sympathy and fellow-feeling for one another. They were fellow-sufferers, all in the same boat, all there for the same purpose, and it seemed as if all class distinctions were lost sight of. The millionaire and the workman were on the same level, one as good as the other. I noticed that when the men met they would cordially shake hands and inquire how they felt, and would always have some word of encouragement for each other. All seemed anxious to help one another along.

As far as I am able to judge, there are no hardships to be encountered. Four hypodermic injections daily and a teaspoonful of medicine every two hours in water while awake is about all the treatment there is. With the exception of following the rules laid down for treatment, patients are as free in their actions as at home. There are no restraints on them. They may live where they like and eat whatever agrees with them, and have all the liquor necessary.

All believe that they are cured of the desire, the hankering and longing for liquor, and so, too, the doctor assures them. At the same time he also tells them that he cannot prevent them from re-forming the habit. He will kindly advise and earnestly admonish them to keep away from temptation and henceforth abstain from all alcoholic beverages. I came home from Dwight personally impressed with the thought that there is still hope for the inebriate, provided he still has manhood and will-power enough to make up his mind to go to Dwight for treatment and resolve to keep away from temptation when once the terrible power of the liquor habit has been broken.

A resident of St. Louis tells of a gentleman, who, though himself not a subject nor an ex-patient, has taken a deep interest in the redemption of others.

D. S. Forney, of Moberly, Mo., one of the best-known and influential citizens, sent his son to Dr. Keeley some nineteen

months ago for treatment for the liquor habit. He says his son returned home a changed man, and immediately began work at his former employment, that of a commercial traveler, where he mingled every day with old associates and friends. When asked to join them in a social drink he said: "No, sir; I have no further use or desire for liquor, nor would I touch a drop of it for the State of Missouri." Mr. Forney interested himself at once in saving others, and has since sent nineteen unfortunate drinkers to Dr. Keeley with but one failure, and he was a barkeeper. In several cases Mr. Forney advanced the money to pay for treatment, and on their return to business every one repaid him from his first earnings.

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME MORE SPECIMEN CASES.

The outspoken earnestness of men who have taken the Keeley treatment is well illustrated by the following letter, which appeared in the "Kirkville Journal," of November 19th, '91:

Everybody about Kirkville knew of my drinking habits and knew that I was an especially hard drinker during the two and a half months before I went away: always going to bed drunk and never drawing a sober breath. I had often promised Mr. C. J. Pollock that I would go to Dwight, but kept putting him off, as a toper will, until the morning of the 16th of last June, when I left, more dead than alive, for the Keeley Institute. I started with two bottles of beer—I had to have beer before I could put on my clothes, and while I was waiting at Glenwood to make connections, I filled up with beer and whiskey and bought five extra bottles of the former to take along with me. These were all empty before I got to Keokuk, and I loaded up again.

Soon after my arrival at Dwight, the whiskey I had drunk began to go back on me, and I got awfully sick, and asked a man if there were any saloons in town. He said: "All the whiskey you'll get will come through Dr. Keeley's hands."

I went to the Institute and made arrangements for my treatment. I do not remember what happened during the next five or six days. I was crazy from my drinking and had what they call "snakes." For the first two weeks after I had been at the Institute I did not want any one to know where I was; but after four weeks I wanted everybody to know it.

I can say that I am a cured man and have no desire for beer or whiskey—which I could not resist before taking treatment. And had I gone there long ago, it would have been a great benefit to me and a great relief both to my father, brother and sisters and to my friends.

A cure for me is a cure for any one, and to my drinking friends in Kirkville I would say, if you want to be rid of the terrible appetite, don't rest until you go to the Keeley Institute and get cured.

Dr. Keeley not only cures the liquor and tobacco habits, but morphine habit as well. When I was there, about sixty ladies were taking treatment at their boarding houses—they are not required to go to the office—the most of them were morphine patients, I think.

Of course, a man may commence drinking after he has been cured, but it is pure cussedness on his part if he does. I have no desire for drink, though I am with drinking men every day and I pass saloons without ever thinking of going in.

If any one wishes to write me, my address is 634 W. 45th St., Chicago.

WALTER SWIGERT.

After telling with much feeling and even eloquence of his downward course, a writer in the "Chicago Trade Review," says:

The intentions to quit were as strong as adamant, but were broken as straws when the brain telegraphed to the stomach that whiskey must be had. After a most frightful debauch lasting ten days, a sane moment was reached and it was the most fortunate one for me during my checkered career. I was then in a shattered condition mentally. Physically, strange to say, I was all right. I concluded that it was only a question of time before I would be found dead in some hallway or lodging house, and not wishing to be carted to a dissecting table, I concluded that I would make one more struggle, and if it failed, life would have no more charms for me. I had heard

of the Keeley cure, had read everything I could find, to read on the subject, and at last concluded that my case was not a hopeless one. The idea of being confined in a cell was horrible to contemplate. In my condition it was, I thought, but a matter of a few hours' confinement ere dissolution would take place. Then the book would be closed and fins written. I walked the business streets of Chicago the night before I started, trying to brace myself for the ordeal through which I must pass. I was overwhelmed with doubts, skeptical and despondent. The clocks in the towers chimed in unison the fleeting hours and impressed me with the cold truth that it was either daylight or death. I walked through blocks, side streets and down avenues to the river where many a whiskey congested brain found relief beneath its turbid waters. The day was passed in a condition bordering on insanity. The brain was surcharged with the vilest compound of whiskey that was ever known, and the wonder is that some homicidal act was not committed. The brain continued active, being supplied with its customary food until 9 o'clock, when the journey to the oasis for inebriates was begun. Liquor was drunk of all the way, but it was impossible to become drunk. During the day a half gallon must have been used; the system was so thoroughly impregnated with the poison, which perhaps accounts for its not exercising the usual effect.

After describing his visit to the Institute and his subsequent treatment, he says in conclusion:

If there is a dipsomaniac, an opium or morphine eater who really wants to be cured of the soul-destroying habit let him visit the Institute and undergo a course of treatment as set down in the rules. That he will leave the place a new man mentally, physically and morally and able to battle with the world, in the opinion of the writer and a thousand others, there is not the least foundation for a doubt.

Thousands of the patients who are taking or who have taken the Keeley treatment, did so only after they had tested the utter inefficiency of "asylums" and "homes," established by people, some well meaning, but the majority mercenary. It was this experience that induced a number of Keeley "graduates," banded together under

the name "The Old Veterans," to "pass the following resolutions. They were published in the Savannah "Mo. Democrat," of October 28th, '91, in connection with a long and earnest communication, written by Mr. George W. Wren, a well known citizen:

1st. That our experience at institutions other than Dr. Keeley's firmly convinces us that, as a cure for said habits (drink, opium and morphine), the treatment received at such other institutions is a failure.

2nd. That while it is true that in a small minority of cases, patients at such other institutions are freed from the enslaving appetite, in a large majority of cases the unfortunate returns to the old habit, and despair at the futility of the effort at reformation leads to more complete degradation.

3rd. That the substantial curriculum at such other institutions consists of moral suasion, prayers, fasting, meditation and the contemplation of the horrors incident to such habits, mixed with medicines calculated only to restore the nervous system to its normal state.

4th. That at the Keeley Institute and at its branches, such habits are treated upon a scientific basis, the effect of which is to radically and entirely eliminate from the system all traces of alcohol and drugs, and also eradicate and remove all desire for such stimulants, leaving the patient as free from appetite, desire or temptation, as he was before his first indulgence.

5th. That while patients leave such other institutions with a firm resolve to abstain in the future, the appetite or desire remains, and future adherence to the good resolution depends solely upon the will-power.

6th. That we recommend to our fellow-sufferers the Keeley Institute and bi-chloride of gold as the only known piace and remedy for the cure of such habits, which habits are recognized as clearly within the category of diseases.

Mr. James E. Merritt is not ashamed of the charge that has come over him. He writes at length to the "Minneapolis Journal," detailing his experience at a Keeley Institute. He says:

In a book published at the State Reformatory of Massachusetts I find the following in regard to the effect of the use of liquor

upon the moral nature of individuals: "The direct effect of this poisonous drug seems to be to paralyze the will, to render the sensibilities obtuse, to deaden the conscience, to inflame the passions, to weaken the judgment and to dethrone reason." If this be true, does it not stand to reason that if the will, the sensibility, the conscience, the passions and the reason of a man are released from their bondage, with his past follies and sufferings constantly staring him in the face, the longer he has been released the more certain he is never to suffer a relapse? Is it not true that the use of medicine is to assist nature only, and will not the normal condition of the nervous system act upon the moral nature to that extent that every day a man is more sure of his absolute and permanent cure? I have no doubt of the permanency of the cure myself, but there are some people who would not believe that it is 18 miles from Widdletown to Waddletown unless they measure the distance with a tape line.

Statements have been published that patients have died from the effects of the treatment in Pittsburgh, and the papers of that city have promptly denied them. Patients were brought to Dwight during my stay there, about whom it was remarked that it was a wonder that they did not die before their arrival. If the treatment is dangerous, why did it cure them? I heard "morphiners" talk as seriously of committing suicide as one would of eating his dinner, and read a letter addressed to a patient from a victim of the habit in which he stated that it was one of two things with the writer—he would either get cured or he would take the "long slant."

The patients themselves know little and care less about the composition of the solution which is administered hypodermically, the medicine taken by the patient, or the fact that Dr. Keeley keeps his discovery a secret. It is the effect they are after, and they prefer to have the work done by a man who understands his business. Perhaps if one of the physicians who makes so much noise about the matter would personally prepare Dr. Keeley a bottle of Koch's lymph, he would tell him how he prepares his bi-chloride of gold. What seems to worry the doctors most is the fact that the Keeley Company is making money. I believe that if every \$75 paid the Institution means the reclamation of a man or a woman from the clutches of alcohol, morphine or cocaine, the great American people will join me in wishing Dr. Keeley and his associates the wealth of the Count of Monte Cristo.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM THE PUBLIC STANDPOINT.

There is no question to-day before the public of the United States of more importance than that of intemperance. The Statute books of the general Government and of every State are full of enactments looking to the control of the manufacture and sale of liquor. Among the remaining internal revenue taxes, that on whiskey stands first in the magnitude of its returns; and the duties paid on imported liquors exceed those of any other single foreign manufactured product that passes through our custom houses.

But the Internal Revenue taxes on liquors and the duties on imported wines, ales, and spirits, vast though they are in the aggregate, give but a faint idea of the sums spent every year in this country for intoxicants. This money, greater each year than the combined debts of the general Government and of all the States, comes from the pockets of the toiling masses, who are least able to stand the drain. But the dissipation of money for drink becomes a trifling matter compared with the effects of the drinking habit on the moral and physical condition of the people. There are over 1,200 poorhouses in the United States, supported by the public and filled with the victims of inebriety, or by the aged, forced to seek refuge there through the inability of their drunken natural supporters to maintain them.

Our hundreds of insane asylums are crowded with the victims of drink, and the records of the scores of institutions established for the care of feeble minded children, powerfully attest the hereditary effect of inebriety. Our

jails and penitentiaries are crowded with criminals, made so by the drink habit. Nine tenths of the public money now expended to preserve the peace and maintain the machinery of the law would be saved, if through some agency drunkenness were abolished.

Of the ruin of hundreds of thousands of homes, of the degradation of families, and of the propagation of vice through the agency of the liquor shops, it would be like thrashing old straw for me to speak at this time. Every man and woman who observes, no matter how fortunate in environment, must have some acquaintance with the vast and ever-increasing blight that inebriety has cast upon civilization.

It is eminently fitting that the United States Government should take cognizance of this evil among its own dependents, and with a wisdom that does credit to the executive, give recognition to the only remedy yet presented to humanity for its cure and eradication.

There have been established, since the war, twenty-eight National and State Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes. These institutions are filled with tens of thousands of disabled veterans, who in their old age are made the wards of the Government for which they lost their health and the power of self-support to preserve. These men are well clothed and well fed, and, in addition, they receive their pensions in full every quarter.

Drunkenness was not so widespread among the enlisted men during the war as some imagine; indeed, the opportunities for drinking were limited during a stirring campaign. But the old soldiers at the Homes have practically nothing to do, and as all other wants are met gratuitously by the Government, they feel that the only way in which the pension money can be spent to advantage, is in using it for drink, and this they do, despite the efforts of the officers in command to prevent it.

When the attention of the Surgeon-General was called to the frightful state of inebriety among the old soldiers at the Homes, he declared that it could not be suppressed by the usual agencies. His attention had been called to the Keeley treatment, and he wrote to the parent company for information. With a generosity that does them credit, the Leslie E. Keeley Company offered to furnish the Government, for the use of Soldiers' Homes, the medicines at the same cost as to agents, and to send their own physicians, free of charge, to instruct the surgeons in the public service. The Governors of the Soldiers' Homes did not take long to deliberate over this liberal offer. The following letter shows the faith the Army officers have in Dr. Keeley:

Governor's Office, Western Branch N. E. for D. V. S., Leavenworth County, Kan., Feb. 19.—Dr. Leslie E. Keeley—Dear Sir: I have just laid down a letter from Gen. William B. Franklin, President of the Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, returning the copy of the contract with the Leslie E. Keeley Company for the establishment of a branch Institute of your Company in each of the seven National and twenty-one State Homes in the United States. He speaks emphatically of the great good that the future has in store for the unfortunate victims of alcoholism, and desires me to present his personal thanks for your generous assistance in enabling the Board to grant this great boon to the unfortunates under its charge.

I have the honor to enclose a certified copy of the resolutions of the Board of Managers, instructing Maj. E. N. Morrill, the local manager of this branch of the Home, to close a contract with you for the use of your remedy in the seven National and twenty-one State Homes, and also a copy of the vote of thanks of the Board of Managers to you personally for your kindness in the matter.

The board is composed of the following named gentlemen: The President of the United States, the Chief Justice, the Secretary of War—ex-officio; Gen. William B. Franklin, President of the Board; Gen. William J. Sewell, First Vice-President;

Gen. John C. Black, Second Vice-President; Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Secretary; Col. John L. Mitchell, Maj. Edmund Morrill, Gen. George Bonebrake, Gen. Alfred L. Pearson, Gen. James Barnett, Gen. Francis Fessenden, and Gen. George W. Steele.

ANDREW J. SMITH,
Major General United States Volunteers—retired, Governor of National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

Heretofore, the general Government has followed the example of the States in similar matters, but in this case it took the lead, and the greatest good must follow.

Already the law-makers of many of the States are gathering data with a view to changing, in the near future, the code making inebriety a criminal offense. Many of these gentlemen, from their own experience, know that intoxication is not in itself a criminal act, for whether entered on accidentally or deliberately, there was no premeditated wrong in the mind; and in its last analysis, it is the motive that constitutes the crime.

The reports in our police courts show that 87 per cent. of the cases tried before them are charges either of direct intoxication or for offenses growing out of it. It is these courts that pack out workhouses and county jails, and make diseased men vicious, by forcing them to associate with actual criminals. As a rule, our police magistrates are men of intelligence, and many of them have said to me that they were convinced inebriety was a disease, and should be treated differently. But they lamented that they were powerless to act in the premises. The law declared drunkenness to be a crime, prescribed the punishment, and there was nothing left but to enforce it.

In a day that I feel sure is not far distant, for I am inclined to be an optimist, I believe that punishment for intoxication will be regarded with the same feeling of horror that now stirs in us when we read of the judicial tortures of the Middle Ages or the methods resorted to by

the Doges of Venice to extract confessions from the victims of their suspicion, hate, or jealousy.

Every doctor worthy the name, and every intelligent layman, now believes that inebriety is a disease. Yet neither our medical societies nor our legislators have made any effort to remove drunkenness from the category of crimes. If to-day a man or woman were sent to jail for six months because of a violent attack of the grip, every citizen would become indignant; nor be slow in giving his indignation expression. If a woman were sent to the workhouse because she had contracted whooping cough or typhus fever, a howl of righteous indignation would follow, not so much because the law did not warrant the act, as because it was inhuman. Yet, because of a disease quite as amenable to medical treatment, we daily incarcerate thousands of wretched victims, and confine them in cells, and place on them prison garbs for the offense of having a disease. It should be borne in mind that the manner in which the disease was contracted has nothing at all to do with the question.

As it is surely coming, it requires no stretch of the imagination to picture the nearing time when every inebriate brought before a magistrate will be ordered to a county hospital where the Keeley treatment is in use, there to be restrained and treated till the disease is completely eradicated from the system, and the victim can be restored to his family, with the awful desire gone and all the better qualities of his nature restored.

When that day comes, actual crime will decrease, plenty will take the place of poverty, and much of the now essential machinery of the law will rust for the want of use. Once the world comes to realize that this cursed disease is even more amenable to medical treatment than any other plague that has come upon humanity since the

flood, proper laws will be enacted, and statesmen will see in the new movement, in the practical temperance methods afforded by this treatment, a happy solution of questions that up to that time grew in importance as they became unsolvable.

Under the new conditions that are surely coming, intemperance will assume a practical phase, of which the well-meaning moralists never dreamt. The churches and the temperance societies will still have good work to do in warning the young against a habit that if persisted in will become a disease at maturity, but the means of cure will have been opened to all by legislation.

With the decrease of inebriety and the equally cursed opium habit, public morals will be elevated and public taxes lowered. As soon as it is discovered that selling liquor does not pay, barkeepers will find more honorable employment, and the grain intended for the distiller and brewer will go to the miller and baker. Already in some towns in Illinois, where the Keeley treatment is well known, this very thing is happening. How soon the prayed for day of a perfect deliverance will come, I cannot pretend to say. But we live in an era of wonderful advances, and once the world comes to realize the truth of this discovery, the revolution will sweep on with a force that the combined liquor interests of the world will be powerless to resist.

Doctor Keeley's hair is white and his form bowed, and he feels, as he told me, that there are not many years left him in which to watch the progress of his discovery. "It would lighten my last hours," he said to me, "if I could know that the blessing God has given me for my fellow men could have general recognition before I die."

Already he has a swarm of vile imitators, and he has known something of the torment that seems to be the

fate of every public benefactor. But he also knows what it is to hear the tearful thanks of tens of thousands whom he has rescued, and to read heartfelt letters of gratitude from the countless homes he has made happy throughout the length and breadth of his native land.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLOSING THE CASE.

As the last pages of this book are being made ready for the press the following strong letter reaches me through Colonel Reed's "Banner of Gold." As it was largely through the influence and foresight of Mr. Medill that the outside world learned of Doctor Keeley's wonderful discovery, the story of his interest will make a fit ending to this remarkable record.

Passadena, Cal., April 19, 1892.
Col. N. A. Reed, Jr.—You ask me "to tell you how I came to investigate the Keeley cure and how I pursued the same."

The story is a simple one and I am willing to relate it for "The Banner of Gold" and its readers. For many years I had been firmly of the opinion that alcohol drunk to excess had the effect of a poison on the human system, and that imbibing stimulants as a gratification of appetite and for the pleasant exhilaration that attended it soon fastened itself as an inveterate habit, and degenerated into a disease of body and mind that successfully defied the will-power of the victim to shake it off and reform, because the will-power itself became weakened and finally destroyed, so that the strongest pledges and oaths of reformation had no more power of resistance than heat applied to fire.

I had sorrowfully seen and watched the decline and fall of hundreds of fine fellows who had been bitten by the alcoholic viper and had died drunkards' deaths, trying in vain to reform, but dragged down to the grave by an evil power beyond the strength of escape.

About eighteen months ago a friend was talking with me about a young business man, an acquaintance, who had wrecked his hopes and "gone to the dogs" through liquor, and I had remarked that it seemed doubtful whether medical science would ever find a cure for the drink mania, when he replied that Dr. — (whom I knew) had recently told him that he believed a reliable cure had been discovered by a Dr. Keeley down at Dwight.

I asked: "Is that the gold-cure man of whom I have heard, but don't believe in?" "I don't know," replied my friend, "but Dr. — told me that he had sent seven or eight of his patients to him within a year or two and they had all come back cured of the drinking habit," and he then named three or four of these cured men, whom I happened to know.

This information awakened my curiosity and I sent a trusty messenger to Dr. — to find out more about the alleged "gold cure" of the doctor down at Dwight, and also to see some of his patients who had been treated by Dr. Keeley. They were willing to talk confidentially but none for publication; but their statements corroborated what my friend had related. None of the patients had felt any desire to drink since their return from Dwight. Some had been cured for over a year; some nearly two years; they all had turned over new leaves and taken a fresh start in life and their friends were rejoiced. I also heard the names of some other Chicago doctors who had sent to Dwight one or more hard-drinking patients and who also had returned home cured.

The next step was to send a reporter to Dwight on a voyage of discovery. He found sixty or seventy inebriates there, as well as a few opium eaters; some of them doctors, several lawyers and ex-officials, some railroad men, clerks, board of trade men, commercial travelers, newspaper men, one ex-preacher, etc. Some had finished their cure and were going home rejoicing; others were arriving on the "jag train" so full of whiskey that they had to be helped out and into the bus, and they were from half a dozen or more States.

The reporter wrote up what he saw and heard, together with an interview with Dr. Keeley himself, who answered many questions respecting his treatment, all of which was printed in the "Tribune" in January, 1891.

The hardest thing for me to believe was Dr. Keeley's statement to the reporter that he had been treating drunkards for

eleven years, and that out of the hundreds whom he had thus treated, not to exceed five per cent. had relapsed back into drinking habits! I had the doctor interviewed a second time for more particulars, and by a different reporter, who found a number of former patients at Dwight who had brought drunken friends there for treatment, and they all testified to the permanency of the cure. This report was also printed in the "Tribune."

After that I began to receive many letters from "graduates," most of them in confidence and not for publication, extolling the Keeley cure. Some few permitted their letters to be printed. The "Tribune" about this time called attention editorially to what had been made public concerning Dr. Keeley's specific for inebriety; and the editor received quite a number of abusive letters from doctors, the worst ones being anonymous, denouncing the "Tribune" for "lending itself to the advocacy of a quack remedy for what was incurable by medicine." They said that the so-called "double chloride of gold" was no better or more durable than the abortive cinchona cure, and that it was nonsense to suppose that any man had discovered a drug that would cure inebriety.

About this time I had some direct correspondence with Dr. Keeley, whom I had then never seen, concerning the actuality and permanence of his cure. He proposed that in the interest of medical science and fallen, debased man I should send him five or more of the worst drinkers and opium eaters that I could procure, and if he did not rid them of their overmastering appetite for alcohol and opium he would personally pay all their expenses at Dwight, charge nothing for his own services and publicly admit that his remedy was a failure; but that if he cured them, as he claimed he could, and I myself was to be the judge that they were cured, then I should pay the cost of the cures.

I considered this an eminently fair proposition and immediately accepted it. Indeed, I was more than willing to lose the wager, for if I lost it I would enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that five or more poor miserable inebriates had been reclaimed from disgraceful, ruinous lives and rescued from drunkards' graves; and also that there would be a decisive proof of the efficacy of the Keeley cure that should be made known to the public.

You may be sure that I lost no time in hunting up five of the worst and most confirmed and irreclaimable drunkards to

be found in Chicago and could be induced to make the pilgrimage to Dwight. They were all past middle life and had been hard-drinkers for many years, and some of them had had more than one experience with delirium tremens. After each had been a month at Dwight he was discharged cured and sent back to me clothed in his right mind; the hankering for liquor completely obliterated; the blotches and rum blossoms were gone; the red, watery eyes had become bright, and physical health of all seemed completely restored. The poison had been expelled from their systems, and they looked as if a miracle had been performed on each one.

There was no further room for lingering doubt, and I confessed myself convinced that Dr. Keeley had discovered a cure for alcoholism. I sent several younger men to him who were hard-drinkers and had lost all power of resisting the craving for alcoholic drink. They all came back cured and have taken fresh starts in life. I have heard of but one of those I sent to Dwight who had relapsed, and perhaps he has been reclaimed. But I am told that cured men who may hold out a year or two will sooner or later yield to the old temptation and fall back into the gutter. Even if this should be true of a large per. cent of the cures, it would be no worse than what happens to Christian converts, as many of them backslide; but many hold fast and stand by the faith once delivered to the saints till they are called hence. And who can pronounce the Keeley cure a "failure" if a majority of all the "graduates" live sober and respectable lives till they are summoned to pay the debt of nature? At all events, I shall look back upon what the "Tribune" has done to make known to the slaves of alcohol what the "double chloride of gold" can do for their emancipation from the grievous bondage of rum with as great satisfaction as on anything it has ever performed under my direction.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH MEDILL.

As I write these closing lines, I have assurances from many distinguished clergymen who have investigated the Keeley cures, that they will help to spread the good news of their efficacy through every agency within their reach.

The opposition, I rejoice to know, is daily dying out, for the majority of men mean to do right, and they have

only to be convinced that the promises held out by this wonderful discovery are honest and well founded to give it their heartiest support.

The good already done has been wonderful, but it is trivial compared with the grand things that remain to be accomplished through the agency of the Keeley cures.

It is less than two years since the Hon. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago "Tribune," lifted the great discoverer from the obscurity of the little prairie town of Dwight to a first place among the world's great men and foremost benefactors. But the amazing things done in those two years will be dwarfed by the mighty achievements of the next two.

In the summer of 1892 Keeley Institutes will be established in Great Britain, Ireland, and in many countries of Europe. Arrangements are being perfected to bring the blessing within reach of the people of Australia, Asia and all the islands of the sea.

The might of the dread curse of civilization is nearing its end. Already the sky flashes with the dawn of the better day, a day when inebriety will be so rare as to seem like a phenomenon. And when that day comes, as come it surely will, poverty and crime will vanish from civilized lands, and we shall find, as a reality, "on earth peace and good will to man."

ADDENDUM.

For the information of those who wish to investigate the Keeley treatment for themselves or friends, it may be well to utter a word of caution against the scores of "fake" institutes established by unscrupulous men. The following is a list of Keeley Institutes established up to date, and at all these the treatment is the same:

Alabama, Fort Payne; Arkansas, Hot Springs; California, Los Gatos; Colorado, Colorado Springs, Denver (1725 Arapahoe St.); Connecticut, West Haven; Florida, Palatka; Georgia, Atlanta (Edgewood Av. and Ivy St.), Dalton; Illinois, Carbondale, Chicago, The Mutual Aid Ass'n (for members only), Dwight, (Parent House), Rockford; Indiana, Plainfield; Indian Territory, Oklahoma City; Iowa, Cherokee, Des Moines; Kansas, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Marysville, North Topeka (National Home for D. V. S.), Winfield; Louisiana, New Orleans; Maine, Farmington; Maryland, Oak Crest; Massachusetts, Lexington; Michigan, Northville; Missouri, Excelsior Springs, St. Joseph, St. Louis (at Kirkwood); Nebraska, Beatrice, Blair, O'Neill; New Hampshire, North Conway; New York, Binghamton, Genesee, Westfield, White Plains; North Carolina, Greensboro; North Dakota, Valley City; Ohio, Madisonville, Marysville; Oregon, Forest Grove; Pennsylvania, Media, Pittsburgh (3811 Fifth Av.), Pionesta; South Carolina, Columbia; South Dakota, Hot Springs, Sioux Falls; Tennessee, Memphis; Texas, Paris; Utah, Salt Lake City (Gardo House); Virginia, Salem; Washington, Olympia; Wisconsin, Waukesha, Lancaster; Wyoming, Cheyenne.

The cost of treatment is from \$25 to \$35 a week. Board can be had in excellent places at from \$6 a week up. As the question of transportation is important, I would advise a patient to go, other things being equal, to that Institute that is nearest to his home.

While cures are effected in three weeks, I should strongly advise each patient to stay at least four weeks. It is better not to work too hard for a week or two after the treatment. My last word of advice is: KEEP AWAY FROM THE ASSOCIATIONS THAT LED TO THE FIRST FALL,

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